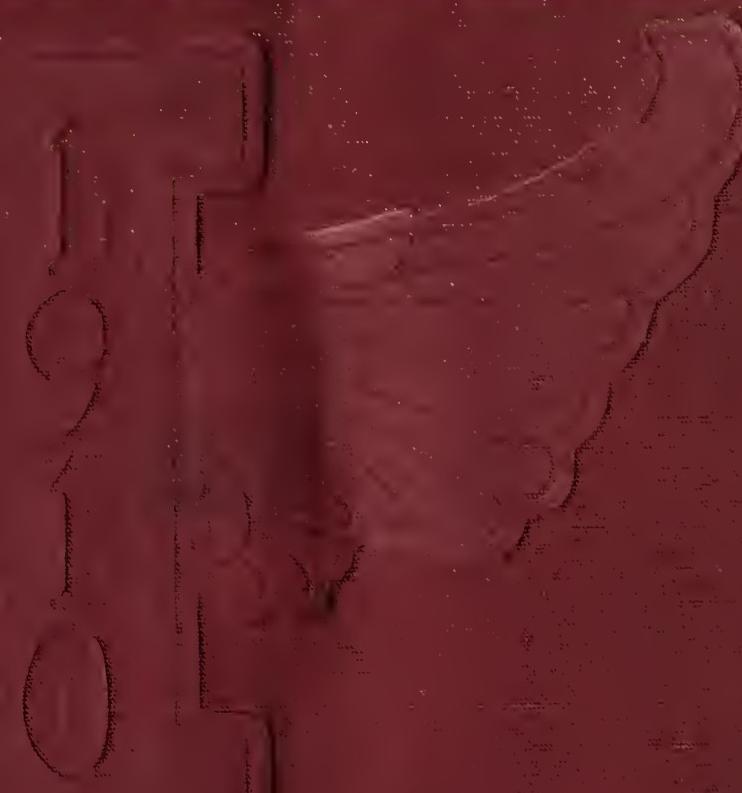


HAWKEYE



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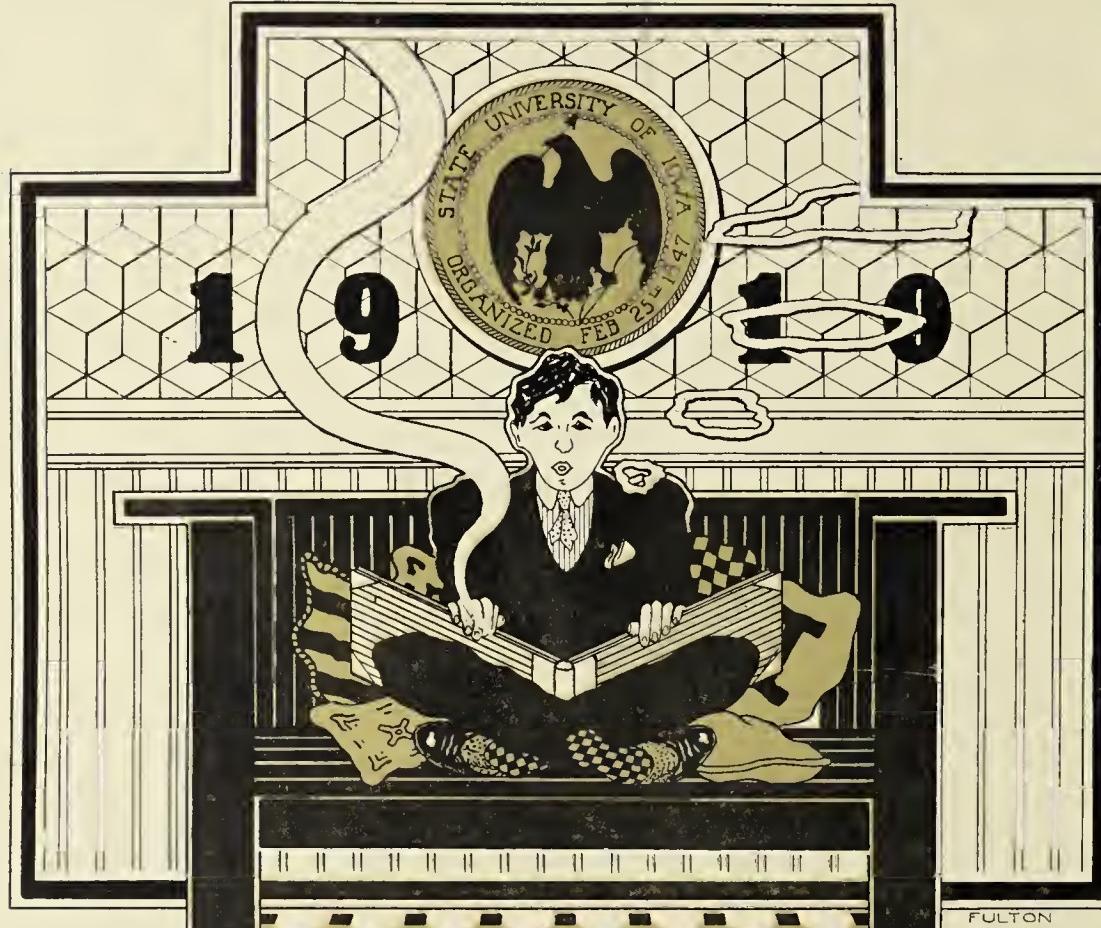
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THE HAWKEYE

PUBLISHED BY THE JUNIOR CLASS



...The...

Nineteen-ten Hawkeye

Volume Nineteen

Being the Year-Book of the
Junior Classes of the State
University of Iowa, published
in the Spring of Nineteen-nine

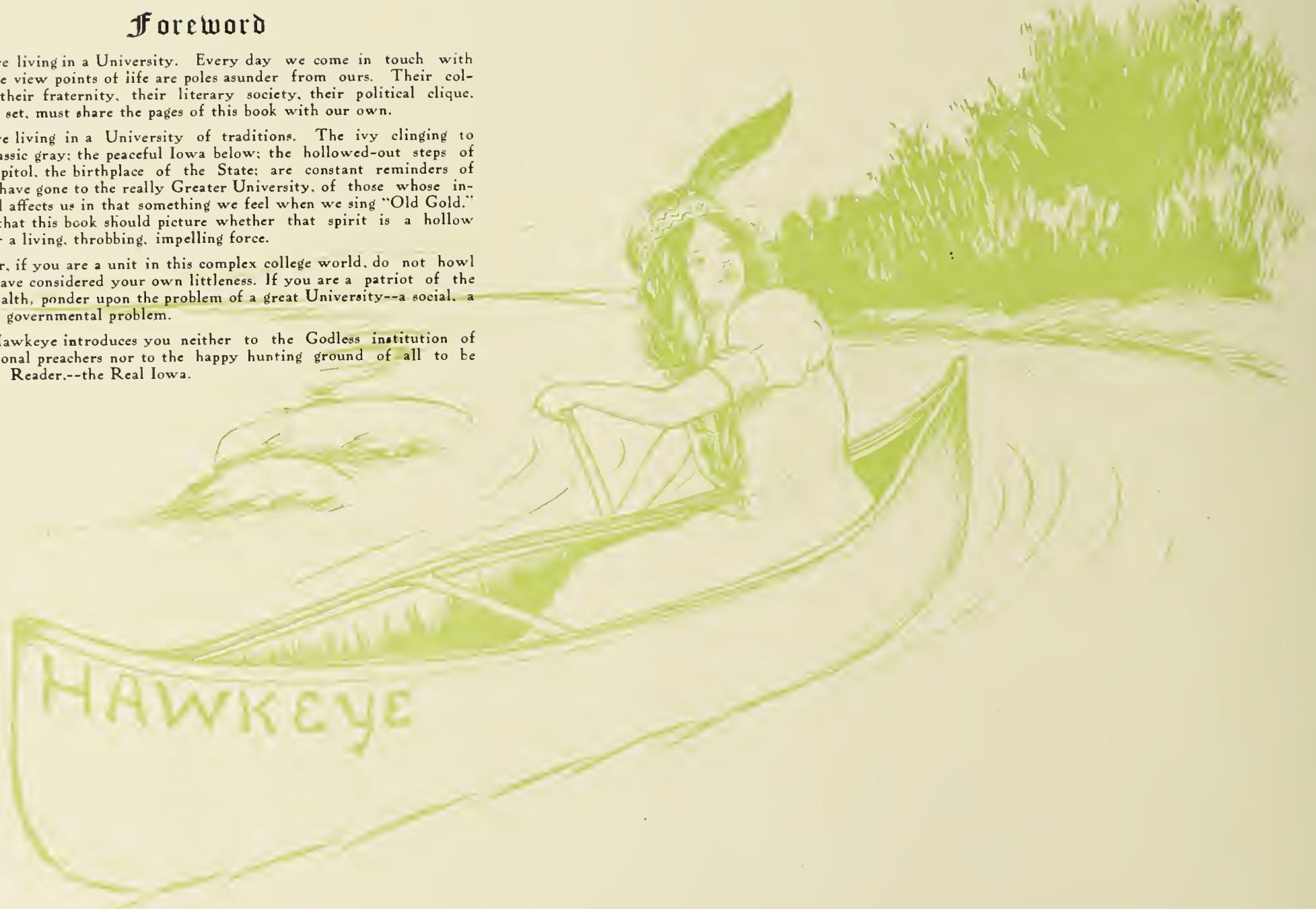
Foreword

We are living in a University. Every day we come in touch with those whose view points of life are poles asunder from ours. Their college spirit, their fraternity, their literary society, their political clique, their social set, must share the pages of this book with our own.

We are living in a University of traditions. The ivy clinging to walls of classic gray; the peaceful Iowa below; the hollowed-out steps of the Old Capitol, the birthplace of the State; are constant reminders of those who have gone to the really Greater University, of those whose influence still affects us in that something we feel when we sing "Old Gold." It is right that this book should picture whether that spirit is a hollow mockery or a living, throbbing, impelling force.

Reader, if you are a unit in this complex college world, do not howl until you have considered your own littleness. If you are a patriot of the commonwealth, ponder upon the problem of a great University--a social, a religious, a governmental problem.

The Hawkeye introduces you neither to the Godless institution of denominational preachers nor to the happy hunting ground of all to be hoped for. Reader--the Real Iowa.



HAWKEYE

Dedication

To the Forensic Interests of the Greater University of Iowa:

As an appreciation of the spirit of the League of units four, who conquered petty strife within to win from greater foes without; from whose belt hang Gopher trophies and before whom bowed the Badgers.

As a tribute to that consummate step in the evolution of man's college generations reached in this, the time of the making of the Year Book of Counter-Print.

We dedicate this volume.

136958



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The State University of Iowa.

FROM A RARE OLD PRINT.

Liberal Arts.



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Hawkeye; Hyperion.



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Hawkeye.

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Polygon; Associate
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sin Debate (3); Win-
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1910 Hawkeye.

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Otto W. Miller
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Leo Ray Leeper,
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Philomathean.
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(1); Inter-State Rifle
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Rifle Club (3); Capt.
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Hawkeye 546 Cowan

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Hesperian.
Y. W. C. A.
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Coral Society.

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and (2).

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Fonda.
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(3). Varsity Rifles
(2).

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Ackley.
Philomathean.



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Myrrl J. Morse,
Iowa City.
Hesperia.
Dramatic Club.

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Keota.
Philomathean.
Lieut. Co. C.
Class Vice-
President. (3).
J 46

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Riceville.

Carl Riepe,
Burlington.
Irving; Polygon.
Junior Debate.

Birdie May Hamilton,
Iowa City.

Helen Otto,
Iowa City.
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Ellsworth (1).



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Hawkeye.

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C.

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Sawyer, S. D.
Y. M. C. A. Cabinet
(2); Basketball
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Erodelphian.
Y. W. C. A.

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Brooklyn.
Zetagathian; Coe (1).



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Council Bluffs.
Erodelphian; Die Ger-
mania; C. F. U.

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Hindman, Iowa City.

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Manilla.
Irving.
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Junior Debate.

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Hesperian; Theta Phi.

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1st Lieut. Co. C.
Varsity Rifles.
Rifle Club.
Readers' Club.
Daily Iowan.
Military Editor 1910
Hawkeye.

Meta Raney,
Marengo.
Erodelphian; Readers'
Club.
Le Circle Francaise.
Basketball Team (1).
Daily Iowan staff (3).

Dan Campbell,
Pleasanton.
M. Di I. S. N. S. '06;
Zetagathian; University
Championship Debate;
Cross Country Run 3d
trophy.



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Lela E. Donnelly,
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Octave Thanet; C. F.
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Owl and Keys; Del-
phian Club; Second
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Brighton,
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(2). Leader Sophomore
Debate; Junior Debate;
University Daily
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Norway.

Ruby Hazel Benner.
Des Moines.

Calvin J. Schmitt,
Grundy Center.



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Rockford, Ia.
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Estherville.
Edda.

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Nevada.
Erodelphian; Daily
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cial Committee.

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ering.
Oquawka, Ill.
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Cabinet.

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Rolle.
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Vista (2).

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I. S. N. '05.

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Mundt.
Humbolt, S. D.
Philomathean; Fresh-
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Winner Sophomore
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Sec'y Forensic League,
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inary Debate (2);
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bate (3); Freshman
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Hawkeye.

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Leader Sophomore De-
bate; University
Championship Prelim-
inary Debate; Cross
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sity Rifles; Regimental
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(2); Associate Editor
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bate (3); Winner
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ner of the MacLean
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ond in Sophomore Or-
atorical; Third place
in N. O. L. Final;
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Daily Iowan; Editor-
in-chief 1910 Hawk-
eye.

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gon;
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tant in Biology; Sue-
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Junior Prom. Com-
mittee.

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Chester Corey,
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Zet-Irving Oratorical;
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Junior Debate; N
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Prize in Oratory (3);
Associate Editor Daily
Iowan (3); Cross
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(2)

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A.; Geology Club.

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Burlington.

Ben F. Butler,
Muscatine.
Φ. K. Ψ.
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Waskwi; Owl and
Keys; Die Germania;
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Frank F. Swan.
Storm Lake.
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rado; Zetagathian;
Associate Editor Daily
Iowan.

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Erodelphian. Y. W.
C. A. Cabinet. French
Club.

Dale Everett Carroll.
Phi. Delta. Theta. Iowa City.
Philomathian; Winner
Freshman Oratorical
'05; N. O. L. Prelim-
inary.

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Dramatic Club; Ivy
Lane; C. F. U; Bas-
ketball Team (2).

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Erodelphian; Ivy Lane;
K. K. G. Corning.
Die Germania; Le
Circle Francaise: Ass't
Literary Editor 1910
Hawkeye.
Freshman Social Com-
mittee.

Fukatara Yameda.
Tokio, Japan.

Social History



NCE in those high and far-off times, O Reader, long before anyone ever dreamed of a Woman's Building or a Laysan Island scheme, there struggled into this western center of learning a heterogeneous band of students. Like the coming of many great events which are to shape the destiny of nations and move mountains, the advent of the class of 1910 was unheralded and unproclaimed. They came from all parts of the country. Some shook the dust of the country road from their boots as they fearfully ascended the steps of the Old Capitol Building. Some came alive with village traditions, determined to stand squarely on their feet and to steer clear of the many evils running riot over the place. And others, these were not a few, came from towns a little larger, perhaps, but towns which give their inhabitants the same air of near greatness and ambition for Napoleonic achievement which characterizes them.

One day there appeared on the bulletin boards:

"L. A. Freshmen, attention!

There will be a meeting of the class of 1910 on Wednesday at 3.30 p. m. in the Liberal Arts Auditorium."

That first gathering of innocents!

The thing you remember best was the appointment of a Freshman Social Committee. You were *going* to get acquainted.

After a long series of meetings, the now-famous report was read before the class.

"The social committee would recommend that all the society events of the present school year be combined into one function, this affair to be called the Freshman Social.

"This 'social' must be very informal, consisting of a variety of amusements, so that everyone shall be entertained. One of the prime objects is to enable the freshmen to become acquainted, and so the first party of the evening will be taken up with social intercourse, followed by a short program and light refreshments, an orchestra being present to discourse music during this time. Then after this it will be only just and proper that there be dancing until a reasonable hour."

"Since this function will be placed on an extremely high plane, being recognized by the faculty and made equal to the Senior Hop, the Junior Prom, and the Sophomore Cotillion, it appears to the committee that the class of '10 has been highly honored by having the first affair of this

kind in the history of the University."

There were bashful swains and simpering maids in your ranks and the problem presented itself as to how to get them *all* to the party. The "social" was for the purpose of getting acquainted, so it was the natural conclusion that if you awaited the usual order of things, never in the world would everyone get there. And what good is a social if you can not have *everyone* there? After much deliberation you placed the price of tickets at seventy-five cents. The girls were to meet in the Liberal Arts drawing room and go down in a body, and the boys could get there "any old way."

At last all arrived upon the scene of battle. Along the east side of the Armory were the boys like Kipling's "thin red line of heroes". awaiting with bated breath to "get acquainted". Opposite them, whetting this constantly increasing desire with their enticing smiles and attractive costumes, were the girls. *How* were you ever going to get them "mixed"? But only a moment did you falter. With grim determination hidden under a smile of comradeship and a hearty handshake, you would boldly dash up to a group of boys, demand who they were, then haul them across the hall to the pink cheeks and light dresses. After the "ice was once broken", you had no difficulty in keeping things going. The fact that the floor was impossible and that the music was not good, and that very few of you could dance at all, didn't make any difference. The entertainment was good, and everyone enjoyed the whole affair. You of the F. S. C. couldn't keep the inner voice from declaring at intervals, "I did it". Informal? Yes, to a degree calculated to make the most "informal" member of the F. S. C. smile. Democratic? You scornfully rejected the suggestion of its having been anything else.

As is the way with classes in the University, after this first year it was your pleasure to rest upon the laurels already won. Far be it from you to change any precedent enough to have established a precedent! So the Sophomore Cotillion, and in the present year, the Junior Prom, have born out the class in its propitious beginning. But the history of their success belongs more to the history of the University than to the class of 1910.

And now, what of the dusty boots, what of those village traditions, and the airs of the near-great people? All are blended into one harmonious whole. Each has received and is still receiving his due share of the shaping and moulding which a University gives. And, if present indications are of any value, each will come out perfect when the final reckoning has come.

NINETEEN TEN HAWKEYE

“A College Tammany”



Political History of 1910.

Prelude.

In the beginning Polities created the Class and its members.

2. And the Class was without form and void; and darkness was upon the face of the eampus. But the Spirit of Polities moved over the face of the campus.

3. And Polities said let there be Strife; and there was Strife.

4. And Polities saw the Strife, that it was good: and Polities divided Strife from Peace of Mind.

5. And Polities called the Strife practical, and the Peace of Mind he called impractical. And the evening and the morning were the first day.

It was president George E. MacLean who had the honor of calling to order the first meeting of the Class of '10. Thus, if for no other reason, that gentleman will long be a conspicuous figure in the annals of history.

The first official gathering of the present Junior Class was not an act of Special Creation. President MaeLean may have thought it was, but in that he was mistaken. Rather it was the result of a period of development that covered eons of time, every epoch of which was filled with the most subtle plannings and concoctions. Politicians were abroad in the land. Their ramifications were circumscribed only by the limits of their imaginations and their physical endurance, while contemporaneous history shows that some of the most ambitious of the embryo statesmen even sought the lobby at the State Capitol for advice.

Little is found in the beginning of our class history to justify even a suspicion of the traditional Irving-Zet contest. But the microbe was there. All it needed was proper nourishment. Moreover Politicians were too shrewd to permit any thought of society domination to break loose at such an unpsychological time. So far as the "masses" were concerned, it was a strife between the Des Moines and Iowa City factions of the class.

What! the reader may ask, factional warfare even before temporary organization is effected? Sadly we must affirm the truth. Factionalism did exist both before and after. It must be remembered that the Spirit of Polities said let there be Strife. And there was Strife.

The Art Political.

The Des Moines faction, composed of such past grand masters in the Art Political as Carl Byoir, the "Stewarts", and Finnicum, breathed forth the word that Iowa City had always dictated the Freshie elections, but that happily this year a prophet would arise who would preserve his people unto the end; that is, until after election. It is needless to add that this prophet was flesh of the flesh and bone of the bone of those composing the Des Moines contingent. It might be suggested also that this prophet did not have "D. M." stamped upon his che ks.

Iowa City buccaneers, however, were equally as ruthless in scattering the tidings that the Capital City with her "rotten polities" must be defeated. Between the prognostications of these two contending forces were squeezed and jolted the "masses"—those dear, beloved common people. They had no particular appetite for "Des Moines", nor did they hold torch light processions over "Iowa City". Somehow, somewhere, they had caught the vision of a "class" candidate.

The difficulty with the common people has always been the same. They don't know each other, while their factional friends in control, though they may change their spots from time to time, always "know" the Common People. They have them booked, numbered, identified, better than any prison warden has his inmates. Oh! of course, some day the common people will rise en masse to their own. They always do in history. But that event will take place at some very distant alumni reunion when the machinations of the Des Moines and Iowa City contingents, and the gresome grindings of the Irvings and Zets have become mere echoes in the corridors of Time. It is the business of this historian, however, to deal with 20th century data.

When both factions had done a sufficient amount of "educating", there was talk of calling a class meeting. In the meantime another host had appeared. There were many who kept their ears to the ground; so that when the murmur for a "class" candidate became audible along turf, leaders immediately arose. There were hasty interviews with those who loved not the Des Moines people, nor who walked in the paths of the Iowa City followers. These new disturbers at once began to set forth the glories of an "independent" ticket.

It may be of assistance to those who have often wondered concerning the proceedings of those dark days, to know that the Des Moines and Iowa City factions represented a little family quarrel among the Irvings,

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while the "independents", Peace rest their souls (that is the proper historical expression to use when referring to those who have politically passed to the Great Beyond) were Zets.

Those hailing from the Capital City were first organized. They held their caucus in a certain room in the South End of "town". Here they drew up their slate, dumped another can of oil onto their political machine, and hied off for "proxy's" office to have issued an "official call" for the meeting of '10. Proxy, knowing well the ability of our Class, gladly set the day and hour. Then at the stipulated time and place he came and did his speacial creation stunt.

For Des Moines the dope went well. Carl Byoir was made temporary chairman, as planned. This gave a control over all temporary appointments, including tellers. And who has more power than a teller? It looked like a sure thing. Des Moines stock was high.

A Constitutional Committee, consisting of Ady R. McKeown, C. Powell, C. A. Corey, Kay Berryhill, and Miss Ethel Newcomb, was appointed, and the date for a general election set.

That Constitutional Committee.

Just a word about the constitutional committee. It did its work and received an honorable discharge. But, as often happens in the excitement of a wild moment, a serious blunder was made. To this day it has remained unaltered.

Article II. of our constitution as drawn up and submitted by this committee, and later ratified by the "masses", reads as follows: "Art. II. Object—The object of this society shall be to promote college spirit and social intercourse".

Now whether such a statement as this was made intentionally and seriously, or whether it was the result of the droll humor of the committee, is worthy of investigation even now. Events at that time, and as they have since transpired, admit of but one conclusion. The Article should, of course, read: "Art. II. Object—Preamble. Theoretically, sociability and college spirit are conducive to the well being of any body politic. We, therefore, tacitly endorse them. The primary object of this organization, however, is to give the future orators, declaimers, and debaters of Irving Institute and the Zetagathian Literary Society adequate practice in the art of self-expression; and to provide experience in political theory and practice for the same. When business is not too rushing, gallery seats will be available to the Philomathians. The common people are

earnestly requested to vote by proxy, although they can not be officially denied admission".

The Green Necktie.

The afternoon of election swung round. From all four corners of the campus freshmen came forth in the strength of their youth to exercise the right of franchise. One might imagine Democracy sitting upon her throne, and even hear the harmonious murmur of the "masses" as they gently wend their way to guide the destiny of the class. But Democracy in class elections! How sadly, Oh how sadly, we pen it—Democracy—thou art a joke.

With as little preliminary sparring as possible the wheels of the various machines were set in motion. Each faction had all its supporters present. It looked like a real fight when suddenly there appeared a large, well built, harmless-looking creature, who made his way toward a seat in the "Iowa City" section. His coming, however, had not been unheralded. "Bud" Mayer had gone on before and told all to be ready. Then this individual appeared at the head of the aisle. "What a beautiful tie that young man has", purred a feminine voice among the "masses". "Isn't it a dream?" echoed down the line. Then Jessie Payne, who has always taken to politics like a crocodile to a black baby, seized the psychological moment by its left ear. "Vote for the green necktie", she exclaimed.

Like an all-engulfing wave from a tempestuous sea, the words drenched the shivering common people. Lustily they cried, "As for me and mine, we will abide by the green necktie forever". It was but the work of a moment for past grand mistresses like Leta Towner, Ethel MacKnight, and Ruby Ferguson to bring order out of chaos. The "masses" rallied round that silken cravat like small boys round a molasses barrel. O green necktie! Thou despoiler of destinies and upsetter of the dope sheet. The "independent" and the "capital city" support faded away like mist on a warm June morning.

Tice, for Des Moines, and McKeown, for the "independents," were placed in nomination. But what is the use of going into detail? No one—not even the skilful little temporary chairman, could stay the advance of the green necktie.. When the totals were computed it was found that Clarence Coulter of Iowa City had been elected president by a safe majority. As a man loveth his mother, so should Coulter preserve, reverence, and defend, that green necktie.

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Class Yell Master.

Despite his good looks, Coulter made a first-class president. His term was marked by faithful fidelity to his supporters, and the purchase of a new suit—his first tailor made.

His task of ruling was no small one, either. Grave questions, such as who should be the class yell-master, were continually rending the body politic, and threatening the very foundation of the class itself. In regard to the class yell-master, Modesty always had its nose and front feet in the trough. For example, in the class minutes for Oct. 29, 1906, we find the following:

"Moved and seconded that Mr. Byoir be appointed yell-master of the class. Carried. Mr. Byoir modestly refused."

"Moved and seconded that Mr. Powell, of Red Oak (Iowa), be appointed yell-master. Carried. Mr. Powell, of Red Oak, (Iowa) modestly withdrew his name. (The only instance of Mr. Powell's refusing an office. But wait.)

"Moved and seconded that the class organize a rooter's club (with a yell-master). This was objected to as out of order.

"Moved and seconded that Mr. MacClary be appointed yell master. Carried. Mr. MacClary then modestly explained how it was impossible for him to accept the position.

"Moved and seconded that Mr. "Bud" Mayer be the unanimous choice of the class for yell-master, but Mr. Mayer modestly withdrew his name.

"Moved and seconded that the subject of yell-master be modestly laid on the table. Carried."

Minutes of Nov. 9, 1906.

"Moved and seconded that nominations for yell-master be in order. Carried.

"Moved and seconded that Clifford Powell, of Red Oak (Iowa) be nominated for yell-master. Carried.

("A dispute then arose as to whether Mr. Powell, of Red Oak (Iowa) could be modestly elected unanimously, since he was too modest to say that he wanted the office and this left a dissenting vote. It was finally decided to allow the secretary to cast the candidate's ballot.

"Mr. Theobald, sergeant-at-arms and the newly elected yell-master were then requested to modestly pass the yells.

"Yell-master, Mr. Clifford Powell, of Red Oak (Iowa), then modestly stepped forward and yells were modestly practised."

The Rest of the Year.

Following traditions, the contest for class control during the year developed into an open break away between the Zets and Irvings, with the latter in control. The Philomathians cast their lot with the Zets. This made the voting strength of the two factions about equal. The all-important independent vote was the thing upon which all future elections depended. Accordingly both sides began early to care for the wants of the common people.

The Sophomore election in many respects is the crucial campaign of the whole four years. Not only are there regular class offices to fill, but the Junior Annual Board with its political plums is organized in this year. Just how the work of getting out a Junior annual ever became degenerated into the business of class polities is not known. It makes no difference so far as the Class of '10 is concerned. Perhaps, after decades of evolution unfold their work, the custom will be changed, and the plums divested of their political stigma.

As stated before, both Irvings and Zets, and even the "common people", realized the importance of the sophomore election. Acquaintances were made galore, but not many friendships. Everyone knew just enough of his neighbor to believe everything bad about him, and distrust everything good in him.

There were reasons, too, why the air was charged with suspicions and doubts. A great many of these acquaintanceships were political in nature. And it must be admitted that political friendships do not come in through the open window of the soul. They mount the back stairway, so that their leaving may be as unobserved to the observing as was their coming.

Then, there is another phase of this political activity that comes to the fore in the sophomore year. It is the political promises. Politics without promises would be like bread without butter. But promises like young turkeys, occasionally come home to roost. Yet what difference does it make if, during the long watches of the silent night, as the tired politician tosses beneath his cover, the still small voice sits shivering in the corner? It is the fault of the small voice. He knows blamed

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well that he can crawl under the sheet if he wishes. If he doesn't like the company and prefers to sit shaking and quaking in the darkness—well, that is his lookout. It is all very practical, this business of class politics—intensely practical. But the Editor-in-Chief did not suggest any philosophical digressions. He ordered history.

An Impending Struggle.

Early the next fall both factions set to work. Class lists were secured, and for days the common people (peace rest their souls,) were the central attraction of a continuous vaudeville. The Philos cast their lot with the Zets, who did their work mainly with the so-called most common of the "masses." The Irvings worked mostly with the sororities and fraternities.

It would be impossible in anything less than a volume to do justice to the campaign of that year. Coalitions, slates, and secret agreements were made and broken with clock-like regularity, and sometimes, with lightning-like rapidity. The girls—poor creatures, nobly undertook to carry out the command of the masculine manipulators. But that was next to a human impossibility, for situations were more unstable than quicksilver. It was nothing unusual to have a "party leader" give instructions in the morning to work for a certain ticket. Off the girls would rush to tell of the glories and broad shoulders of the prospective candidate but just as they would get fairly familiar with their subject, instructions would come that a new coalition had been formed, and the work must be for some one else. Nothing daunted, these brave defenders of the faith would hurry to re-instruct the "uninformed", until, worn out mentally and tired out physically, they would reach home at evening only to find that the "party leader" would call directly after dinner.

In due time he would appear, and without even so much as an apologetic beginning, would break the tidings of a new "slate" that was to be "sprung" in the morning. It takes loyalty, patriotism, and something akin to devotion, to submit to such proceedings. But the girls did it. Eros, Heps, and Octaves, all worked and murmured not. It is true they often wondered at such "funny" things, and confessed that they had never thought polities was anything half so "queer", but somehow they liked it.

An Uncertain Uncertainty.

The campaign assumed all the bitterness of a genuine battle. In fact it was a battle. By the day of election it had developed for certain (if anything about that contest can properly be called certain) that the

Irvings intended to run a straight Irving—"Arrow" ticket, depending upon the strength of the fraternity—sorority vote to swing the balance in their favor. The opposition made as much capital as possible out of this, while the fact that they, themselves, headed their slate as a "Zet-Philo-Ind. Ticket," was conclusive proof of their own cupidity.

Every door leading to the Liberal Arts building was guarded with political hangers on. Girls who ordinarily never spoke to each other and men who generally passed by on the other side, mingled and jangled harmoniously. A University dinner could not have been more democratic.

What! Did I say democratice? Since this is history, it may as well be stated that the meeting was everything but democratic. A few—a half dozen, held the strings, while the rest sweat and swore, laughed and loved, as occasion demanded. No one monarch ever exercised a more peremptory control than the leaders on that day

Long before the hour of meeting crowds gathered at the assembly room and arranged themselves in artistic disorder. Final instructions, final pleadings, and final promises were made to each as he entered the assembly door. President Coulter, hot from a sizzling Irving caucus, appeared. All was ready. To the practiced eye it looked like a titanic struggle, but just at this juncture there was a commotion outside. The door swung wide and in marched a long row of Merry Widows. The Irvings smiled audibly. They had depended upon that vote.

But how did the opposition feel? Oh Memory, along whose festooned walls the poor historian blindly gropes, do you not recollect that bright array of Merry Wids? Indeed, you do. To every Zet and Philo each Wid looked as big as a full grown volcano, although in reality, it was no larger than a bushel basket. Excitement sometimes breeds deception in vision as well as in other things.

Some Made Speeches.

The nomination speeches that day were master pieces. Each was swathed in oratory, eudgled with facts and figures that were not facts, and in turn took a high dive into the tank of eloquence. They all served their purpose, however, and the assembly room was not materially damaged.

The office of president is the objective one. By t the strength of the two opposing forces can be determined. Ben Butler was the choice of the Irvings. He had done good service as a member of the Freshman Social Committee. Moreover, he had gone into the push-ball contest

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with a sleeveless shirt, and when the struggle was ended, the sleeves were the largest remaining part of the garment. He had just cause for popularity. Against him the opposition ran Clyde Robbins, who by being harmless up to this time had evoked no opposition. The Zets depended upon this negative quality rather than upon any positive measures possessed. Ben was elected by a wide margin. Amid a noisy demonstration he was conducted to the platform.

The first announcement of the new executive was that he would meet the boys at Buster's and the girls at Reichardt's immediately after the meeting. This served somewhat as a check upon the long row of Merry Wids, who were preparing to leave en masse now that the head of the ticket was secure, while the subsequent "sour" smokes enjoyed at Ben's expense by some of the opposition, tended to re-establish amicable relations between the hostile factions. It was whispered about that, if necessary, the new president would even buy Teddy Bears for the girls.

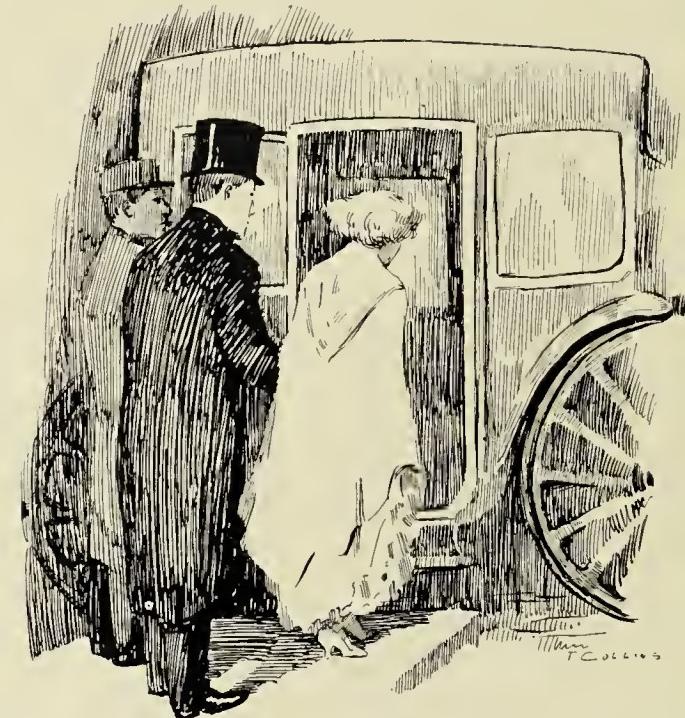
No Point of Order

The strength of the new executive was soon to be tried in the fire of conflict. A minor motion was before the house, but it was extremely distasteful to the opposition. Moreover, its validity was questionable. In an instant, a half-dozen excited members were demanding the floor and calling for a point of order. Butler looked around serenely, said he did not see anything out of order, and that business would proceed as usual. The opposition appealed from the decision of the chair, but Ben said he guessed not—they could talk to him. And the opposition died from suffocation. Ben afterward confided that he could not distinguish a point of order from a patent wire hair-rack; that he wanted to play the game square, but that he did not intend to be bluffed.

With such a display of executive authority and dignity, the Merry Wids were convinced that their company could be dispensed with. They left, presumably to work up an appetite for Reichardt's. So did a number of the Irvings. The result was that the opposition put some of its candidates into office.

The Hawkeye Board.

Although the class election showed the Irvings to be in the ascendancy, the fight for the Hawkeye Board was by no means abandoned. Once more Zet and Philo combined, with everything but the business management. This office, which is the big plum, was farmed out in hopes of



catching some of the fraternity vote, but strategy so simple as this often avails little.

A mean three-cornered fight developed in Irving which came near resulting in open rupture. But while the Zets were fervently praying that the devil would bring about this catastrophe, the gentlemen of Irving held an exciting family gathering, and in the end, as they always do, buried the broom stick and rolling pin, and substituted in its place a unanimous "Ki-Yi".

Archie Hanlon was the Zet-Philo candidate for editor-in-chief, only because Robbins' campaign fund was now exhausted with Wallace Wernli, for business manager. The Irvings put up Earl Stewart as nominee for official penman, while Carl Byoir sought the purse strings. The fight developed rapidly. It appears that Stewart had issued an "Oracle" in his high school days. This was brought forth as crowning

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evidence of that gentleman's fitness for editor-in-chief, and many a weary step up and down the Liberal Arts Halls, displayed to the wondering gaze of the common people the previous work of brains and printer's ink.

At the election Stewart and Byoir were selected, but not until another dose of ill-feeling had been spilled upon the assembly floor.

It should be added, too, before leaving this year, that Butler made a good president. He studied assiduously Robert's Rules of Order and finally discovered how much discussion was allowable on a motion to adjourn. In the end he received his due share of approbation from both "friends" and "enemies".

The Junior Election.

The Irving candidate for the Junior year was a particularly fortunate choice. He had the personal friendship of Manager Byoir and Editor Stewart, while Coulter had not forgotten that it was "Bud" Mayer who had adorned him with the green cravat in the eventful year of 1906. Against "Bud," the Zets ran Percy Haughtelin. The Philos, dissatisfied with their share of the gate receipts heretofore, decided to hold the sack for the Irvings. The latter graciously assented, and while they were scrupulously careful to shoo the mother snipe away, still the game was played, and several of the goslings were entrapped in the sack.

Future Presidential Timber.

To one of his feminine friends Manager Byoir confided that he could elect a yellow dog president, if he chose.

The proposition itself, however, is worthy of consideration. There are two phases. First, it must be remembered that although some members of the New York four hundred form such intimate attachments for their canine friends that they eat breakfast and have their faces washed with them, still that is not the custom in the middle-west. It might be a dangerous innovation. On the other hand, during the last three years of struggle the lambs have been pretty well shorn, and it may be advisable next fall for the manager to think gravely of his suggestion. After all, it should be added seriously, that even a yellow dog can have his ears and tail trimmed so as to look attractive. Fido should take courage. He may yet be placed upon the throne. Then all would be well, if some disgruntled Zet or Philo did not happen to drop the remark that history seems to repeat itself.

Looking into the future, the historian can see a final period of storm and stress for the Class of '10. Once more she will bravely bare her bosom to the brunt of the battle; about her bodice she will throw the gossamer of Civic Righteousness; and pull on the hip boots of Practicability. Then, with an ice cream soda in her right hand, and a stogey in her left, she will grandly march down the avenue of political destiny, until she reaches the foot of that ascending pathway which leads toward the glorious heights called Commencement, or the Beginning, but which, in reality, is the End.



MINETEEN TEN HAWKEYE



UNIVERSITY DINNER



NINETEEN TEN HAWKEYE



Robert Baxter Pike.
 Σ. N. Φ. Δ. Φ.
 Whiting, Iowa.
 B. A. Iowa '08.
 Manager Daily Iowan.

Frank Frederick Mes-
 ser. Φ. A. Δ.
 Bloomfield, Iowa.

Thomas Tiernan.
 Iowa City, Iowa.

T. G. Clark,
 Waverly, Iowa.

W. J. Allen. K. Σ.
 Laurens, Iowa.
 Iowa College 1 year.

Herbert M. Harwood.
 Φ. Δ. Θ. Φ. Δ. Φ.
 Des Moines, Ia.
 B. A. Iowa '08.
 Editor Daily Iowan.

Will Riley. Σ. A. E.
 Burlington, Iowa.

George Gearhart,
 Batavia, Iowa.

— NINETEEN TEN HAWKES —



Walter R. Dyer.
Boone, Iowa.
Δ. T. Δ; Φ. Δ. Φ.
Cornell College three
years.

George G. Bowen.
Κ. Σ. Carroll, Ia.

Ned McLean Field,
Lake City, Ia.

George W. Stephenson Jr.
Φ. Δ. Θ. Burlington,
Iowa.
Iowa Wesleyan University.

Bert C. Baylon.
Waucoma, Ia.

Floyd H. Arnold.
Κ. Σ. Manchester,
Iowa.
B. A. Iowa ('08).

William J. Hotz.
Σ. A. E. Iowa City, Ia.
B. A. Iowa ('08).

Thomas Martin Tiernan.
Perry, Iowa.

NINETEEN TEN HAWKEYE



George H. Van de
Steeg, Orange City, Ia.
Phi Delta Theta.
Phi Alpha Delta.
Irving Institute.
Winner Fall Tennis
Tournament, '08.

William Boyd Hays,
Iowa City, Iowa.
Central University.
Drake University.
Marshall Law.
President of the
Forensic League.

James R. Olinger,
Missouri Valley, Iowa.
Marshall Law.
Class President (2).

Verner E. Gabrielson,
Dayton, Iowa
B. Di. Tobin College,
'06.
Marshall Law. Edda.
University Rifle Club.
University Champion-
ship Debates.
Assistant in Law Li-
brary.

Samuel G. Bammer.
Hamburg, Iowa.
B. A. Iowa, '08.

John Scott Hamilton,
Fort Madison, Iowa.
Alpha Phi Delta.
University of Colorado
Three years.

Michael Joseph
Gorman,
Anamosa, Iowa.
Saint Joseph's College.
Marshall Law.
Newman.

Charles F. Harding,
Odebolt, Iowa.
Marshall Law.
Rifle Club.



James Thomas Keefe,
Sioux City, Iowa.
Σ. Υ.
Ph. B. Notre Dame,
'07.

Charles Ernest Her-
rick,
Exira, Iowa.
B. A. Iowa, '08.

Ross H. Comly,
Iowa Falls, Iowa.
Varsity Football Team.
Band.
University Orchestra.
University Masonic
Club.

Lewis C. Bagley,
Audubon, Iowa.
Σ. Χ.

Irving C. Hastings,
Spencer, Iowa.
Σ. Υ
Φ. Δ. Φ.
Α. Φ. Δ.
Varsity Football, '06,
'07, '08.
Major University Regi-
ment, '08.

Jed H. Campbell,
Battle Creek, Mich.
Marshall Law.
University Masonic
Club

M. Imogen Benson.
Ames, Iowa.
Marshall Law.
Class Secretary and
Treasurer.

Martin Henry Smith,
Davenport, Iowa.
Β. Θ. Η.
Φ. Δ. Φ.
Marshall Law Society.
University Masonic
Club.
Law Manager 1910
Hawkeye.

NINETEEN TEN HAWKEYE



Porter P. Black,
West Liberty, Iowa.
Marshall Law.
Vice-President (2).

George A. Rice,
Mapleton, Iowa.
Marshall Law; Univers-
ity Masonic Club; Ju-
nior Class Representa-
tive; Band and Orches-
tra (1 and 2); Daily
Iowan Staff.

Ehnon L. Edmondson.
Columbus Junction, Ia.
Cornell College 1 year.
Marshall Law.
University Champion-
ship Debate.

William S. Johnson,
Estherville, Iowa.
B. A. S. U. I. '08.
Zetagathian.

John Clinton Shipley,
Mason City, Iowa.

George Woodward
Gearhart, Batavia,
Iowa.

Phi Delta Phi;
Delta Sigma Rho;
B. A. Parsons, 1905;
Irving Institute.

Harvey Joe Bryant,
Mason City, Iowa.
Beta Theta Pi.

Chester DeWitt
Burrell, Epworth, Ia.
Baseball, '08.
Freshman Basketball,
'07; Basketball, '09;
1 year L. A. at S.U. I.



John Clarence Higgins.
Davenport, Iowa.
Phi Alpha Delta.
St. Ambrose College.
Newman.
Marshall Law Society.

Clarence E. Klein,
Muscatine, Iowa.
Marshall Law.
Freshman Football '07.

Charles P. Rowe,
Sac City, Iowa.
Marshall Law.

Arthur A. Harden,
Casey, Iowa.

Jacob A. Nelson,
Prosper, Minn.
Edda. Marshall Law.

Allan James Kane,
Dubuque, Iowa.
Saint Joseph's College.
Newman.

John Edwin Talbott,
Brooklyn, Iowa.
Grinnell College
2 years.

Judson Edson Piper,
Mt. Pleasant, Iowa.
Beta Theta Pi.
Iowa Wesleyan
Ph. B. '05.



Joseph Milton Fee
Φ. Δ. Θ.
Φ. Δ. Φ. Centerville, Ia.
Iowa Wesleyan University.
Dramatic Club.
Football Team ('08).

Max M. Hemingway.
K. Σ. Hampton, Iowa.

Charles Frederick Lu-
berger Jr.
A. Δ. Φ.
Φ. Δ. Φ. Cedar Rapids,
Iowa.
B. A. Dartmouth Col-
lege ('07).

Newell Disbrow Orm-
iston.
Brooklyn, Iowa.

James J. Lenihan.
K. Σ. Dubuque, Iowa.
Dramatic Club.
Newman.
Saint Joseph's College.

Frank G. Pugsley.
Iowa City, Iowa.
B. A. Iowa ('08).
Marshall Law. Prelim-
inary Championship
Debate ('09).

John Wesley Conaway.
Marcus, Iowa.
Philomathian.
Captain Company C.
B. A. Iowa ('08).

Owen Nelson Elliott.
Φ. Δ. Φ. Marion, Ia.
University Masonic
Club. Marshall Law.
B. S. Coe College '07.
Law Editor 1910
Hawkeye.

THE COLLEGE OF LAW OF THE STATE UNIVERSITY OF IOWA



RECENT report of the Chairman of the Committee on Legal Education of the American Bar showed that there were 119 Law Schools in the United States, but that nine states still had no such Schools within their borders. These are three western states, Idaho, Nevada and Montana; two middle states, New Jersey and Delaware and three New England states, Vermont, New Hampshire and Rhode Island.

The number of law students in these 119 schools was reported at 17,200, an increase in 30 years of nearly six-fold. A little over one-fifth have college degrees.

In 1847 the state of Iowa founded its State University and its 62 years of existence the University has graduated 7,998 students.

Twenty-one years later, in 1868, its College of Law was founded and in its 41 years of existence that college has graduated 2,688 students. In an existence of about two-thirds that which the University has known, the Law School has graduated more than one-half as many as all the other seven colleges of the University combined. The Law School then has been prolific, but she has done her work with no fostering care, no proportionate expense.

All connected with the College of Law have seen with pleasure and hearty good will the dignified, and, in most cases, splendid accommodations furnished for the other departments of the University,—the stone palaces, the corridors adorned with tile and marble, the elaborate apparatus, the ample hos-

pitals, the shops, dams, and rare collections, which serve the other departments, both as working tools and magnets to draw attendance.

The College of Law has had none of these. She has always been called on like the Israelites in Egypt to make brick without straw. She has never even had a dwelling or habitation she could call her own. She has lurked by sufferance in a few inadequate and decaying rooms in the oldest building on the campus and she has been compelled to relegate her seniors to the cellar of an abandoned church. Even the rooms allotted





her have been steadily reduced by the requirements of other uses with no regard to the needs or convenience of the College of Law. Her allowance for books has been less than would maintain the current sets in the long cherished and much used library, which is her only laboratory. At the present time she can not purchase the new Iowa Digest by her esteemed alumnus and Ex-Chancellor, Judge McClain, for lack of funds. She has not been allowed even a telephone. When a telephone message is to be sent from the College of Law, watch must be kept till some other office is unlocked and the phone of such more favored department is free and then the privilege of its use must be humbly begged. It should be added that it has always been very courteously given.

The College of Law has been treated like a step-child in the University and not one of the kith and kin, and yet like Cinderella in the fairy tale she has, notwithstanding

shabby raiment and meager fare, modestly thriven and grown in grace. She has steadily advanced her requirements within the past few years from a law course of two to one of three years, an increase of 50 per cent in time and money required for her degree. She has set first three years of high school work as the requirement for entering on her studies and now, in accordance with the standard of the Association of American Law Schools, and the amended Statutes of Iowa, has advanced it to four years, and she now requires all preliminary work to be finished before the law studies can be begun.

The old scriptural declaration "by their fruits ye shall know them" applies to her. Like all schools of learning, she must be tried by her graduates, and she is most willing to be so tried. She submits that they have not disappointed her own high hopes and expectations nor those of the state at large. She points to two of her sons just chosen to the United States Senate, C. I. Crawford from South Dakota, and M. N. Johnson from North Dakota, respectively, and the United States Senators Norris Brown of Nebraska and C. D. Clark of Wyoming. She can count in the Lower House of Congress, Pickett and Jameson from Iowa, Lowden from Illinois, and Ellis from Oregon. She can point to Lane, Wade, Kennedy, Fuller, Hazen, formerly members of Congress from Iowa, to Jackson, Ex-Governor of Iowa, to Burke Ex-Governor of North Dakota and to Crawford of South Dakota, to McClain, Deemer, Ladd and Evans now on the Supreme Bench of Iowa, and to Rothrock formerly there, to Campbell and Helm on the Supreme Bench of Colorado, Baker on that of New Mexico, Sullivan on that of Nebraska, Haines on that of South Dakota, to Young lately on that of North Dakota, to Beard on that of Wyoming, Elliott on that of Minnesota, and Hand on that of Illinois, to Judge Smith McPherson on the Federal District Bench of

Iowa, and Meeks on that of Texas and in this state to a vast number of senators (16 in the present senate) and assemblymen (12 in the present body, including Mr. Speaker Feely), and to about $\frac{2}{3}$ of the District Judges of Iowa, and to great numbers of Mayors, County and City Attorneys, in this State and substantially every State west of the Mississippi and last, but no means least, to some 5 members of the present Board of Regents of the State University of Iowa.

She has enrolled within the past 2 years students from New York, Illinois, Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Missouri, South Dakota, Idaho, Utah, California and Oregon, although of course the great majority of her students come from Iowa.

Her graduates are found from Dorchester, England, to Nome, Alaska, in New Haven, New York, Washington, Cleveland, Chicago, Peoria, St. Paul, Minneapolis, St. Louis, and of course, in all the cities of Iowa, in Council Bluffs, Omaha, and Lincoln, Denver, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Portland, Seattle, and Tacoma. They dominate both the Dakotas, they abound in Oklahoma and Texas, and the whole Pacific Coast is picketed with them. That is the great and honorable fraternity into which a graduate of our school is received and welcomed.

It is a great gratification to those who care for the College

of Law that at last a building for her exclusive use and occupancy is progressing and already half way up. It is a fine structure, of Indiana Bedford Stone, four stories high, with those comforts and conveniences which have long been necessary for every other department. The College of Law hopes to serve the State and the Nation with new zeal and efficiency in her new home and she sees no reason to expect less of honor or success for her present students than for her old alumni. May they follow with no unequal steps those who have gone before them. May they all prove good citizens, sound lawyers and loyal sons of their Alma Mater. May every one who leaves the old portal or the new, every son of this nourishing mother, Iowa's State Law School, carry into an honorable profession, not only a respectable learning in the law, but such love of truth and justice, such bonds of upholding friendship and alliance, such ideals of life and service as make Tennyson's noble words apply to him.

"With such a mother * * *
* * * Trust in all things high,
Comes easy to him, and tho' he trip and fall
He shall not blind his soul with clay."

—Charles Noble Gregory.



NINETEEN TEN HOWHEYE



FRESHMAN LAW CLASS

NINETEEN TEN HAWKEYE



JUNIOR LAW CLASS.





Otto Clarence Baird,
Morning Sun.

Walter A. W. Kres-
ensky.
Algona.

John M. Bammert,
Lansing.
Φ. P. Σ.
Middletonian; Business
Manager Middletonian.

Frederick C. Schadt,
Amana.
Ph. G., '06; Ph. C.,
'07, S. U. I.

Leon Downe Jay,
Jefferson.

William J. Johnson,
Sioux Rapids.

William H. Johnston,
Spencer.
Φ. P. Σ.

Charles O Yenerich,
Ashton, Ill.
Middletonian.

NINETEEN TEN HAWK EYE



Imo Sheller.

Ladora.

Ellen Johnson.

Manchester.

Middletonian.

Anna Marshall.

Iowa City.

Sophia Winters.

Independence.

Middletonian.

Frank A. Barta.
Fairfax.
Ph. B. S. U. I. '06.

Charles W. Patton.
N. Σ. N. Marshalltown.

George E. Schnug.
Rolfe.
Middletonian.

James B. Owens.
Iowa City.



Mable Ferrin.

George R. Albertson.
N. S. N. Moline, Ill.

Independence.
State Normal two
years.

Roma Walleser.
Garnaville.
State Normal one year.

Minnie Peetz.
Cedar Rapids.
Middletonian.

Elmer L. Lampe.
Bellevue.
Bellevue High School
'04; Coe College '06;
Applied Science S. U.
I.

Leon M. Ochs.
Davenport.
Frances Shinner Aca-
demy ('04-'05).

Marion R. Powers.
N. S. N. Grinnell.

William L. Griffin.
Phi. B. II. Waterloo.



Virgil O. Muench,
Pilot Mound.

Jesse F. Correll,
Adair.

Michael F. Joynt,
Emmetsburg.

W. H. Daniels,
Williamsburg.

Peter J. Sherlock,
Knoxville.
Drake University.
L. A. 2 years.

Amos Sherbon,
Colfax.
Middletonian.

Charles W.
Maplethorpe,
Wellman.
Middletonian.

J. Dan Simons,
Φ B Π Ida Grove.
"I" in Track '08.
Junior Editor Middle-
tonian.



Katherine Allen.
Keswick.

Georgetta Vogel.
Toledo.

Irene Jones.
Marengo.
S. U. I. one year.

Goldie Hartman.
Story City.
Cedar Falls 3 years.
Middletonian.

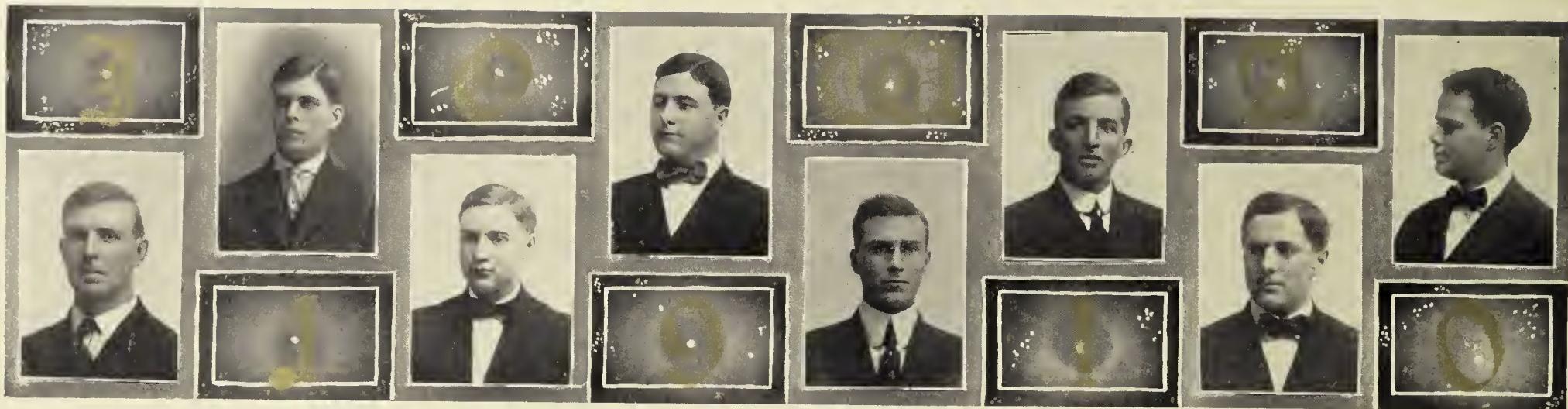
Cecil C. Smith.
Phi. B. Pi. Iowa City.

W. Eugene Wolcott.
N. S. N. Battle Creek.

Roy V. Mater.
Eddyville.

Paul W. Van Metre,
Phi. P. Sigma Waterloo.
Middletonian; Class
Pres. (1): Editor-in-
chief. Middletonian;
Greater University
Committee (2). Pres-
ident Y. M. C. A.

NINETEEN TEN HAWKEYE



O. Clarence Baird,
Morning Sun.

Harry J. McGregor,
Davenport.

Henry D. Thomas,
N S N Gilmore City.

Edgar R. Benedict,
Ida Grove.

Dean H. Osborn,
N S N Bozeman,
Montana.

Stephen A. O'Brien
N S N Stuart.
Newman.
Middletonian.
Department Editor
Hawkeye.

Lawrence J. Kaasa,
Ridgeway.
A. B. Luther College
'03.

Rollin W. Wood,
N S N Brooklyn.

IN THE TEEN YER FRONWEST



Arnold P. Moon,
Φ. P. Σ. Williamsburg.
B. S. '08; Irving.

Gertrude Minthorn,
Newport, Oregon.
Middletonian.
B. A. Pacific College

Gus A. Everson,
Rolfe.
Middletonian.

George E. Keller,
Des Moines.
East High School '06.

Paul O. Anderson,
Φ. P. Σ. Jefferson.
Jefferson High School.

Harry B. Wilkinson.
Brooklyn.
B. S. '08. S. U. I.

F. Edward Keenan,
Φ B II Grinnell.

E. I. Dunkelberg,
Φ B II Waterloo.



David B. Freeman,
N. S. N. Moline, Ill.

Clara Carlson,
Centerville, S. Dak.
Middletonian.

Clifton L. Blakely
Phi. P. S. Montezuma.

Joe C. Brugman,
N. S. N. Davenport.

Leonard L. Lamb,
Atalissa.
Glee Club 3 years.
Orchestra 1 year.

William J. McKenna,
Phi. Delta Theta
Phi. P. S. Ottawa, Ill.
Middletonian.
Department Manager
Hawkeye.

Leroy A. Hammer,
Iowa City.
'07 Football Team.
"I" in track '08.

Clifford H. Brooks,
Iowa City.

NINETEEN TEN HAWKEYE



FRESHMAN MEDIC CLASS

—NINETEEN TEN HAWK EYE—



SOPHOMORE MEDIC CLASS.

NINETEEN TEN HAWKEYE



JUNIOR MEDIC CLASS.



SENIOR MEDIC CLASS



Maurice Henry Tallman.
Boise City, Idaho.
Hahnemanian Society.

Mrs. Dr. Titzell.
Fergus Falls, Minn.
Minneapolis Homeopathic Hospital Training School.
Hahnemanian Society.

Charles F. Cron.
Phi. A. G. Gladbrook, Ia.

Paul A. Park.
Phi. A. G. Cedar Rapids,
Iowa.
Hahnemanian Society.

H. Raymond Gross.
K. S.
Phi. A. G. Dubuque, Ia.
Football Freshman ('06). Varsity Football ('07-'08). Football captain elect ('09)

Paul E. Allen.
Washington Academy.
Hahnemanian Society.

Theodore A. Willis.
Phi. K. Psi. Iowa City, Ia.
B. S. Iowa ('08).
Hahnemanian Society.

Charles M. Hazard.
Phi. A. G. Iowa City, Ia.
Football Team ('07-'08). Freshman Football Team ('06). Track Team ('07-'08)



Julian P. M. Johnson.
Φ. A. Γ.
South West Baptist
College L. L. B.
1889; Z. A. 1890;
M. A. 1893.
University of Chicago
B. A. 1899; B. D.
1899.

Agnes Coffelt,
Washington.

Mildred Grant,
Ottumwa.

Stella B. Palmer,
Grinnell.

Myrtle A. McAfee.
Green Mountain.

Roy A. Becker,
Elgin, Ill.
Φ. A. Γ.
Hahnemanian Society.



College
of
Dentistry

NINETEEN TEN HAWKEYE



L. P. Clow,
Corydon, Iowa.

Guy L. Horton,
Ames, Iowa.
Δ. T. Δ.

Herman A. Peterson,
Waukon, Iowa.

Earl B. Smith,
Grundy Center, Iowa.

J. W. Ball,
Oelwein, Iowa.

G. B. Kinney,
Newell, Iowa.

Fred Tiesse,
Lyons, Iowa.

Lyle G. Baker,
Spencer, Iowa.

NINETEEN TEN HAWKEYE



Fred Ferson Taylor,
Charles City, Iowa.
Class Secretary.

John S. Voreck,
Budd, Iowa.

J. F. Schoen,
Zionsville, Indiana

W. M. Storey,
Storm Lake, Iowa.
Masonic Club.
Class President.

Ezra H. Kerr,
Laurel, Iowa.

Asa R. Bowie,
Iowa City, Iowa.

A. L. Miller,
Charles City, Iowa.

Paul L. Thompson,
Roland, Iowa.



Helen R. Stahle,
Lyons, Iowa.
C. F. U.

R. B. Allender
Maryville, Mo.
Ψ. Ω.

Roscoe D. Tiffany,
Waterloo, Iowa.
Ψ. Ω.

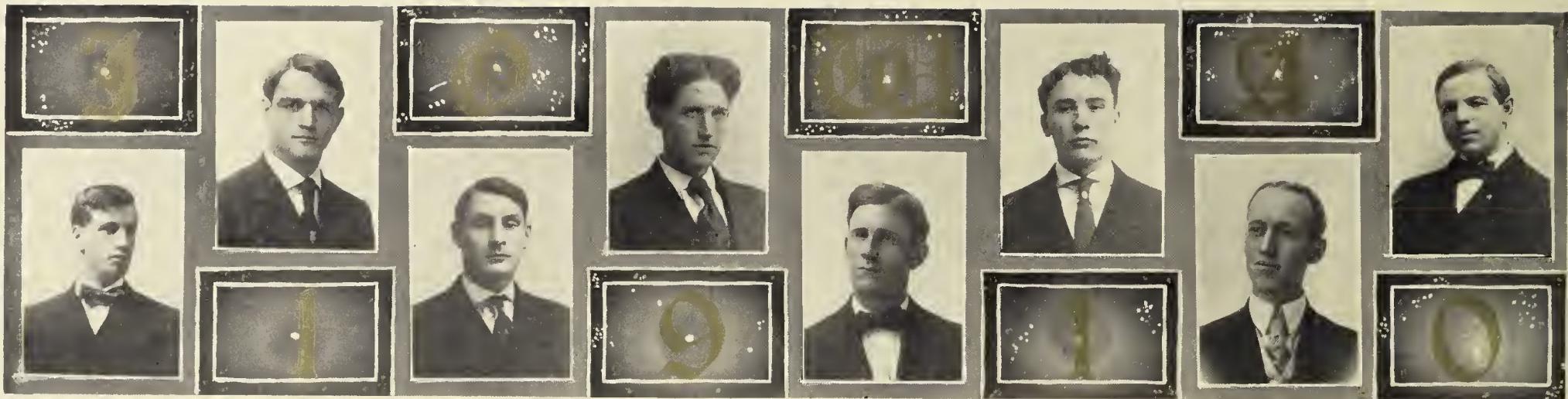
W. R. Ogle,
Iowa City, Iowa.
Ψ. Ω.

John H. Kelley
Kinross, Iowa.
Newman.

E. L. Clark,
Iowa Falls, Iowa.

Walter B. Stager,
Greene, Iowa.

Edward T. Hupp,
Atlantic, Iowa.



T. D. Greene,
Oacoma, S. D.

Guy H. Jones,
Delano, Minn.

Lawrence V. Peterson,
Mara, Minn.
Edda.
Choral Society.

C. L. Nevins,
Toledo, Ohio.
Ψ. Ω.
Dental Manager
Hawkeye.
Class Representative.

John F. Ferris,
Sterling, Illinois.
Ψ. Ω.

Tracy E. Barber,
Central City, Iowa.

Grover Cleveland
Freese, Adair, Iowa.
Ψ. Ω.

Ralph L. Baskerville.
Iowa Falls, Iowa.



Guy Louis Horton,
Iowa City.

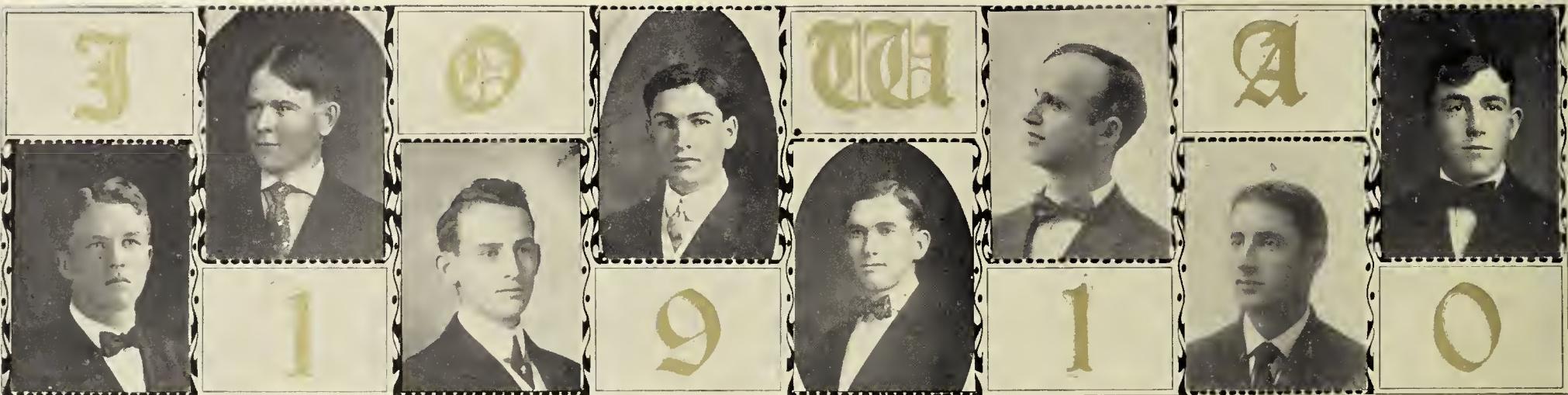
Ray Alman Denman,
Beloit, Kansas.

George E. Sievers,
Remsen, Iowa.

Roy Snakenberg,
Webster, Iowa.

A. L. Dean,
Tipton, Iowa.
 $\Psi. \Omega.$

J. Will Wray,
Corydon, Iowa.



Floyd McClellan.
Washington, Iowa.

C. C. Zellhoefer,
Waterloo, Iowa.
Dental Editor Hawk-
eye.

J. M. Hagerty,
Spencer, Iowa.

R. P. Booher.
Ute, Iowa.

Ernest W. Elmen.
Sioux Falls, S. D.
Edda Society.
President S. U. I.
Club of S. D.

Frank M. McGruder.
Britt, Iowa.
Newman.

Fletcher Harold Her-
ald.
Iowa City, Iowa.
Freshman Class Pres-
ident.

C. A. Pike, Ψ. Ω.
Spearfish, S. D.



Leslie Reid,
Virginia, Minn.

William Archer Squires
Atlantic, Iowa.

Bernard Thiegs, Jr.,
Long Prairie, Minn.
Class Vice-President.

Ray R. Hulse,
Keota, Iowa.

Louis C. Barry,
Nichols, Iowa.

W. A. Ruge,
Dysart, Iowa.

W. J. Booher,
Ute, Iowa.

P. A. Edmond,
Pella, Iowa.
University of California
Two years.



FRESHMAN DENTAL CLASS.

PHARMACY.





NINETEEN TEN HAWKEYE



Mansfield Brown Herald.

Iowa City.

Fonda H. S. ('07).
L. A. (1). Mortar and
Pestle Society.

Richard H. Schalekamp.

Orange City.

Northwestern Classical
Academy. Mortar and
Pestle Society.

James Riemersma.

Sioux Center.

Sioux Center H. S.
('06). Mortar and
Pestle.

Grover C. Conway.

Moville.

Mortar and Pestle
Society. Y. M. C. A.

Herbert M. Smith.
Iowa City.
Atallisa H. S. ('07).

Frank Charles Winters.
Mt. Pleasant.
Mt. Pleasant H. S.
('99). Mortar and
Pestle Society.

James Cheever Ramsey.
Mt. Pleasant.
Mortar and Pestle
Society.

James A. Cummings.
Montezuma.
Montezuma H. S.
('03). Mortar and
Pestle Society.

NINETEEN TEN HAWKEYE



Clayton Allen Palmer.
Maquoketa.
Class Secy. Mortar
and Pestle Society.

Dwight H. Ellison.
Iowa City.
Prophetstown Ill. H.
S. ('06). Φ. X.

James E. Emery.
Φ. X. New Hartford.

Harry Hoopes Springer.
Muscatine.
Class President, Med.
(1); Mortar and
Pestle Society. Mus-
catine H. S. ('07).

Lewis B. Caslavka.
Clutier.
Mortar and Pestle
Society; Komenian.

Fred S. Pexton.
Harlan.
Mortar and Pestle;
Dep't Editor. Y. M.
C. A. Cabinet. Harlan
H. S. ('07). Dep't.
Mg'r.

Samuel Harrison Winter.
Lake Park.
Lake Park H. S.
Mortar and Pestle
Society.

Frederick H. Garner.
Farley.
Farley H. S. ('07).
Mortar and Pestle
Society.

NINETEEN TEN HAWKEYE



Paul J. Schneider.
Iowa City.
Phi. X.

Frank Edward Horak.
Cedar Rapids.
Mortar and Pestle
Society; Komenian.

Charles Merwin Lynds.
Genesco, Ill.
Class Representative.

Elmer F. C. Wieden-
hoeft.
Genesco, Ill.

Stanley McLane.
Hadnott.
Fiske University (2).
Fau Ipsilon Tset.

Peter Zopf Jr.
Marengo.
Ass't. Dep't. Editor.
Mortar and Pestle
Society. University Or-
chestra.

Elmer Henry Rickman.
Battle Creek.
Battle Creek H. S.
('08).
Mortar and Pestle
Society.

H. L. Slaughter.
Waterloo.
Phi. X.
Waterloo H. S.



Warren L. Ayres,
Sheldon.
Sheldon H. S. '07.
Φ. X
Class Treasurer; Yell
Master.

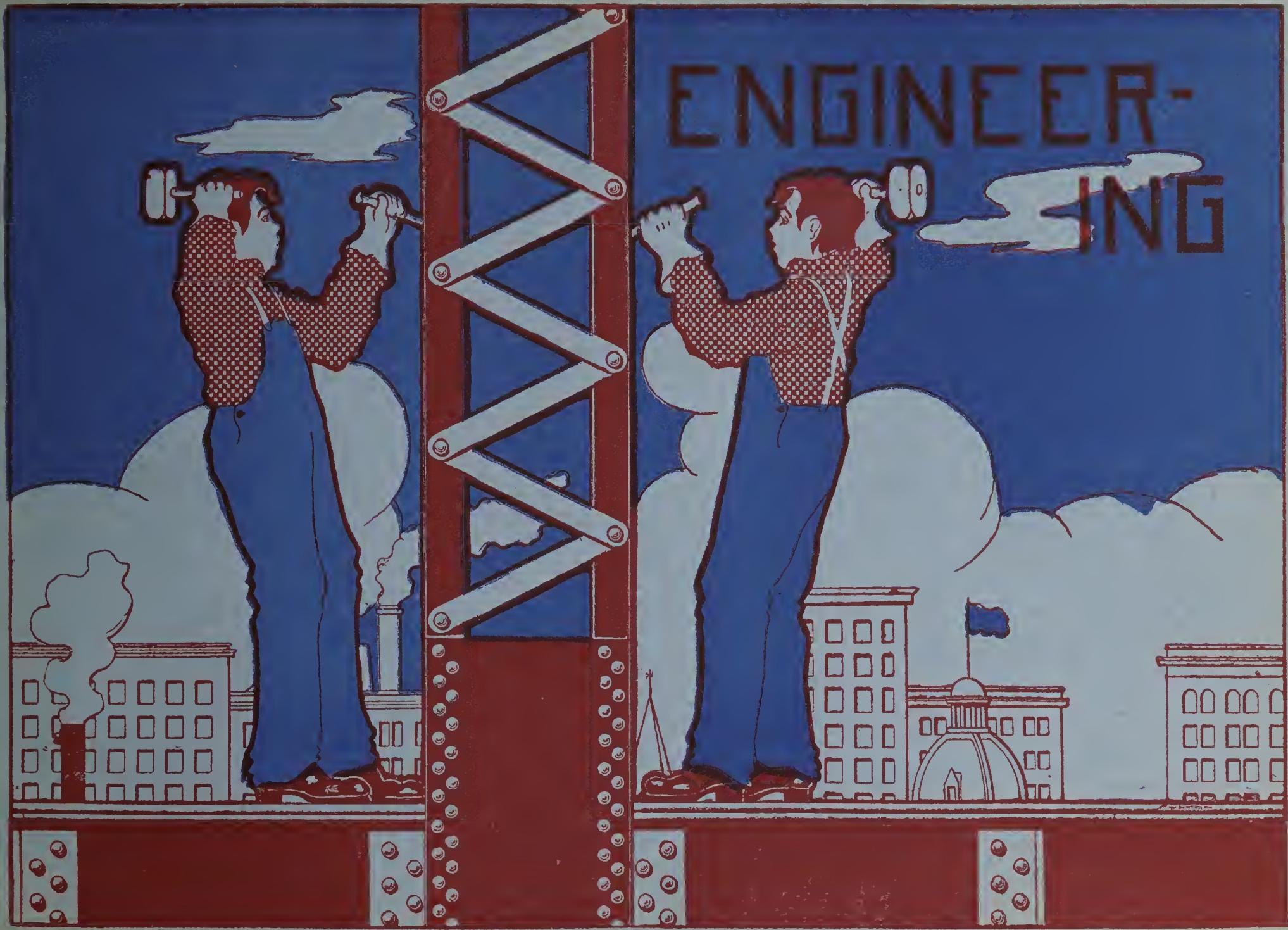
A. J. Knott,
Parkersburg.

Arthur E. Walker,
Jefferson H. S. '06.
Corning

Harry S. Ayres,
Allerton.
Mortar and Pestle
Society.

Frank Orrie Jay,
Jefferson.

ENGINEER-
ING





Hugo Eugene Anderson,
Stanton.
(Civil).
B. A. Angustana College, 1908.
Edda.

Gilbert Holmes Condit,
Westhope, N. Dak.
(Electrical) Σ. T.
Wexo.
Class President (3).
1st Lieut Co. "C".
Department Basketball Team.

George C. Priester,
Rock Rapids.
(Mining) Σ. T.
Wexo.
Band (1), (2), (3).
Engineering Society.
Transit Board.
Department Manager,
1910 Hawkeye.

Paul N. Coates,
Iowa Falls.
(Civil).

Erwin Ralph Bowersox.
Iowa City.
(Electrical).
College, 1906.
B. Ph. Coe.

Edward E. Watson,
Rock Rapids.
(Mech). Σ. T.
Wexo.
Class President (2).
Band (1), (2), (3).
University Orchestra,
(1), (2).

Earl L. Consoliver,
Adair.
(Mech).
Glee Club, (1), (2),
(3).
Choral Society.

Joseph Richrond,
Brooklyn, N. Y.
(Civil).
Engineering Society.

NINETEEN-YEN HAWKEYE



Philip K. DeVoe.
(Mechanical.)

Σ. T. Creston.
Wexo.
1st Lieut. Co. F.; De-
partment Editor, 1910
Hawkeye. Transit
Board. Engineering
Society.

Oliver F. Ware,
(Mech.). Denmark.
Denmark Academy.
('05).

Earl J. Fry.
(Mining). Marengo.
B. A. Morningside
College, 1907.

Julian Geneva.
(Electrical.)
Σ. T. What Cheer.
Wexo. Class Vice-
President (3).

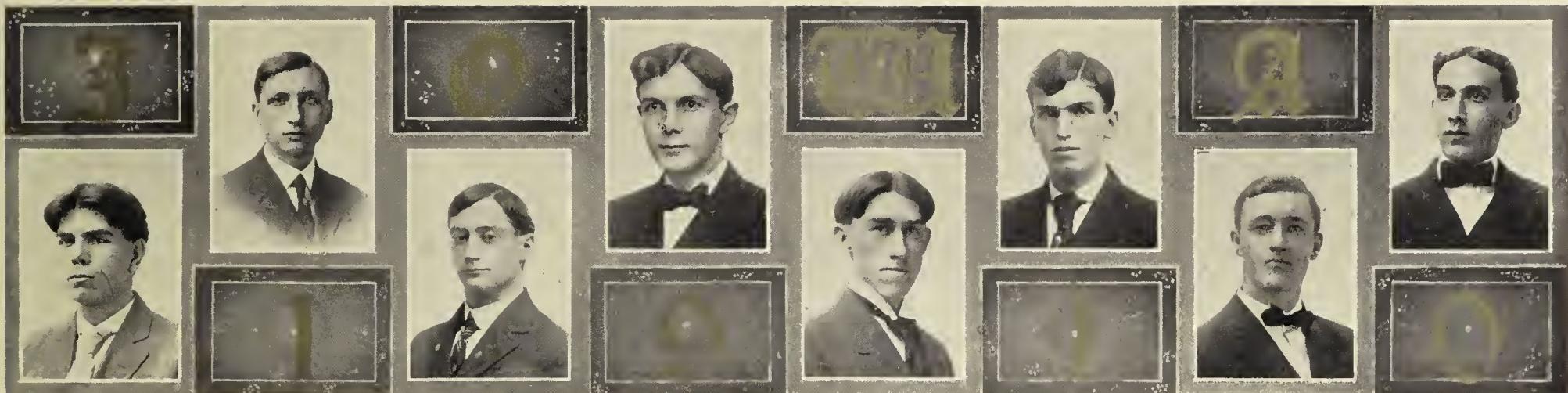
Walter E. Schwob,
(Elect.) Wapello.
Wexo.
Engineering Society.

Floyd Woodruff Jones
(Electrical.)
Independence.
Shattuck Military
School. Cadet Capt.
Co. E.; Military Ball
Committee.

Frederick L. Diserens,
Jr. Cedar Rapids.
Engineering Society;
Cedar Rapids H. S.
1906.

Harold Wherry Paul.
(Electrical).
Wyoming.
Engineering Society.

NINETEEN TEN. HOWIE



Henry Earl Randall,
(Electrical) Big Rock.

Wesley Birney George
(Electrical) Marengo.
Band (1) (2) (3).
University Orchestra
(1) (2).

Charles F. Longerbeam
(Civil) Downey.
Engineering Society.

Pearl William Newman
(Electrical).
Fort Madison. Wexo
Freshman Track and
Football.

Harry Elmer Scheark
(Electrical) Iowa City.
Hyperion. Band (1)
(2).

J. Edwin Griffith
(Civil) Σ. T.
Wexo. Iowa Falls.
Engineering Society.
Delphian Club.
Class Delegate (3).

Lawrence Edgar
Wilson (Civil) Wash-
ington. Wexo.

Vincente
Camporredondo.
(Mechanical) Σ. T.
Vera Cruz, Mexico.
Vera Cruz Prepara-
tory School.
Cosmopolitan Club.



Edmund H. Bailey
(Electrical) Marengo.
Department President
Y. M. C. A.
Class Secretary (3).

Lloyd A. Canfield
(Civil). Dexter.

Ray Duerr (Civil)
McGregor, Iowa.
College (1) (2).
Engineering Society.

William P. Rawn . . .
(Civil) Σ. T. Alta.

Albert Frederick
Fischer (Civil)
Iowa City. Wexo.
Band (1) (2) (3).
Engineering Society.
University Yellmaster
(3).

Erik J. Erikson
(Civil). Odebolt.
Engineering Society.

Otis Leroy Johnson
(Electrical) Σ. T.
Marshalltown. Wexo.
Football team (3).
Cadet Captain Co. "F."
Varsity Rifles (1) (2)
University Yellmaster
(1) (2).
Engineering Society.
Military Ball Committee

Carl E. Downing
(Civil). Fairfield
Academy. Fairfield.
Engineering Society. . .

A HISTORY OF ENGINEERING IN THE UNIVERSITY.

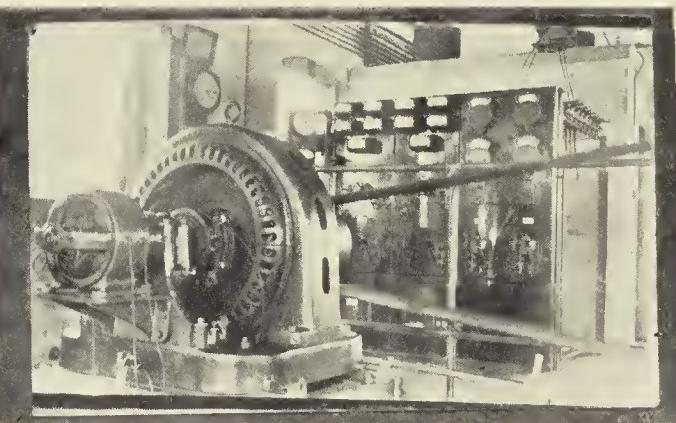
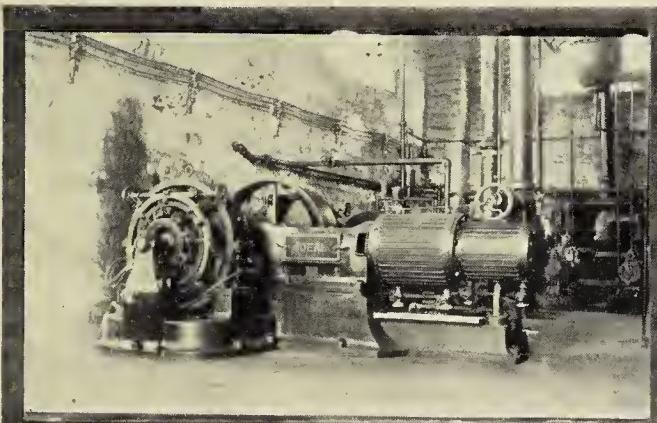


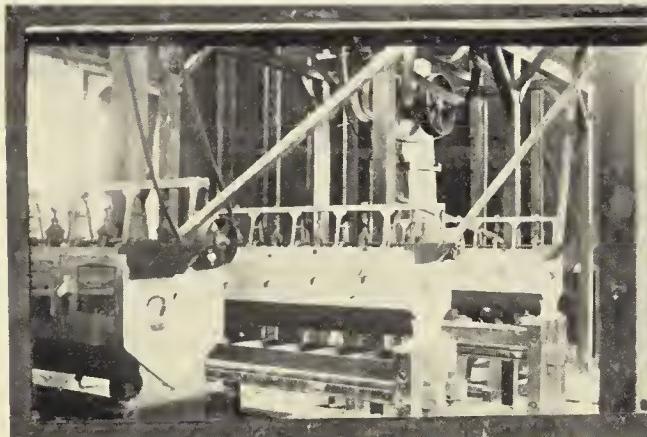
JN 1857 the University of Iowa had in its possession surveying instruments to the value of \$494.05, these being used in the department of mathematics. In 1868, by the addition of another year of study to the four years required to graduate from the collegiate department, and by certain changes in the work of the first four years, it was made possible to secure the degree of civil engineer. Although this may be called the beginning of engineering at Iowa, yet at that time there was no chair of engineering established. In 1872 the engineering course was formally added to the other three courses in the collegiate department. In 1873 a chair of civil engineering was established with Professor Philetus H. Philbrick in charge, and for the first time students were invited to this work. The course was enlarged in 1874 and 1875, and in 1876 was made a separate department of the University on an equal standing with what was then the department of liberal arts.

Three students graduated in 1876, there were no candidates for an engineering degree in 1877, and but three in 1878. In 1878 the department was discontinued and the work again merged into the collegiate department.

Professor Philbrick remained in charge of the engineering work for 14 years, or until September, 1887. During this period the number of graduates was 31. Upon the resignation of Professor Philbrick the work was continued a short time by the late Professor Charles S. Magowan who had been elected associate professor of civil engineering the previous year. In November, 1887, Professor Charles D. Jamieson took charge of the engineering course, and remained until succeeded by Professor Alfred V. Sims in September, 1895. During Professor Jamieson's service of eight years there were 35 graduates, and during the nine years Professor Sims served, from September, 1895 to June, 1904, 58 students were graduated.

In April, 1903 the School of Applied Science in the College of Liberal Arts was organized, and Professor Laenas G. Weld, head of the department of mathematics, was made director of the school. During the years 1903 and 1904 active steps were





taken to place the new school on a firm basis, to which movement special impetus was given by the efforts of Professor Weld. Until 1903 there had been two courses offered, civil and electrical engineering, the latter having been carried on since 1890 under the direction of the physics department. In 1903 separate courses in electrical, mining, and mechanical engineering were arranged for, and new equipment for these departments

was provided. This year also Mr. and Mrs. Euclid Sanders of Iowa City presented to the University the water power rights of the Terrill Mill Dam to be used for the development of the School of Applied Science. In 1904 appropriations were made by the legislature toward a new engineering building, and a dam and power plant.

From this beginning rapid strides have been made. In Sep-



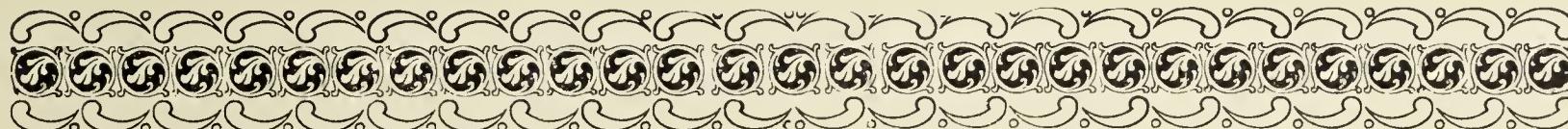


tember 1904 Professor William G. Raymond was appointed Professor of Civil Engineering and head of the Departments of Engineering in the School of Applied Science; on the resignation of Professor Weld in April, 1905, Professor Raymond was appointed director of the School, and in June of the same year the College of Applied Science was created with Professor Raymond as Dean. The new college offered the courses of civil, sanitary, electrical, mechanical, mining, forest and chemical engineering. In the three years the college has been in existence, 62 men have graduated, nearly half as many as had gone out in the previous 32 years.

In January, 1906, the north wing of the proposed engineering building, built at a cost of about \$70,000.00 was occupied. The

new dam was completed in 1906 and early in 1907 the power house was put into commission. During the years 1907-1908 the new steam engineering laboratory, equipped at an expense of \$13,000.00 was available for use, and an addition to the engineering building, doubling its capacity, was occupied in the fall of 1908.

In contrast with the \$495.05 in surveying instruments in 1857, there is now a laboratory equipment, including the dam and power house, valued at \$60,000.00 In 1903, five men comprised the strictly engineering faculty, offering 20 engineering subjects to 78 students in engineering, there are now sixteen instructors offering 47 strictly engineering subjects to nearly 250 registered students.





FRESHMAN ENGINEERING CLASS.

NINETEEN TEN HAWKEYE



SOPHOMORE ENGINEERING CLASS

NINETEEN TEN HAWK EYE



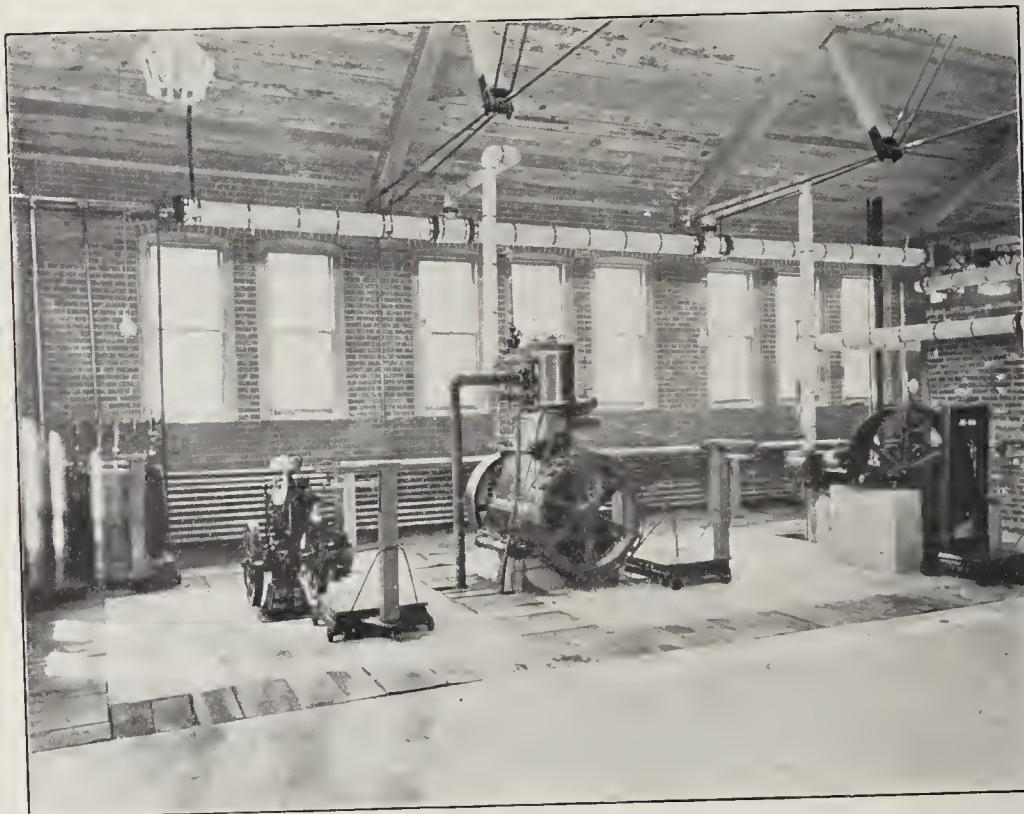
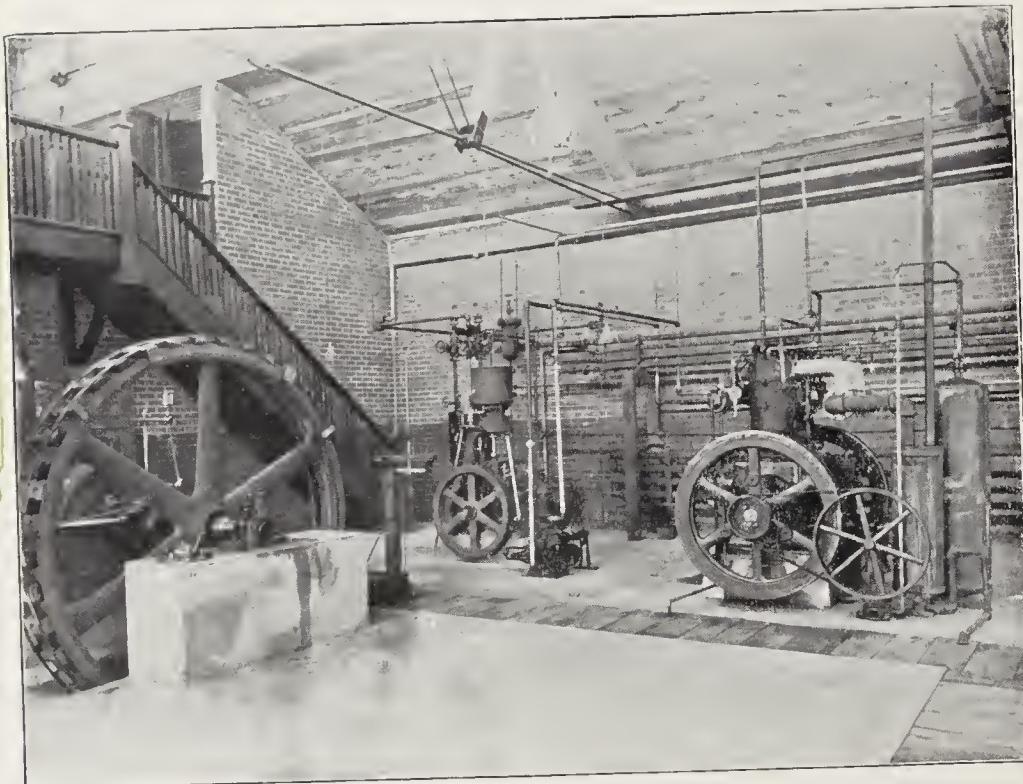
JUNIOR ENGINEERING CLASS

WINGEEN TEN HAWKEYE



SENIOR ENGINEERING CLASS.

NINETEEN TEN HAWHEYE





A dark, atmospheric illustration featuring three silhouetted figures standing in a room. A skull hangs from the ceiling by a string. The background is a textured, reddish-brown wall.

FRATERNIES

MEMBERS OF THE PANHELLENIC



PAN-HELLENIC COUNCIL



1866

Milton Remley.
W. O. Coast.

F. M. Varga, '10.
C. C. Hakes '12.

E. W. McManus, '09.
A. W. Sokol, '10.

J. W. Rich.
C. M. Reno.

Dr. Harry Morrow.

C. H. Crowe, '11.
H. L. Knesel, '12.

Arthur Schramm Jr., '09.
J. R. Lane, '11.

Beta Theta Pi

(Founded 1839.)

Colors—Pink and Light Sky Blue.

In City.

Emlin McClain.
M. H. Dey.

Faculty.

C. B. Wilson.

Liberal Arts.

J. E. Okell, '11.
F. W. Sallander, '12.

College of Law.

M. H. Smith, '10.
W. R. Hayes, '11.

College of Applied Science.

H. F. McCollough, '12.

College of Dentistry.

John Schott, '11.

Flower—Red Rose.

C. T. Dey.
A. J. Cox.

M. G. Wyer.

D. B. Davison, '11.
Arthur Vollmer, '12.

T. W. McClelland, '12.
W. N. Miner, '12. (Pledge.)

J. E. Piper, '10.

1909

SINNETKUN TEN HAWKEYE





1867

Phi Kappa Psi

(Founded February 19, 1852)

Iowa Alpha Chapter.

(Founded 1867.)

Colors—Pink and Lavender.

Flower—Sweet Pea.

In the City.

A. E. Swisher.

Lovell Swisher.

O. H. Brainerd.

C. L. Swisher.

In the Faculty.

Wm. G. Raymond.

Merton L. Ferson.

C. E. Horack.

In the University.

College of Medicine.

A. C. Strong, '09.

T. A. Willis, '10.

W. March white, '12.

College of Law.

A. B. Clark, '11.

A. V. Fowler, '11.

College of Engineering.

Chas. L. Brainerd, '12.

Lawrence L. Smith, '12.

Philip Playter, '12.

S. Cushman Haven, '12.

College of Liberal Arts.

Willis W. Mercer, '09.

Robt. F. Staver, '12.

Ben F. Butler, '10.

Glenn R. Murphy, '12.

A. R. Richmond, '11.

LeRoy Mercer, '12.

Clifford G. Schultz, '11.

Arthur M. Washburn, '12.

Pledges.

A. Ingalls Swisher, L. A., '12.

1909

NINETEEN TEN HAWKES





1880

Delta Tau Delta

1909

(Founded at Bethany College, West Virginia., 1859.)

THE OMICRON CHAPTER.

(Established 1880.)

Colors—Purple, White and Gold.

Flower—Pansy.

W. J. McChesney.

E. B. Wilson.

H. H. Carson. F. C. Carson.

S. W. Fairall.

C. H. Burton.

T. H. McBride.

C. W. Weeks.

C. Van Epps.

Hon. C. E. Pickett.

W. H. Dessel, '09.

B. A. Brown, '09.

L. D. Lonergan, '10. College of Liberal Arts.

W. H. Hospers, '11.

P. F. Coombs, '11.

E. H. Kranz, '11.

J. W. Lipton, '12.

E. W. Fitz, '11.

J. C. Gleysteen, '09.

W. M. Ramsell, '09.

R. W. Snell, '09.

H. S. Snyder, '09.

J. G. Clark, '10.

W. R. Dyer, '10.

F. E. Nicel, '10.

J. E. Stevens, '10.

W. H. Wernli, '11.

B. A. Brown, '11.

R. O. Clark, '11.

F. Moseley, '11.

College of Law.

C. A. Riemcke, '09.

H. W. Adler, '12.

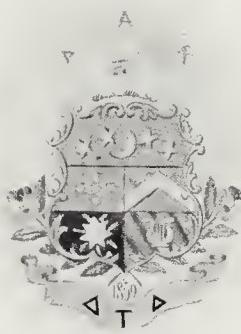
College of Pharmacy.

F. A. Boner '09.

College of Dentistry.

G. L. Horton, '10.

— NINETEEN TEN HAWKEYE —





1882

Sigma Chi

1909

(Founded 1852.)

Flower—White Rose. Colors—Blue and Gold.

ALPHA ETA CHAPTER.**Frater in Urbe.** Bruce Moore.**Frateres in Facultate.**

Clark F. Ansley.

Percival Hunt.

Steven H. Bush.

Edward C. Barrett.

Parker K. Holbrook.

Ralph A. Oliver.
Geo. A. Bemis.
Marc Oliver.
Living C. Hastings.
Ross Davis.

Geo. M. Kellogg.
Wm. E. Cody.
H. C. Schmitz.
W. C. Geonne.

C. Rex Byram.
Jas. T. Keefe.
W. E. Stover.
Lewis Bagley.

J. E. Packard.
Ralph Stuart.
Robert Jackson.
Wm. R. Green.

M. Butts Beem.
Wilson Cornwall.*
Richard Mitchell.*
*Pledged.

-- NINETEEN TEN HAWKEYE --





1882

Phi Delta Theta

(Founded at Miami University.)

The Beta Chapter.

(Established 1882.)

Colors—Azure and Argent. Flower—White Carnation.

Fratres in Urbe.

C. H. Dayton,

G. W. Ball, Jr.

C. W. Smith.

L. E. Ranck.

Walter Ball

W. S. Hosford.

L. G. Weld.

A. G. Smith.

S. Calvin.

H. C. Pelton.

J. E. Boynton.

J. L. Oakes, '09.

R. E. Smith, '09.

D. E. Carrel, '09.

C. C. Denio, '10.

P. A. Walters, '10.

C. E. Bourret, '11.

H. C. Young, '11.

J. R. Murphy, '12.

C. H. Wilson, '12.

J. T. Harper, '12.

W. E. Purcell, '09.

G. W. Stephenson, '10.

H. M. Harwood, '10.

J. M. Fee, '10.

J. S. Hamilton, '10.

College of Medicine.

W. J. McKenna, '10. M. Shields, '12.

College of Applied Science.

J. Ehret, '12.

1909

— NINETEEN TEN HUYGEN —





1893

Sigma Nu

1909

(Founded Virginia Military Institute 1869.)

The Beta Nu Chapter.

(Established 1893.)

Colors—White, Black and Gold.

Flower—White Rose.

Fraters in Urbe.

E. E. Hobby. Urlson Koontz.

Fraters in Facultate.

W. R. Whiteis. L. W. Sear.

John Dunlap.

Fraters in Universitate.

Liberal Arts.

E. C. Cobb, '10.
Hoyle R. Young, '12.

Laurance Mayer, '10.
Jerome McMahon, '12.

Don Wagner, '12.
Owen Meredith, '12.

Frank Callander, '12.
Harold Grupe, '12.

R. B. Pike, '10.

J. C. Shipley, '10.

W. L. Stewart, '11.

Ben Funk, '11.

Clarence Roseberry, '11.

Law.

C. A. Moon, '09.

Wallace Smith, (Unclassified).

NINETEEN TEN HAWKINS





1902

Kappa Sigma

1909

Founded at the University of Virginia.)

The Beta Rho Chapter.

(Established 1902.)

Colors—Red, White and Emerald Green. Flower—Lily of the Valley.

Frater in Urbe.

W. J. McDonald.

Frater in Facultate.

Sam B. Sloan.

Fratres in Universitate. College of Liberal Arts.

A. H. Lideen, '10. Earl Stewart '10.

R. W. Hasner, '10.

A. H. Rosburg, '09.
C. J. Junkin, '11.

K. C. Knerr, '10.
Horace Towner, '12.

A. H. Lideen, '10. Earl Stewart '10.

R. W. Hasner, '10.

F. H. Arnold, '10.
C. W. Spaulding, Jr., '11.

G. W. Bowen, '10.
S. T. Spangler, '11.

M. M. Hemingway, '10.
R. A. Flickinger, '11.

J. J. Lenihan, '10.

A. P. Thompson, '09.

H. A. Miller, '09.

College of Law.

F. A. Will, '09.

H. R. Gross, '10.

College of Dentistry.

S. L. Sherman, '11.

H. D. Muir, '10.

College of Medicine.

W. S. Allen, '10.
M. A. Breen '11.

J. J. Lenihan, '10.

R. C. Sherman, '10.

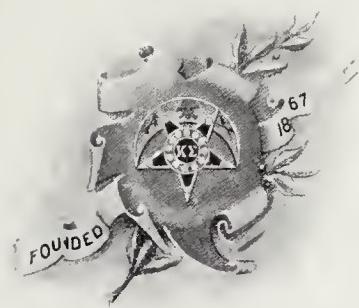
College of Applied Science.

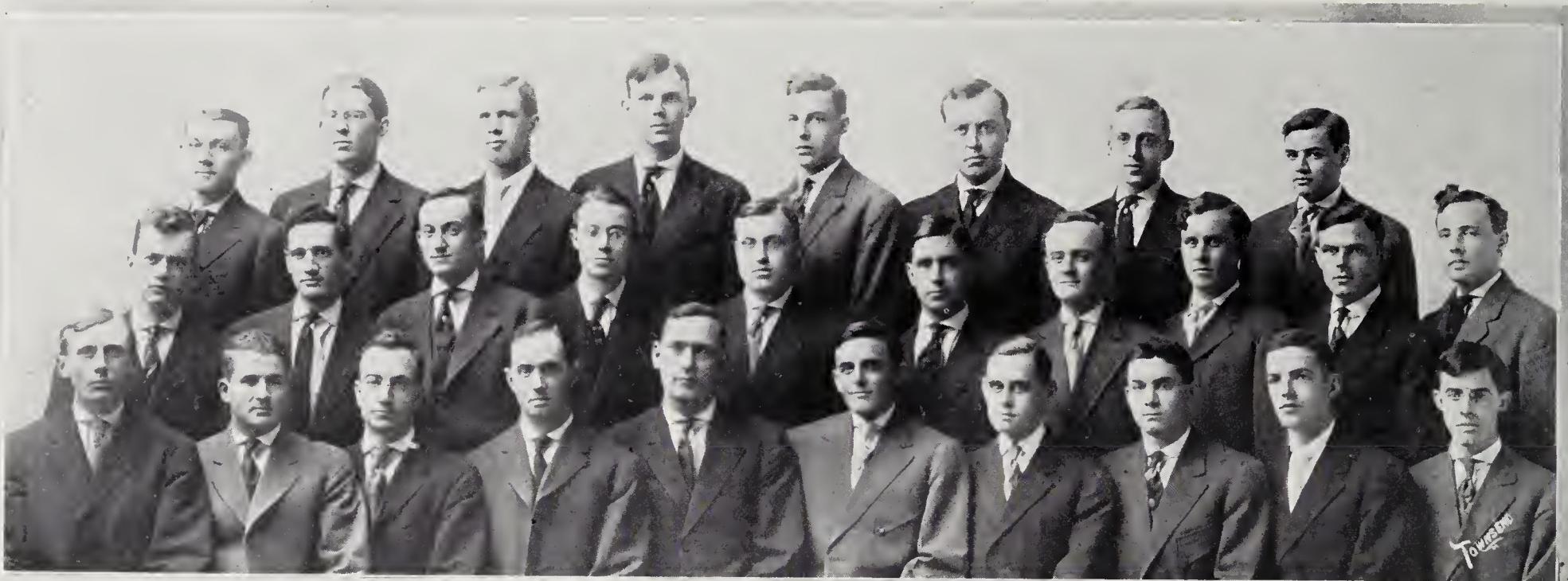
H. R. Gross, '10.

F. R. Smith, '10.

H. C. Lynch, '12.

NINETEEN TEN HAWKEYE





1905

Sigma Alpha Epsilon

(Founded March 9th, 1856.)

Iowa Beta, Chapter.

(Established 1905.)

Colors—Purple and Old Gold.

Fraters in Urbe.

N. W. Jones.

H. G. Walker.

Flower—Violet.

Glen Griffith.

J. T. McClintoch.

W. J. Teeters.

C. E. Seashore.

F. B. Sturm.

W. H. Dunlap.

C. O. Stewart.

C. N. Kirk, '09.

W. L. Carberry, '09.

S. B. Weeks, '11.

C. Burkheimer, '11.

F. E. Thomas, '11.

R. R. Hicks, '12.

A. F. Hull, '12.

W. J. O'Brien, '12.

H. J. Hotz, '12.

Arlo Wilson, '12.

R. L. Price, '12.

S. B. Chase, '12.

College of Engineering—R. L. Worcester, '12. W. R. Meade, '12.

College of Law.

W. F. Riley, '09.

M. W. Hyland, '11.

Wm. Hotz, '10.

College of Pharmacy—J. A. Pierce, '09.

A. T. Wallace, '10.

College of Dentistry.

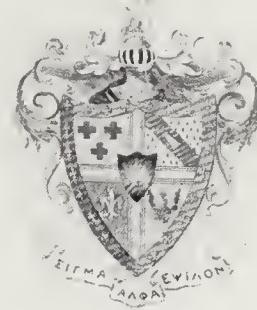
F. B. Whinney, '09. W. L. Schenck, '11.

College of Medicine.

I. J. Waterman, '09. John H. Peck, '09. Royal French, '09. J. W. Crossan, '11. W. D. Runyan, '09. C. H. Lauder, '09. M. B. Call, '11.

1909

NINETEEN TEN HAWKE





Freshmen Greek Association of Men

Organization.

The Freshmen organized a permanent Association in February, 1908.

It is the intention of the Association to give several parties and a banquet to aid in making the first year men better acquainted and bring together the Freshmen of the various Chapters and

thereby promote more of a democratic spirit.

The organization is composed of about 60 Freshmen and the controlling board consists of a delegate from each Chapter. They have adopted a set of rules and have given a number of successful parties this year.

Executive Committee.

President—James Ehret. $\Phi. \Delta. \Theta.$

Vice President—Robert Staver. $\Phi. K. \Psi.$

Secretary—Ralph Stuart. $\Sigma. X.$

Treasurer—Donald Wagner $\Sigma. N.$

Representatives.

Clifford Hakes. $B. \Theta. \Pi.$

Robert Staver. $\Phi. K. \Psi.$

Harry Snyder. $\Delta. T. \Delta.$

Ralph Stuart. $\Sigma. X.$

James Ehret. $\Phi. \Delta. \Theta.$

Donald Wagner. $\Sigma. N.$

Harry Muir. $K. \Sigma.$

Sumner Chase. $\Sigma. A. E.$



1894

Phi Alpha Gamma

1909

(Founded at N. Y. Homeopathic, 1894.)

Epsilon Chapter.

Color—Purple. Flower—Violet.

Fraters in Facultate.

George Royal, M. D.	T. L. Hazard, M. D.	Fred J. Becker, M. D.	R. E. Peck, M. D.
James Moorehead, M. D.	Frank C. Titzell, M. D.	R. H. Volland, D. D. S., M. D.	

J. Cogswell Jr., M. D.
L. A. Royal, M. D.

Fraters in Universitate.

Seniors.

Otis McCleary.	John Rose.	Howard Young.	Arthur Fawcett.
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Juniors.

Charles Hazard.	Raymond Gross.	Paul A. Park.	J. M. P. Johnston.	Roy A. Becker.	Chas. F. Cron.
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Charles Tabor.	Wm. Lybinga.	James Edington.
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Sophomores.

W. W. Weber.



1893

Worthy Consul.—J. M. Woodworth.

Chas. N. Gregory.
Samuel Hayes.

J. M. Woodworth.
H. M. Harwood.
Fred Cunningham.
John Coburn.
E. W. McManus.

Phi Delta Phi

(Founded 1869.)

McClain Chapter.

(Established 1893.)

Officers.

Scriptor—M. H. Smith.

Gladiator—Geo. Gearhart.

Fratres in Facultate.

H. C. Horack. E. A. Wilcox.

Fratres in Universitate.

J. M. Kelly.	E. P. Shea.
M. H. Smith.	Geo. Luxford.
Robt. B. Pike.	Irving Hastings.
J. A. Murray.	F. E. Allen.
Joe Fee	

1909

Historian.—H. M. Harwood.

M. L. Ferson.

Ralph Beatty.
Fred Luberger.
Ralph Oliver.
Owen Elliott.

NINETEEN TEN HAWKEYE





1902

Phi Rho Sigma Fraternity

1909

Mu Chapter.

Colors—Scarlet and Old Gold.

OFFICERS.

President—Clarence E. Willcutt.

Vice President—Wm. J. McKenna.

Secretary—Farrell Huston.

Treasurer—Wm. H. Johnston.

Henry Albert, M. S., M. D.

Albertus Joseph Burge, M. S., M. D.

Wm. Fred Boiler M. D.

Chas. Sumner Chase, M. A., M. D.

Chas. S. Grant, M. D.

Chas. Schultz Krause, B. A., M. D.

John Thomas McClintock, B. A., M. D.

Clarence Van Epps, B. S., M. D.

Max Witte, M. D.

Rudolph Ernst Kleinsorge, B. S., M. D.

Harry M. Ivins, B. S., M. D.

Chas P. McHugh, M. D.

Lafayette H. Fritz, '11.

Farrell Huston, '11.

Harry Winters, '11.

Frank L. Love, M. D.

Clarence E. Willcutt, '09.

James Williamson, '09.

Fratres in Facultate.

Robert B. C. Murdy, '09.

Hal A. Miller, '09.

Royal F. French, '09.

Isaac J. Waterman, '09.

Ralston W. Sleeter, '09.

Paul W. Van Metre, '10.

Arnold R. Moon, '10.

Paul O. Anderson, '10.

Richard C. Sherman, '10.

Wm. J. McKenna, '10.

George D. Hauberg, '11.

Farrell Huston, '11.

Clifford L. Blakely, '10.

John M. Bammert, '10.

Fred Moore, '11.

Lafe H. Fritz, '11.

Harry Winters, '11.

Edwin Cobb, '11.

L. W. Ward, '12.

J. M. Shields, '12.

Otto F. Willie, '12.

John Stansbury, '11.

Ben E. Niebel, '12.

Wm. H. Johnston, '10.

NINETEEN TEN HAWKES





1906

Delta Sigma Rho

1909

(National Fraternity and Iowa Chapter Organized in April, 1906.)

Anyone who has actually participated in an inter-collegiate forensic contest is eligible to membership.

Iowa Chapter.

Irving N. Brant.
Merton L. Ferson.
Clarence Coulter.

Charles W. Briggs.
Prof. Percival Hunt.
Clyde Robbins.

Carl Byoir.
Vincent Starzinger.
George E. Luxford.

Earl Stewart.
Fred J. Cunningham.

Laurance Mayer.
Henry G. Walker.

MIDWIFERY TEN HANNEKE





1905

Phi Beta Pi Fraternity

(Founded at Western Pennsylvania 1891.)

1909

PI CHAPTER

Installed 1905.

Officers

H. T. Husted, Pres.

C. E. Wilson, Treas.

C. A. Riemcke, Vice Pres. W. T. Griffin, Sec.

Members in Faculty

John Hamilton, M. D.

John Hamilton, M. D.
H. T. Husted, '09.
C. A. Riemcke, '09.
W. I. Runyon, '09.
C. E. Wilson, '09.

C. R. Duncan, '09.
L. W. Clark, '09.
E. I. Anthony, '09.
F. E. Keeman, '10.
H. J. McGregor, '10.

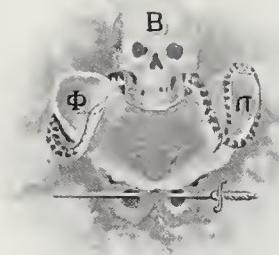
Members

W. T. Griffin, '10.
E. I. Dunkelberg, '10.
J. D. Simons, '10.
C. C. Smith, '10.
D. H. Hopkins, '11.
R. C. Alt, '12.

W. P. Davenport, '11.
O. H. Banton, '11.
V. H. Bethmen, '11.
C. O. Robinson, '11.
A. H. Rosburg, '11.

G. Lisor, '11.
J. F. Martin, '11.
J. N. Smith, '11.
F. L. Andrews, '12.
H. R. Conn, '12.
J. G. Clapsaddle, '12.

NINETEEN TEN HAWKEYE





1906

(Established 1906.)

Dr. Wm. Jepson.

Dr. F. P. Lord.

W. A. Matthey, '09.
F. A. Brugman, '09.
F. A. Slyfield, '09.
H. H. Hagedon, '09.
S. B. Goodenow, '09.

G. R. Albertson, '10.
D. B. Freeman, '10.
J. C. Brugman, '10.
P. H. Carpenter, '10.
D. H. Osborn, '10.

Nu Sigma Nu

Beta Delta Chapter.

Colors—Wine and White,

Fratres in Facultate.

Dr. H. E. Kirschner.
Dr. J. J. Lambert.

Dr. H. J. Prentiss.

Dr. I. N. Crow.

Fratres in Universitate.

H. D. Thomas, '10.
W. E. Wolcott, '10.
S. A. O'Brien, '10.
C. W. Patton, '10.
M. R. Powers, '10.

R. W. Wood, '10.
F. J. Epeneter, '11.
W. A. Jensen, '11.
C. W. Strauss, '11.
W. E. Cody, '11.

R. R. Randall, '12.
D. F. Bice, '12.
G. E. Hermance, '12.
E. M. McEwen, '12.
F. H. Arnett, '12.

1909

NINETEEN TEN HUNDRED





1906

Dr. Jahn Voss.

J. W. McGuire, '09.
W. E. Moxley, '09.
H. J. Altfilisch, '09.
G. L. Rice, '09.
W. C. Heers, '09.

J. B. Hurley, '09.
F. L. Byers, '09.
R. R. DeKrief, '09.
H. G. Bolks, '09.
R. B. Allender, '10.

Psi Omega

GAMMA NU CHAPTER.

Installed 1906.

Colors—Blue and white.

Frater in Urbe

Dr. J. L. Richards.

Dr. M. C. Frazier.

Fraters in Facultate

Dr. R. H. Volland.

Dr. R. P. Summa.

Fraters in Universitate

J. F. Ferris, '10.

W. R. Ogle, '10.

A. L. Dean, '10.

R. D. Tiffany, '10.

C. A. Pike, '10.

G. C. Freeze, '10.

E. L. Lake, '10.

C. L. Nevins, '10.

L. J. Trowbridge, '10.

E. L. Rollins, '11.

1909

H. S. Wright, '11.
G. W. Gilbert, '11.
F. L. Lynch, '11.
J. C. Donahue, '11.
B. C. Higgins, '11.

NINETEEN TEN HAWKEYE





1907

Phi Delta Chi

1909

(Founded at the University of Michigan, 1883.)

Nu Chapter.

Colors—Cherry and Old Gold.

Fratres in Urbe.

R. R. Whetstone. B. H. Davis.

Fratres in Facultate.

Dean W. J. Teeters. Dr. Charles S. Chase. R. A. Kuever.

Fratres in Universitate.

Lee H. Andre, '09.
J. Rea Morford, '09.
James E. Emery, '10.

Otto J. Bencher, '09.
J. Albert Pierce '09.
Charles McMillan. '10.

Melvin F. Coontz, '09.
Earl V. Wilmarth, '09.
H. L. Slaughter, '10.

McDonald C. Dieley, '09.
Warren L. Ayres, '10.
Paul J. Schneider, '10.

Alvin H. Kohl, '09.
Dwight H. Ellison, '10.
Arthur E. Walker '10.

NINETEEN TEN HAWKES



1907

W. G. Raymond.
P. S. Biegler.

J. Q. Adams.
F. D. Krenz.
C. A. Moon.

G. H. Condit.
E. J. Griffith.

A. H. Ford.
S. M. Woodward.

W. H. Dessel.
L. F. Miller.

G. C. Priester.
W. P. Rawn.

Sigma Tau

(Founded at Nebraska.)

Beta Chapter.

(Established 1907.)

Colors—Blue and White.

Fratres in Facultate.

Honorary.

B. J. Lambert.

F. G. Higbee.

F. G. Baender.

Active.

J. E. Boynton.

Fratres in Universitate.

Seniors.

H. P. Phelps.
R. C. Puckett.

L. V. Phelps.
Theo. Rickscher.

W. M. Sample.
C. M. Secrest.

Juniors.

P. K. DeVoe.
J. S. Geneva.

O. L. Johnson.

E. E. Watson

1909



1908

Phi Alpha Delta

(Founded 1893.)

William G. Hammond Chapter.

(Established 1908.)

L. M. Bechtell.
P. M. Payne.
J. R. Olinger.
R. H. Wise.

R. J. Glass.
M. L. Donovan.
F. F. Messer.
S. J. Melson.

D. C. McCully.
S. C. Kerberg.
G. H. vande Steeg.
R. J. Schmidt.

O. H. DeGroote.
T. S. Risser.
J. C. Hollman.
R. J. Woodard.

F. P. Keane.
J. C. Higgins.
F. B. Olsen.
R. D. Sherman.

1909

NINETEEN TEN HAWKEYE





1909

Acacia

1909

(Founded at the University of Michigan.)

The Resh Chapter.

(Established 1909.)

Fratres in Urbe.

Charles M. Dutcher.

Glenn A. Kenderdine.

Henry G. Walker.

Fratres in Facultate.

Charles F. Ansley.

Forest C. Ensign.

Frederick E. Bolton.

Horace M. Towner.

Fratres in Universitate.

Francis E. Allen.

George A. Rice.

George A. Luxford.

Fred G. Hickenlooper.

Chester A. Buckner.

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Realff Ottesen.

Fred J. Cunningham.

John W. Coburn.

Ralph E. Beatty.

Frank R. Smith.

Owen Elliott.

Henry H. Dean.

Corwin S. Cornell.

Martin H. Smith.

James M. Kelley.

Charles E. Herrick.

James Ehrot.

Leopold L. Steckmast.

NINETEEN TEN HAWKEYE



NINETEEN TEN HAWKEYE



Sororities



— NINETEEN TEN FLICKENE —





1882

Kappa Kappa Gamma

1909

(Founded at Monmouth College, Ill., 1876.)

Beta Zeta Chapter.

(Established 1882.)

Jewel—Sapphire.**Sorores in Urbe.**

Colors—Light and Dark Blue

Mrs. E. C. Barrett.
Mrs. Plum.
Mrs. Rockwood.
Miss Anna Close
Mrs. Ed Wilson.

Frances Louise Crawford, '09. Flora Cooper, '09.
Helene Pelletier, '09. Joanna Pelletier, '09.
Dorothy Musser, '11. Elizabeth Sartori, '11.
Ellen Bolser, '12. Ruth Mabry, '12.

Mrs. Ford.
Mrs. Sawyer.
Miss Jean Mac Bride.
Mrs. McChesney.
Miss Paine.

Mrs. Roy Close.
Mrs. Cannon.
Mrs. Frank Carson.
Miss Ada Hutchinson.
Miss Mathilda Hanke.

Sorores in Universitate.
Catharine Lovell, '09.
Leta Towner, '10.
Rose Sartori, '11.

Pledge.
Pearl Bennett.

Flower—Fleur-de-lis.
Miss Kate Close.
Mrs. D. W. Wiley.
Mrs. Harriet Morrow.
Miss Marcia Dunham.

Alice Mueller, '09.
Jessica Don Carlos, '11.
Laura Young, '11.

Mrs. William Coast.
Miss Morduff.
Mrs. Karslake.
Miss Edna DeVoll.

Kathleen O'Connor, '09.
Helen Letson, '11.
Grace Whitley, '11.

NINETEEN TEN HAWKEYE





1882

Colors—Wine and Silver Blue

Mrs. G. W. Ball.
Miss Myra Troth.
Mrs. Charles Dayton.

Sadie Holiday, '09.
Elsie Remley, '10.
Edith Shugart, '11.
Alice Brooks, '11.
Carolyn Bradley, special.

Graduate College.
Alice Page Edith Ball

Pi Beta Phi

(Founded at Monmouth College, Illinois, 1867.)

Iowa Zeta Chapter.

(Established Feb. 12, 1882.)

1909

Flower—Wine Carnation.

Miss Ella Ham.
Mrs. Nyle W. Jones.

Agnes Pheney, '10.
Bertha Wheeler, '11.
Helen Struble, '11.
Edna Smith, '12.

Sorores in Urbe.

Mrs. H. G. Raymond
Mrs. L A. Swisher.
Mrs. Henry G. Cox.
Sorores in Universitate.
Helen Walburn, '09.
Kate Summerwill, '11.
Margaret Oursler, '11.
Edith Eastman, '12.
Vera Wilcox, special.

Mrs. B. F. Shambaugh.
Mrs. M. G. Wyer.

Elizabeth George, '09.
Louisa Adams, '11.
Madge Eastman, '11.
Naomi Stuart, '12.

Pledges.
Ethel Caldrewood. Lillian Noth. Miriam McCune.





1887

Delta Gamma

(Founded at the University of Mississippi.)

The Tau Chapter.

Colors—Pink, Bronze and Blue.

Mrs. Wm. Davis.
Mrs. Samuel Hayes.
Mrs. F. T. Breene.
Mrs. Charles Dutcher.

Margaret Thompson, '09.
Harriet Potter, '10.
Katherine McCorkindale, '11.
Theresa Heinsheimer, '12.
Ruth Magowan, '12.

Miss Myra Lyon.
Miss Effie Thompson.
Mrs. Claude Horack.
Mrs. Wilbur Teeters.

Margaret Pond, '09.
Marjorie McVicar, '10.
Hazel Manatrey, '11.
Mabel Buckley.

Sorores in Urbe.

Mrs. F. B. Sturm.
Mrs. L. G. Weld.
Miss Bertha Willis.
Miss Pauline Swisher.

Sorores in Universitate.

Edith Koontz, '09.
Ethel Barber, '10.
Inslee Bogart, '11.
Winifred Appleman, '12.

Flower—White Rose.

Mrs. E. S. Biggs.
Miss Cora Morrison.
Miss Mabel Swisher.
Miss Irene Maggard.

Helen Swisher, '09.
Margaret Marshall, '10.
Lorene Robbins, '11.
Mary Sanders, '12.

Miss Esther Swisher.
Mrs. G. T. Flom.
Mrs. W. H. Stewart.

Blanche Ashton, '09.
Florence Mayer, '10.
Beulah Lasher, '11.
Mary Pond, '12.

1909

NINETEEN TEN HAWKEYE





Delta Delta Delta

(Founded at Boston University, 1888.)

Phi Chapter.

(Established 1904.)

Colors—Silver, Gold and Blue.

Flower—Pansy.

Sorores in Urbe.

Mrs. L. Fulton.

Ethel McKnight.

Olive Chase.

Mrs. Hoffman.

Lydia Heery.

Florence Waller.

Jeanette Grissel.

Glen Bentley.

Ida Hobson.

Edna Harper.

Alice Clarke.

Jessie Lackey.

Roberta Fulton.

Mary Bowen.

Seniors.

Mildred Simpson.

Wilma Nichols.

Harriett Frazier.

Juniors.

Beulah Shipley.

Julia Stowel.

Louise Rhyno.

Joyce Reed.

Beatrice Devor.

Sophomores.

Wilma Nichols.

Freshmen.

Joyce Reed.

NINETEEN TEN HAWKEYE





1907

Theta Phi

1909

(Founded September, 1907.)

Colors—Viridian and crimson.

Flower—Crimson rose.

Soror in Urbe
Alta Sample

Sorores in Universitate.

Edna Benson, '09
Therese Lloyd, '10.
Cordelia Lloyd, '12.

Louise Beucher, '09.
Edith Mather, '10.

Mabel Eggert, L. '09.
Georgia Lloyd, '11.

Ethel Denton.
Frances Haynes, '12.

Tacie Knease, '10.
Florence Kirkendall, '12.

Graduate College.
Gertrude Branson.



FULTON



Polygon

Yell—Wa Hoo! Wa Hoo! On, On On, We are, We are, Poly, Polygon.

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Vice-President—Floyd Thomas.

Secretary—Helen Struble.

Treasurer—Clarke Burkheimer.

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Naomi Stuart.
A. H. Lideen.
Clifford Powell.
Margaret Graham.
Helen Struble.

Rodney Price.
Arlo Wilson.
Bernice Bates.
Floyd Thomas.
Edith Mather.

Gerald Yoakum.
Floyd Thomas.
Adelaide Black.
Joseph McConnell.
Beulah Shipley.

Mr. Cosgrove.
Jessie Lackey.
Alice Clarke.
Clark Burkheimer.
Lillian Noath.

Joyce Reed.
Owen Meredith.
Hilda Ellyson.
Carl Riepe.
Beth Brainerd.



Ivy Lane

Colors—Ivy Green and Pearl Grey.

Emblem—Ivy Leaf.

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Treasurer—Irene Stone.

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Ellen Bolser.
Ingalls Swisher.
John Harper.

Irene Stone.
Theresa Heinsheimer.
Robert Stover.
Donald Wagner.

May Wangler..
Lorene Robbins.
Harley Hotz
Jerome McMahon.

Edna Smith.
Inslee Bogart.
Sumner Chase.
Frank Callendar.

Elizabeth Sartori.
Clifford Schultz.
Ray Murphy.



Waskwi

Honorary Junior Society.

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Holder of the Wampum Belt—Clarence F. Coulter.

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Clarence F. Coulter.

E. C. Robbins.
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J. J. McConnell Jr.

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Percy N. Haughtelin.



Owl and Keys

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George K. Thompson.

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G. W. Eaton.	D. E. Merrill.	H. Phelps.	P. Sample.	J. Ney.
H. E. Sheark.	F. Johannsen.	P. Haughtelin.	Carl Moeller.	R. Jones.
W. Carberry.	C. Robbins.	F. D. Renz.	L. Phelps.	P. M. Payne.
C. D. Kiger.	F. B. Olsen.	C. A. Buckner.	E. Cobb.	I. Griffith.
H. Hoar.				



Cosmopolitan Club

Chapter of Association of Cosmopolitan Clubs.

(Founded March, 1908.)

Motto: Above all Nations is Humanity.

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Ernesto J. Aguilar..... Mexico.

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Juan S. Garcia..... Philippines.

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Yoitch Ogava..... Japan.

Julian Vallarta..... Philippines.

Arthur S. Yim..... China.

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Choyei Kondo..... Japan.

Vicente Camporredondo..... Mexico.

Misao Hamashima..... Japan.

Resuke Miyamoto..... Japan.

Joseph Richmond..... Russia.

Fukutaro Yamada..... Japan.



Nebda Club

Colors—Gold and White.

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Secretary—H. P. Smith.

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R. C. Puckett.

H. L. Johnson.
Thomas Farrell.
G. B. Gunderson.

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H. O. Field.
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A. L. Knipe.
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Valasta Drahos.
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K. E. Fee.

Agnes Coffelt.

Secretary—Stella Palmer.

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G. C. Knott.

A. J. Fawcett.

Otis McCleary.

Juniors.

C. F. Cron.

M. H. Tallman.

Sophomores.

J. E. Edgington.

C. W. Taber.

Freshmen.

W. E. Steele.

F. J. Bohner.

F. W. Vaughn.

Nurses.

Margaret M. Earle, Supt.

Seniors.

Julia A. Cherny.

Juniors.

Mildred Grant.

Myrtle McAfee.

Stella Palmer.



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Vice-President—Laura Hanlon.
Secretary—Julia Leonard.
Treasurer—M. Grace Wood.

Second Semester.

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Vice-President—Bess Ballentyne.
Secretary—Camille Moeller.
Treasurer—Nelle Jones.

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Hazel Bemus.
Albia Brown.
Alice Blake.
Bess Ballentyne.
Elizabeth Collins.

Gertrude Gregory.
Laura Hanlon.
Nelle Jones.
Laura Jones.
Julia Leonard.

Nellie LeCompte.
Margaret Luce.
Jennie McCall.
Clara McNeal.
Camilla Moeller.

Ione Mulnix.
Vera Nadin.
Lottie Noteboom.
Claire Nieman.
Hattie McCall Roberts.

Marie Ramsey.
Mildred Sheets.
M. Grace Swaney.
Clara Salvata.
Grace Wood.

Honorary Members.

Harriet Howe.
Jennie Roberts.

Mrs. Louise Latchem Slyfield.
Dr. Jessie Hudson.



Mortar and Pestle

Jas. Reimersma.
G. Conway.
S. H. Winter.
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J. E. Booge.
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Dean W. J. Teeters.

R. H. Schalekamp.
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H. H. Springer.

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Vice President—Miss Harden.
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Jas. Ramsey.
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M. B. Herrald.
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NINETEEN TEN HANLEY



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NEWMAN SOCIETY



NEWMAN SOCIETY

Newman Society

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Counsellor—Dan McInnery.

Janitor—James Keefe.

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Paul Schneider.
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J. H. Kelly.
C. G. Howell.
Elmer Broderick.
W. I. Byers.
Clifton E. Ryan.
Thomas Hooley.
L. W. Powers.
Wm. P. O'Toole.
Killian Regner.
Ed. Beck.
Wm. Ritter.

NINETEEN TEN HAWKEYE



C. F. U.

C. F. U.

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Vice-President—Marguerite Keefe.

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Lela Donnelly.

Anna Florencourt.

Nella Hart.

Etta Grissell.

Margaret Metzger.

Rose Langenberg.

Agnes O'Leary.

Agnes Pheney.

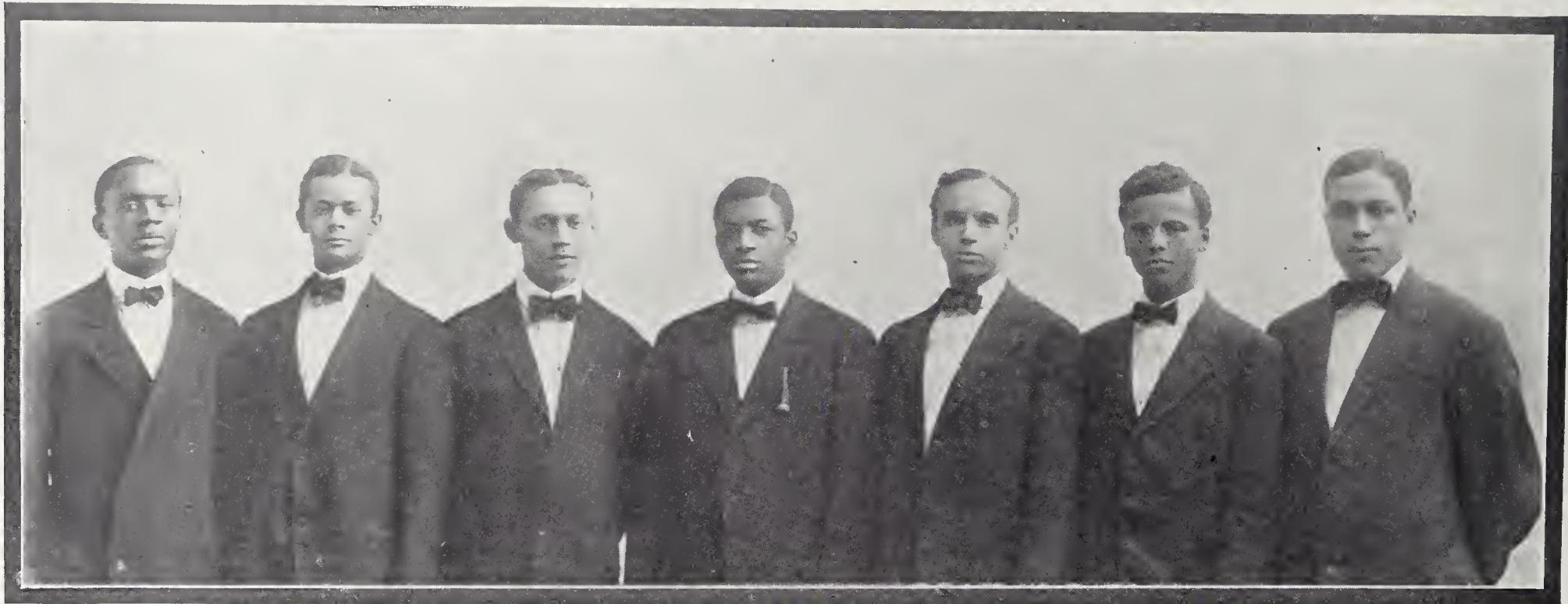
Eva Ries.

Willa Saunders.

Mae Wangler.

Anna White.

Marie Rogers.



Fau Ipsilon Tset

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Wexo

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R. C. Powell.
 G. C. Priester.
 J. H. Ravlin.
 H. L. Ryden.
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E. R. Utterback.
 E. E. Watson.

NINETEEN HEN TWELVE



MIDDLETONIAN

Middletonian

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T. R. Campbell—**President.**

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Frederick A. Slyfield, '09.
Jessie Correll, '10.
Stephen A. O'Brien, '10.
Elizabeth Collins, '11.
Louis F. Kubela, '11.
G. A. May, '12.

Harry H. Hagedorn, '09.
Soren S. Westly, '09.
Gustave A. Everson, '10.
Amos Sherbon, '10.
Rubie R. Goldstone, '11.
Floyd O. Smith, '11.
W. C. Minnich, '12.

Hermenegild Klima, '09.
John M. Bammert, '10.
Charles W. Maplethorpe, '10.
George E. Schnug, '10.
Ross E. Gunn, '11.
John R. Wright, '11.
Kenneth J. Holtz, '12.

John T. Padgham, '09.
Edgar P. Benedict, '10.
Enos D. Miller, '10.
Paul W. Van Metre, '10.
Ward Hannah, '11.
Rushmer Christianson, '12.
M. Grace Swaney, '12.

Thomas L. Rogers, '09.
Clara Carlson, '10.
Gertrude Minthorn, '10.
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Walter J. Knebel, '11.
Ralph F. Luse, '12.

Dot Greene.
Lilla Mitchell.

Golda Hartman.
Minnie Peetz.

Ellen Johnston.
Netha Stoddard.

Anna Marshall.
Bertha Tostlebe.

Gwendolyne McCall.
Sophia Winter.

ROSTER.

College of Medicine.

John T. Padgham, '09.
Edgar P. Benedict, '10.
Enos D. Miller, '10.
Paul W. Van Metre, '10.
Ward Hannah, '11.
Rushmer Christianson, '12.
M. Grace Swaney, '12.

Nurses Training School.

Anna Marshall.
Bertha Tostlebe.

THE IROQUOIS CLUB



Iroquois Club

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Treasurer—Ray Wise.

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Ray Wise.

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Karl Loos.

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Kenneth Cosgrove.

S. C. Kimm.

W. E. Tisdale.

H. C. Lynch.

C. S. Cornell.

Leo G. Keppler.



THE MAID OF THE MOOR

IRVING N. BRANT, '09.

Pale, ah pale in the candle light,
 Lord Harold's daughter lay;
 Hushed was her chamber, while the night
 Closed down its curtains gray.

Lord Harold knelt beside the bed,
 And with him Marrot fair.
 The warrior chieftain bent his head
 In lowly, suppliant prayer.

"For Christes sake, O Lady mild,
 I'll give uncharilie,
 And ask but that a tender child
 From death be setten free."

Lord Harold's daughter oped her eyes
 And gazed far down the night;
 Across the moor she saw arise
 A figure phantom white.

"O look, O look, she stareth wild!"
 The mother clasped her hand.
 "Nor aught can see, the fevered child
 Across the bleak moorland."

"My modre, wot ye what there be,
 'Fore yonder black hillside?
 It cometh near! Ne can ye see
 The castle gate swing wide?"

Lord Harold strong his sword did grasp,
 Its flashing blade he drew;
 The candle paled with flickering gasp
 To a strange and spectral hue.

Three star-points gleamed upon the head
 Of her who stepped within,
 Who now with stately, silent tread
 Went by the paladin.

Lord Harold from his nerveless hand
 His shining sword let fall.
 "And are ye one of Heaven's band,
 Or in the Demon's thrall?"

Like opals in her raven tress
 Above the forehead pale,
 Soft glowed the light that did caress
 Her features maiden frail.

Without the castle o'er the moat,
 An owlet cried forlorn;
 The bleak wind wailed a saddened note,
 Like some lost hunter's horn.

And now in accents low and weak,
 Yet with uncanny ring,
 The visitor began to speak,
 Or chantingly to sing:

"I am the maid of the lonely moor,
 The fenland is my home,
 And lightly o'er its heathered floor
 At dusk I'm wont to roam.

"My flowing robe ye thought to be
 The vapor rising white;
 The stars upon my brow ye see
 Go dancing through the night.

"O come, ye little angel child,
 So like are ye to her,
 To Mary, pure and undefiled,—
 And I her messenger."

Her misty garments floated o'er
 And touched the blanched cheek:
 Two spirits through the open door
 For Mary went to seek.

Lord Harold kissed the forehead cold
 Of her upon the bed.
 His lady two score Aves told,
 And lay beside her, dead.

But the owl still cries above the moat,
 On tumbling, mossy stones;
 And the bleak wind wails a saddened note,
 Through silent halls it moans.

In Iowa.

An autumn sunrise on the fields of corn,
Against the yellow shocks the golden light;
The breathless hush of amber tinted morn;
O'er eastern hills the lamp of heaven bright;
The smiling face of glad expectant earth,
The cattle in the meadow lonesome low,
The cock, chief-bugler of oft flaunted worth,
Calls Nature's hordes encamped here below.

Pale summer moonlight on the ripened grain,
A level field by night-winds lightly stirred;
The rubbing, chafing stalks play soft refrain
To moody callings of the lone night-bird,
The pale sweet lady in the rounded moon;
The amorous courtship of a laughing star
Who asks the gentle lady for a boon,
As she in drifting cloud-veils moves afar.

--G. A. Y.



The Shadows in the Cove

BY GERALD YOAKAM



THE warm sun, shining down through the wind-whipped branches of the elms, brightened the brown leaves, scurrying across the walks of the campus. The big white stone buildings glistened and the duller grey of the Old Capitol with its clean lines and tall pillars took a gloss upon the ivy-covered and weathered walls. From the peak of the cupola, standing out clearly against the blue sky, a tattered flag fluttered and cracked in the wind.

Just as the bell in the steeple of the old building was striking twelve, the crowd came pouring out of the doors of the Liberal Arts hall. At the same moment from the doors of the building opposite hurried another stream of students. Then the Laws leaped from the steps of the Old Capitol and came down Central Walk, a solid crowd of men with large calf-bound books under their arms. Where the walks join the street the three crowds, laughing and chatting merged into one. In the throng tall men rubbed elbows with short men, the senior in his baggy trousers with the "freshie" from the country town, the girl in the large hat and tailored suit with the girl in faded coat and cap.

A bearded professor walked among the rest of the Laws touched their hats in respectful salute. The crowd flowed on, separated in scattered groups and rapidly dispersed down the branching streets.

Among the last from the Law bunch came a stocky little fellow with a bright red band about his hat. In front of the bulletin board he stopped a moment to light a crooked-stem

pipe. His blue coat—a very long one—flared at the back, as he stood, puffing a few deep puffs and balancing his large law book under his arm, his baggy turned-up trousers flapped in the wind. He seemed to know most of the crowd passing, and tipped his hat frequently as he leaned against the bulletin board. Finally, down the deserted walk hurried a tall, clean cut fellow, who, with lowered head, passed the bulletin board and turned toward the north.

The boy with the pipe started trotting after him. "Hey there, Dick, can't you wait a minute?" The tall fellow stopped with a jerk, turned a dark thin face about, took his hands from his pockets, and shrugged his broad shoulders, while his firm set lips curved slightly and his eyes lost their preoccupied look as they rested on the short figure at his side.

"O, it's only you, Dumpy." His eyes wandered about over the campus. Then he smiled slightly, "I, I thought it was somebody."

Dumpy blew out a cloud of smoke. Then he looked up at the taller boy, "Never you mind, you.....poet! I'll get even with you."

Dumpy's face was round and fat with dimples in the cheeks and his eyes were blue. Dick looked at him but without a change of expression.

"I'll tell some of the fellows about those touching little poems that you write to the girl out west," resumed Dumpy.

Dick turned quickly, "If you do....."

The boys started up the clean, wind-swept street, their clothes flapping about them, Dick with long impatient strides,

The Shadows in the Cove

Dumpy with short quick ones. Dumpy drew at his pipe and Dick gazed down at the walk.

"Fine day, Dumpy. Did you notice the way the leaves raced around the campus in front of Liberal Arts?"

"Um-hum!"

A big fat fellow in a little green cap came out of a building across the street and ran after the boys, his heavy tan shoes clattering on the cement. He puffed and blew as he ran.

"O Dick! I want to—talk—with—yuh!"

Dick and Dumpy stopped. "Hello Bings! What do you want?" Dick smiled at the fat fellow and Dumpy politely turned about and gazed up into the bare elm under which they were standing.

Taking off his cap, Bings fanned his red face and began, "Well, you see we've got to start on the debate next week. Prof. James said that he wanted us to have our outlines in Tuesday. You know you said last Saturday that we could do better together. Ah—when shall we start?"

Dick scraped his foot on the walk and looked across the street; he coughed slightly. "No use,—I guess, Bings. I—I told Prof. James I'd have to cut debate—this year." Dick changed his weight to the other foot and tapped nervously with his toe. "My work—is—too heavy," he began again. Dumpy turned around and Bing's mouth opened. "There's Bill, who'll be glad of the chance—to—to get on. Better see him."

"O, Bill!" scoffed the fat boy, "what'll our team do against those Hamiltonians with you off?" Bings stopped fanning and looked into Dick's flushed face. "Well, I can't do it, Bings." Dick's face had paled again. "No use to argue, I before Dumpy could interfere.

guess, I'm sorry. You—you better go on and see Bill. Come on, Sam."

Bings stood, holding his cap limply in his hand, watching Dick and Sam as they hurried on up the street. Finally he murmured softly "Well, I'll be darned!" Then he turned slowly and crossed the street.

Dick walked silently with his head down while Dumpy kept pace looking at him steadily. Finally he drawled, "Say, Dick, what did you do that for? Too much work! What's the matter with you anyhow?"

The color came back to Dick's face. "Aw, shut up, Dumpy, what do you know about debating? The lastest brand of smoking tobacco's more to your mind." Dumpy shifted his books and tramped on.

"Let me take your pipe, Dumpy."

In the tall trees above the crisp wind blew gently and the sun light came down through the branches with the few brown leaves on them and made bright splashes of light upon the walk. Dumpy puffed as he climbed the gentle hill while Dick strode on unnoticed. The walk stretched in a straight line before them, shaded on one side by the trees and bordered by tall houses with lawns on the other, until it topped the rise at the end of the street.

Two girls, a tall, dark-haired one and a smaller one with light hair, holding their large hats by the brims, their skirts whipping about them, came around a corner.

"Douse that pipe, Dick. I want to talk to Jen." The pipe was doused.

"As the girls approached Dick and Dumpy lifted their hats and halted. They were in front of a large white house with a wide porch and a big yard. Dick drew the dark girl aside

The Shadows in the Cove

"Say Jen," he said, "I want to talk to you a moment." Slowly smoothing back a stray lock of brown hair, Jen turned her eyes up to Dick and smiled.

"It seems an awfully long time since I've seen you, Dick. Why don't you come up and see—us. The girls all want to see you."

Dumpy scowled at Dick's back, his dimples left his face and he turned to the blue-eyed little girl with the light hair and began, "O, yes, I wanted to ask you if you'd go to the dance next Friday." He looked about over his shoulder at Dick leaning against a tree and smiling down at the laughing face of Jen.

"Yes, Dumpy, I'll be glad to go," said the little girl. "Only I thought Dick was going to ask me." Dumpy frowned again.

"Thank you—mm—much obliged," he stuttered. "I don't know—but—D—Dick seems to—er—have all the girls coming his way, Bell." Bell giggled and Sam yelled, "Come on, Dick."

"Just a moment please."—"All right, thank you, Jen." The girls started in at the white house, then Jen halted and began again, "You be sure to come because the girls want to see you. We'll make fudge." Then the girls went on up the walk and in at the door while the boys started up the street again.

"Well Dick Thorpe! If I don't get even with you! You're a peach, you are. Give me my pipe." The set mouth and the absence of dimples in Dumpy's face warned Dick; he looked down at the little fellow, the laugh-lines came about his eyes and his thin lips twitched at the corners. "O, don't get so mad. Samuel James, I told Jen that I'd take the infant and you'd take her. She'll fix it up all right. I wanted to talk to Jen."

Slowly Dumpy turned, "Well, I could pound you good. I suppose that because you're a year older than me you can treat me like a kid." His dimples had returned and he gave Dick a blow on the chest. Then he started running, turned in at a large brown house, an old weather-beaten place with fancy scrolls on the porches and a mansard roof, ran up the short steps and burst in at the wide doors, without looking back. Dick started to run, but stopped, put his hand to his chest and coughed. Slowly he followed Dumpy, stopping for a few moments under a big old oak by the walk, while he stood watching a brown squirrel which ran down the trunk, scampered across the leaf-strewn lawn, picked up an acorn and sat with it between his paws blinking at the sunlight. Dick smiled slightly and then slowly climbed the steps and entered the house.

II.

In the faint light coming in through the large bay window of the room only the dark bulk of objects showed, a table in the center and deep shadows on the walls, just the dim outline of a figure in a chair near a figure huddled in the window-seat on a pile of cushions.

"Dick, I've got to shave before supper," came sleepily from huddle of cushions.

Then slowly a voice in the shadow of the chair responded, "Well, all right—Light up then, Dumpy. But I—I hate lamp light when there's a sunset like that."

A short figure rolled off the window-seat and stood silhouetted against the faint red and orange of the evening sky. The arms went up slowly above the head and a deep yawn sounded in the silence. Then the figure in the shadow of the book case stirred slightly. In the shadows the pages of a book resting upon his knees shone white in the surrounding gloom.

The Shadows in the Cove

Dumpy moved slowly across to the desk, a match flared and the gaslight burst forth suddenly, showing his chubby face leaning over it, his white shirt and red tie, which hung down loosely, touching the desk. Dick in a brown smoking jacket was leaning back in a large morris chair.

"Yes, it's a great sunset," drawled Dumpy, slowly straightening up, "I aint much on poetry but wasn't it Shakespeare who said, 'Hark, hark, the lark'—."

"O, that's about sunrise, Dumpy. Get your pipe."

"Squashed," said Dumpy shortly, as he opened the door by the desk and scraped slowly into the darkness of the room beyond. Through the open door came presently the swish of running water and the sound of blowing and wheezing.

The lamp on the desk, with its green glass shade, threw a circle of light upon the red rug, but left the upper part of the walls and ceiling in shadow. Around the dim border varicolored pennants made alternate splotches of color and darkness and the hilt of a sword reflected the subdued light. On the table in the center of the room amid a confused mass of papers a silver-mounted inkstand and a polished paper-weight glittered. Two chairs thrust their square mission backs from the shadows on the other side and back of them the glass doors of a bookcase shone dully. On one wall the light caught the white cards of a jumble of photographs and on the other rested upon a picture in a long oval frame. Sam appeared at the door rubbing the foamy lather on his face with one hand, holding the other out-stretched. "Gimme a match," he said.

Slowly Dick stirred, coughed slightly, reached to the desk and flung a match at the figure in the doorway. Sam caught it and disappeared. A blaze of light sprang up in the open door.

The faint yellow sky above the rough line of tree tops was

framed in by the bay window. From the outside came the sound of an engine bell, a clock striking; then the sleepy chirp of a bird in a tree near the house.

"Say Dick, I heard that Charles Thompson had to leave school." Dick leaned toward the light and the voice in the next room ceased. His regular features, his black, deepset eyes, surrounded by lines, and his firm lips were brought into relief. Slowly the nostrils of his long, thin nose began to twitch and he put his hand to his face.

"What do you know about that," Sam's voice began again.

"What seems to be the matter?" Dick's head was leaning on his arm now and his voice became low. He coughed again and put his hand to his side.

"O, got caught going into a saloon," said Sam. "What makes you cough so much?"

"Nice thing for his folks," Dick answered.

"Tell you what, I'd hate to have to leave this place," resumed Sam, "Dad would cut me off without a cent." Dick smiled and then his face set again. The noise of stropping went on in the next room.

"Wouldn't you?" Sam's voice was muffled and low.

Dick looked at the picture of the girl on the wall; then answered, "Well I'd hate it worse than anything I know—even if I were not made to go."

Sam dragged himself slowly into the room, his hands in his pockets, his face shining, his straight light hair brushed smoothly back.

"Say, Bell was awful put out about you not going to the dance the other night." Dick said nothing. "What's up,

The Shadows in the Cove

old fellow, with you—lately?" Sam slapped him on the shoulder. Dick straightened up slowly and smiled, but his eyes had shadows under them.

"O, I'll be all right soon, I guess. Get me my coat when you get yours, Dumpy."

When Sam returned with the coat Dick had brushed his hair and removed his house-jacket. While Dumpy held the coat he slipped his arms into the sleeves and settled it to his shoulders.

"You're a real handsome boy, Dick, when you're dressed up. That serious look you've got lately has taken the girls." Dumpy stood by the table with his legs wide apart. Dick leaned against the wall and smiled slowly.

"O, cut it, Dumpy."

A book lay open on the table. Dumpy leaned over it and began to read.

"The facts in the case of Mr. Valdemar? Ever read that story?"

"Yes, horrible," said Dick.

"Don't believe a word of it. Man with consumption being kept alive by hypnotism, all bosh," drawled Dumpy. Dick turned his white face about and stared into the darkness. "Say, Dick let's go up river tomorrow afternoon and take some grub."

"Well—maybe. I've got an appointment tomorrow afternoon, though." Dick's voice was slow and catchy.

"O, appointment! cut it. Is it with Fan? Dick you're a regular fusser."

"No it's no girl. Something—but I'll go after three-thirty."

"That all right. Come on, let's go to supper. It's too bad to disappoint the girl, though." But Dick was not smiling and Sam's dimples disappeared; he picked up a cap from a chair, threw one to Dick and went clubbing out into the hall.

Dick turned out the light, the door slammed and footsteps clattered down the stairs.

III.

The next afternoon Dick and Dumpy stood on the boat landing near the dam. A green canoe lay just outside the little, red boathouse. Sam wore an old gold sweater bearing a large "I" on the front, corduroy trousers and heavy shoes; Dick, a flannel shirt and canvas trousers tucked into high boots, his brown hair showing underneath the bill of a little red cap. The water was dashing over the dam and Sam stood with his hands in his pockets watching it, puffing at his pipe, while Dick bent over the canoe trying to force a canvas bag into a small place under the prow. Finally he stopped and slammed the thing into the bottom, drummed with his fingers on the side of the canoe and looked up river.

"Bout ready, Dumpy?"

"Yes, sure. Got the fryin' pan and the pail?"

"No, I forgot those, of course." Dick's face was pale and the lines about his mouth were set and firm.

When he came back he banged the pans impatiently against the side of the boat and roused Sam from his silence.

"Look at that water, Dick," he began while Dick waited. "Just as smooth as glass. Over there on the other side you can see the dead branches and the back of the bleachers reflected,—plain. That dam does make a lot of noise down there though,—when it's so still."

The Shadows in the Cove

"Yes,—" Dick banged the pans and shifted from one foot to the other. "Thought we were going up river."

"This is a fine day. Don't believe the sky ever was so blue." Dumpy took his pipe from his mouth, unnoticing, looked up, caught his breath and sneezed.

"Ought to know better than to look at the sun. I ain't poetic like you, but I like the warm sun and the blue sky all right. This scene's pretty and those roofs up there through the trees, even if they are dirty make it—er-picturesque." Dumpy blew the smoke from his mouth upward and gazed at it, leaning back with feet spread wide apart. Again Dick banged the tins.

"O, come on Dumpy," Dick's voice was sharp and impatient. Dumpy turned about. Then Dick resumed, "You don't know what pretty scenery is. I'll show you something worth looking at."

"Yes. 'Let me show thee where crabs grow,'—Immortal Bill," said Dumpy. Grinning, he grabbed the rope at the bow and slowly dragged the canoe across the wharf. With a splash it entered the water and rocked gently on the surface sending out tiny ripples. When the canoe had been drawn up against the landing Dick climbed silently into the stern and Sam tipped the canoe and splashed the water upon him.

"What's the matter with you?" growled Dick, taking up a paddle and digging savagely into the water. Dumpy banged his paddle; the canoe swung with its head up stream and Dick stopped a moment to cough.

"Don't mind me, Dumpy. I'm not feeling well."

"That's all right." Sam slowly picked up a short paddle with a wide blade from the gunwales and remarked, "I like a wide blade, you can get more water at one stroke."

Dick's pale face brightened a moment and he returned; "Good idea, Dumpy."

Now both boys began to work paddling on one side with long turning strokes, their bodies swaying alternately backward and forward, their arms working in unison. For several moments the canoe glided along leaving a gurgling, widening wake. The grandstand was quickly passed. They caught a glimpse of the towers of the armory through the trees, then hugged the bank until abreast of the bridge. The paddle blades glistened in the sunlight. Now and then Sam splashed and sent the water spraying back upon Dick. When they had passed the second bridge, and the boat house beyond, and were up around the bend, Sam stopped to knock the ashes from his pipe. Dick paddled on for a few moments, then trailed his paddle and put his hand to his mouth. Sam turned and caught a glimpse of Dick's white face.

"What on earth's the matter?" he asked.

"Nothing."

"Guess I'd better paddle a little."

Dumpy picked up his paddle, looked at Dick and then began to work, changing from side to side. It was very still. The paddle rubbed against the thwart from time to time. From the opposite hill came the call of a quail. The river was wide here and along the banks were clumps of willows, while farther back tall trees dotted the deserted fields. One side were brush-covered bluffs with limestone ledges jutting forth here and there, but on the other, were flat fields and woods. From far up the river came the 'chug-chug' of a launch. Near by a jay sat in a willow and screeched discordantly in the sunshine.

Dick picked up his paddle and began to work again while

The Shadows in the Cove

Sam leaning back, pushed up his hat and wiped the sweat from his forehead with his sleeve.

"Wish I'd left this sweater at home, but the sun's going down over there behind that cloud pretty soon. Let's rest a while," said Sam.

"'Tis pretty warm, Sam."

Sam was filling a battered pipe from an old bag. He put it between his teeth, struck a match and puffed slowly for a few seconds. Then, turning his head half around he peered at Dick.

"Say that's good! Want my other pipe? Now really, don't you? You haven't smoked for a week." Slowly Dick lifted his paddle and laid it down.

"No, Sam, I can't smoke any more." There was a bright spot in each of Dick's cheeks now and a heightened color in his face; but his eyes looked over across the river and his mouth twitched at the corners. The canoe drifted slowly backward.

"You're looking better'n you have for a month—I," began Sam.

"Come on Dumpy, let's hurry up so we can get up to the cove before dark. It'll take us an hour to get up therz."

Dumpy seized his large paddle, fell into stroke and worked fast. With every stroke the canoe spurted ahead. The banks seemed to glide backward and the water swirled about the bows.

It was growing dark as they approached the point of an island in the river. Dick gave a swift turn. Then glided into a little bay formed by the curve of the bank and the jutting sandbar, surrounded on three sides by tall trees and brush

with an opening on the fourth to the river below. As the canoe touched the sandy shore Sam put up his paddle.

"Our old stamping-ground, Dick."

"Yes. It beats all the scenery you ever saw down at the wharf don't it?" Dick's pale face was flushed again, but slowly the color faded; he let his paddle fall and sat with his hands at his sides, staring at the dirty carpet in the bottom of the canoe.

Sam had soon thrown the bundles, the pan and pail out upon the sands and stood looking at Dick, still absorbed in his thoughts.

"Well come on. Aren't you going to get out? I don't believe you wanted to come up here, anyhow."

Dick lifted his head quickly, then rose and jumped out on sandbar. They pulled the canoe up on the shore and threw the paddles into the bottom. Over behind the trees the sun had gone down, leaving the sky in pale tints of orange and red, and the shadows were filling the little cove.

While Sam was getting water down on the point, Dick was building a fire beneath an over-hanging tree under which the sand made a floor. Slowly the fire grew from a tiny flame to a crackling blaze over which Dick leaned, his chin on his chest, applying fuel, stick by stick.

"Say, this is great!" Sam held the pail out to Dick, who slowly smiled up at him. "You make the coffee, Dick, I never could do it."

Soon the blackened pail, supported by three sticks, Indian fashion, hung over the fire which sent its leaping flames about it. Dick held a frying pan over the blaze and Sam with his hands under his head, was stretched nearly full length in the

The Shadows in the Cove

sand. His pipe was clenched between his teeth and his old hat lay at his side. Nearby a paper spread out with some bread and butter, some meat and a couple of tin plates and cups placed upon it, caught the light. The dusk closed about them and the firelight began to cast a ring in the surrounding darkness, lighting up the trunks of the trees and throwing flickering shadows of Dick's figure upon the sand.

"Those eggs about done?"

"Yes, turn to."

The papers had been thrown away, fresh fuel put on the fire and the pans and pails returned to the canvas bag in the canoe. Sam and Dick with hands clasped about their knees, sat side by side on the sand near the fire, its light playing upon their faces. Sam puffed at his pipe and Dick watched the shadows. The water flowing over the ripples on the point below gurgled softly.

"Sam," Dick began.

"Well," Sam took his pipe from his mouth and gazed at the fire with eyes half closed.

Dick cleared his throat. "This is the last trip I'll ever make with you." His voice was low. The tones came huskily.

Sam's hands dropped from his knees and he turned about looking into the yellow flames which leaped and curled in graceful tongues. Dick started to speak again and his voice sounded hollow and strange. "I went to the doctor's this afternoon and he examined me. I've—got the bugs—and he—he says my only hope is the West. I'll have to go."

"Dick!" Sam crawled over to Dick's side. The water gurgled on the ripples and high up in the trees a breeze stirred the branches.

"Yes, I've got to go and—and leave everything." Dick stopped a moment and then resumed, "Mother and father have to know and—all the rest."

Sam's arm was about Dick's shoulder now and his warm hand took hold of Dick's cold one.

"Dick—I—I—."

"Yes, I know Sam. You and I've always—."

The fire crackled. Some sticks fell down into the embers and the blaze flared up a little brighter and burned slowly. Still the boys sat on the sand. An owl over in the woods hooted. The blaze died lower and lower. At last it flickered and went out, leaving only a round, bright spot of embers in the darkness. In a surrounding circle, the dark tops of the trees made a jagged line against the sky, studded with stars. At last the figures slowly rose, walked down to the water where the sky was clearly mirrored. There came the sound of paddles striking against thwarts, a grating upon the sand and then a dark mass slid out into the cove. After a moment's silence the dip of paddles began, grew fainter and fainter, and at last was lost in the sounds of the night.



The Old Capitol

WRITTEN FOR THE 1910 HAWKEYE

*Old Capitol, our craft has feebly tried
To crown with light your dignity,
Your rugged form, that marks the tide
Of life since Iowa was free.*

*First seat of law, the very core
Of statehood's being once, you still
Have equal office. As you pour
Your radiance o'er us from your hill.*

*Tradition's halo, memory's flame
A warmer, subtler gleam shall cast
On children of your hope, and claim
Their love and honor to the last.*

—Rolle Whitnall, '09.



1. O, I - o - wa, calm and se - cure on thy hill Look-ing down on the riv - er be - low,
2. We shall sing and be glad with the days as they fly In the time that we spend in thy halls



With a dig - ni - ty born of the dom - i - nant will of the men that have lived long a - go,
And in sad - ness we'll part when the days have gone by And our path turns a-way from thy walls;



O, heir of the glo - ry of pi - o - neer days, Let thy spir - it be proud as of old,
Till the wat - ers no more in thy riv - er shall run Till the stars in the heav - ens grow cold



For thou shalt find bless - ing and hon - or and praise In the daugh - ters and sons of Old Gold
We shall sing of the glo - ry and fame thou hast won And the love that we bear for Old Gold



THE CLASSIC IOWA



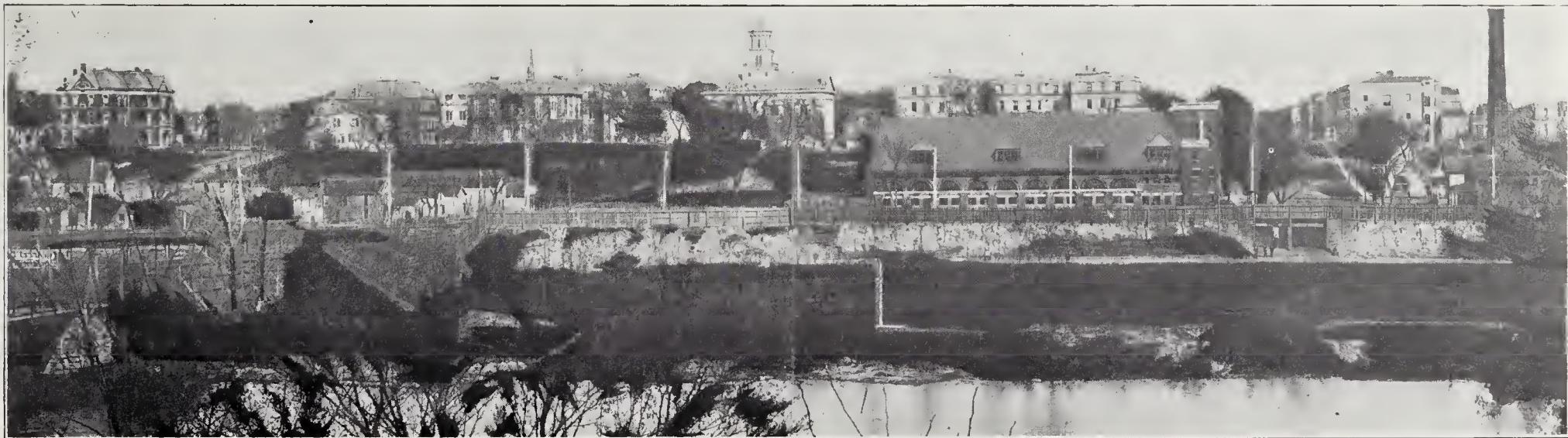
OWN at the foot of the hill over-looked by the Old Capitol, flows the stately Iowa of whose placid surface and graceful meanders few poets have sung and yet there is beauty in every bend of the old river and happiness and joy for every student who loves the dip of the paddle or the ring of the skate.

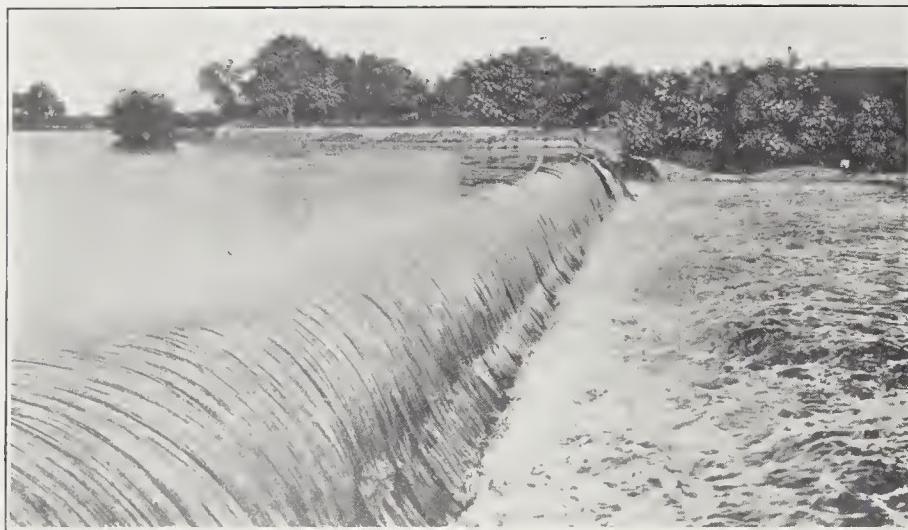
There is every variety of scenery to be found along the banks of this stream,—lofty cliffs of limestone, wooded hills, sloping sandbars and banks covered with soft grass where the angler may idle in satisfaction. There are places of interest for the student of geology and biology; there are shaded nooks in

which the youthful poet may sit and dream. And far beyond and above these attractions there are little bays and harbors where a canoe will ride safely unwatched by engrossed lovers.

Some afternoon when a book is irksome and your eyes are tired of the city streets go down to the boat house and select a light canoe. Dip your paddle into the water, fell the canoe lift under you and watch the swirling wake your paddle leaves. Work till you feel your wrist ache; then turn into the little harbor near the old dam, be back in your seat and gaze up at the sky. The water will gurgle in your ears, the wind will stir the branches of the trees above you and perhaps a bird in a near-by thicket will chirp a quiet contented song.

Then when you have rested and the notion returns to you





paddle out again into the current, round the bend and go on until you have passed the country club. Linger in shady places where the branches of the trees over hang the water. Drink in the pure air, watch the shadows near the opposite bank, and listen to the sounds of the woods. At last when the sun sinks low and twilight approaches turn your canoe and drift silently down the river until you have reached the wharf again. Tired in body but refreshed in mind return to your books until the woods and the stream repeat their call.

Or, on some moonlight night, when the sky is filled with stars and the wind blows soft and warm take a congenial friend and go again to the boat house wharf. Launch your canoe in the current and paddle up river till your muscles are tired. Then let the canoe float as it wills. In the darkness near the bank another canoe will steal by, a boating song will come to your ears or a laugh and the sound of low voices. You will hear the whip-poor-will over the woods call plaintively,

as you lie back at ease and look at the stars and the moon.

These are the pleasures which the Iowa affords in spring and autumn,—the pure air, the buoyant leap of the canoe, the beauty of rocks and trees, and water, and the sounds of nature.

But there is still another pleasure which the Iowa gives. In the winter at times the surface of the stream is glossy with smoothness and the skate rings on the hard ice. Then merry crowds of students cover the white field with whirling figures and the old river presents a different view to the nature-lover in her ice-bound dreary state. Though nature be sad



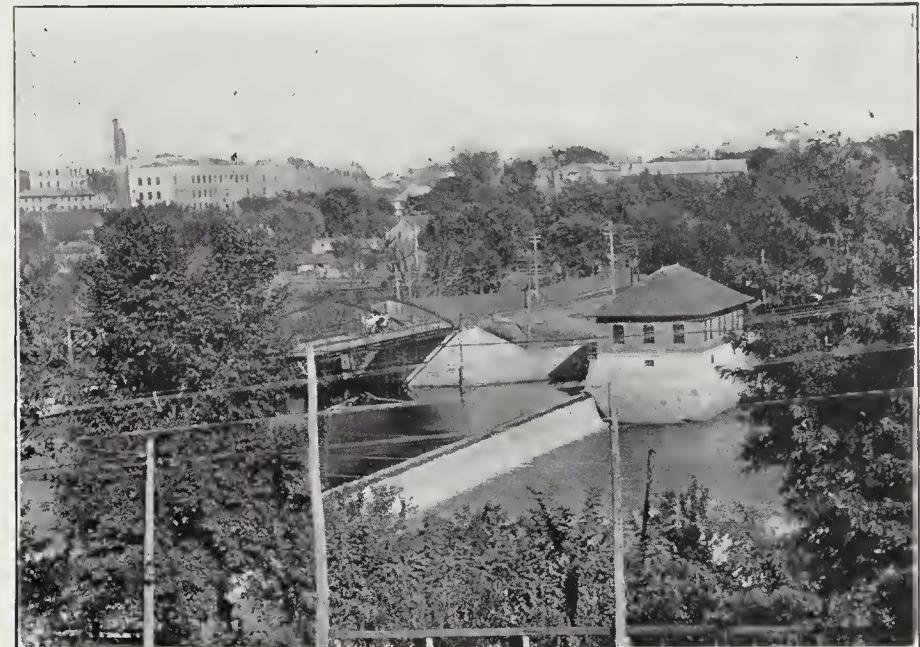
in her browns and blacks and no gurgle of water or birds' song give pleasure to the ear, yet the rhythmic motion of skating and the companionship of friends in healthful sports presents a charm and pleasure to the lover of old Iowa.

"Clear and cool, clear and cool,
By laughing shallow and dreaming pool;
Cool and clear, cool and clear;
By shining shingle and foaming wear;
Under the crag where the ousel sings
And the ivied wall where the churchbell rings,
Undefiled,"

The Iowa flows past the heights of old varsity onward and onward to the sea.

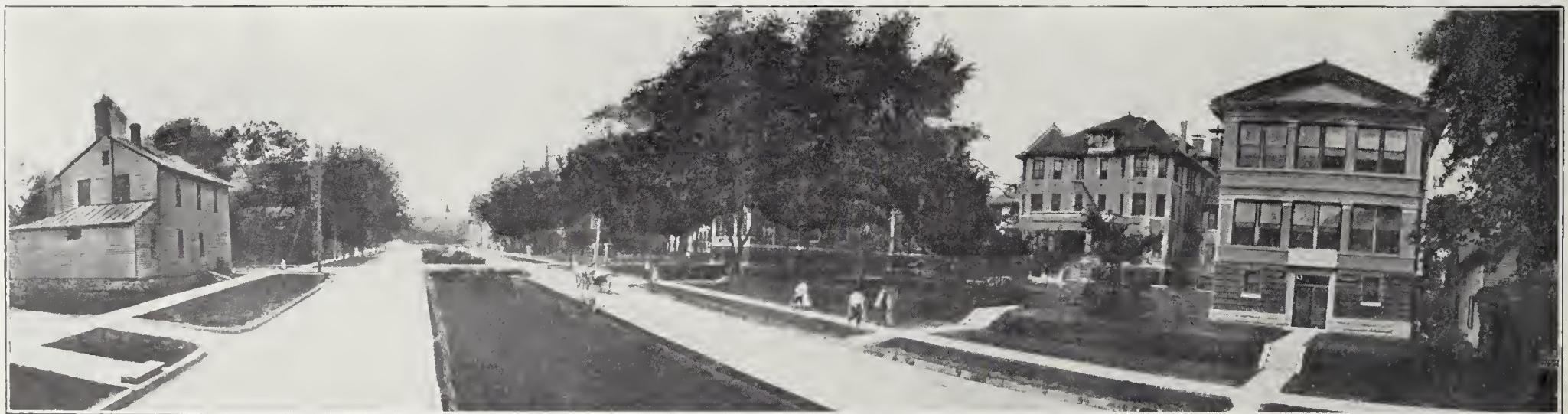


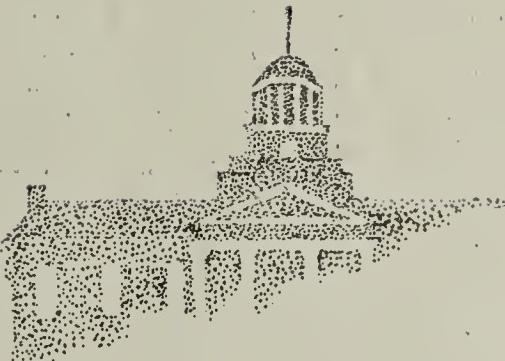
UNIVERSITY CLUB



OLD LIME KILN, NEW IOWA CITY, IOWA.

NINETEEN TEN ELEVEN





ALUMNI

What is an Education?

BY EMERSON HOUGH

(WRITTEN FOR THE 1910 HAWKEYE.)



HEN I was a youth, my father often spoke with me over the great changes which he had seen take place during his lifetime in the affairs of this country. The invention of the telegraph, the development of our railways, many other revolutionary things occurred long after the day when he was born. Yet as great changes have taken place in my own lifetime, indeed even since the time I left the University of Iowa. The wireless message and the flying machine are also revolutionary. This is not the same world that it was in 1880. If my University is adhering to the ways of 1880, or the ways of 1908, it is not only behind the times but behind in its duty.

It seems to me that the duty of the University of today is, first, to visualize modern life. The day is one of business and of specification, and educationally speaking, we would work to these facts. Our education ought not to consist in cornice work, but of fundamental foundation stones. It would be an excellent thing if we could divide our education into two terms, one in youth and one in middle age. Yet it is to great extent true, to use another figure, that we eat all three of our meals in education at the breakfast table of life. Sometimes we have things at our educational breakfast which we do not then need.

One great study, it seems to me, should be the study of our country, its theory, its history, its practical politics. Any young man should know before he leaves college what practical politics means. He need not look to politics as a profession, for few professions are more unworthy as professions. But the life of

each public man in the State of Iowa, for instance, ought to be studied and known by each student at the State University of Iowa. Were that the case in many colleges, we would have better men in public life, and more scared politicians in public life. The only good politician is a scared one.

Again, there comes in the balancing, restraining duty of the University, guarding against the overloading of material ambition. The ambition of America today is to make money at any cost. Recognizing the trend of events, the true University ought to aid its young men into well balanced and well adjusted effort to meet the conditions of the day, to be a part of the time, but not swallowed up in the wrong ideals of the time. The sanity of older men should temper the energy and inexperience of youth. Our professors ought to be more than men of book learning. They should have touch with actual life. Indeed, it is Life which the University should teach—not the life of other days, but the life of today.

Humility, balance, poise, content,—these should be taught at any University. Each of us is born with his own handicap. Never believe that you are as able as any other man. Find your own groove, and learn that another man's relatively greater success in his does not necessarily make you a failure in yours. Do your best, and let it be your best, not some other fellow's worst, which perhaps means more money than your best. In a little talk I once made at my own dear old University town, as I remember, I quoted the words of the ancient philosopher Epictetus—not because he was ancient, but because his words are modern and useful.

"Remember that you are an actor of just such part as is assigned you by the Poet of the Play,—of a short part if the part be short, of a long part if the part be long. Should he



What is an Education?

wish you to act the part of a beggar, take care to act it naturally and nobly, and the same if it be the part of a lame man, or a ruler, or a private man. For this is in your power, to act well the part assigned you. But to choose that part is the function of another."

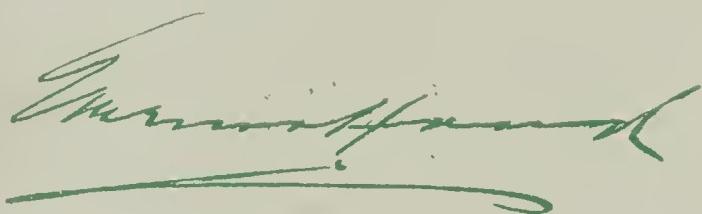
I do not know any words more comforting than those. They ought to be taught in every University of the land. We ought to be ambitious, we ought to be in tune with the time, but above all, we ought to be contented. If we fail of that, then we have failed indeed. This doctrine does not mean cessation of effort. It only means abandonment of jealousy and envy. None of us really amounts to very much. We are actors in the play. Take the lines handed you, read them intelligently as you know how, keep an eye out for a better part when the time comes, but don't think you are a star because you have a college education. The sporting odds are all against that proposition. The thing to do is not to envy and not to grieve, but to try. All the world loves a game animal.

But most of all we ought to learn that we are making this country just as much as anybody else. It is you who are responsible for its success or failure, no matter how humble your part in the play. Though you be a beggar or a lame man, it is your privilege to think. Do not believe there is any one public man who alone can work out our salvation. Do not look for salvation in the Republican party or the Democratic party. It is you yourself who are going to save America. If she is in danger, it is your personal fault. Her danger will be averted by no political party, but by you yourself. "We need no new John the Baptist crying in the wilderness. The kind of John we need is plain John Smith, willing to do his best with the part he has in the play."

If I had a boy in college now, I should first want his physical health to be perfect, for good health is the greatest of all human

possessions. Then I should want him taught to know what life really means today, and how to build his house foundation first and not cornice first. Then, to change our figure again, when he got into the game of living, I should want him to run clean to the tape. I should want him to run on the right path, not on one leading only to useless knowledge. I should want him to be an American citizen, and should want him to get into the game. If my University puts too many men on the side lines, too many men not elected to play on the team in the game of life, then my University is a failure.

There is no time in these fast days to unlearn too much. The pace is very swift. One or two good chances to succeed you may have in all your life; perhaps not very many more. It is the duty of your school to tell you what the path is going to be, and how the race should be run on it, and what is to be the real prize. Then it is your duty to run that race gamely and honestly, clean to the tape. You may not be the richest man in America when you have reached middle age or old age, but you may be a success for all of that. Take your part in the play.



Chicago, 28th February, 1909.

Francis Thompson-In Memoriam

An Appreciation and a Poem by James B. Weaver, Jr. Written for the 1910 Hawkeye.



INTEREST in Francis Thompson, since his death about a year ago, gives promise to grow with the years. He appeals wistfully, keenly and tenderly to every man who sees life as a moving pageant and who stands uncovered in the presence of its mysteries. His was a high poetic genius, his life unspeakably sad, his heart suffused with a Christ-like sympathy. As he said of himself, he labored under "The curse of destined verse." If you wish to read something never to be forgotten go to his "The Hound of Heaven." He chose his burial place in what he termed "the blear necropolis of London" just beside what is called "Holy Innocents Ground" where lie the bodies of unrecorded babes. This was a fit resting place for the body of him who would be sought "in the nurseries of Heaven."

Oh sullen roar of London Town!
The notes he heard thou couldst not drown.
Thy gray mists whispered of the sea,
Thy spires of death's dark mystery,
Thy endless tread of tired feet
Bespoke to him the ceaseless beat
Of hearts that sought amidst earth's mire
The firm fair land of Heart's Desire.

The mellow gold of sunset's glow,
The purple shades that come and go,
The myriad greens upon the downs,
The meadows with their autumn browns,
Were more than meat and drink to him
Flooding his restless soul abrim.

The love of friend, the scorn of wrong,
Persistent hope and courage strong,
The fresh free air upon the face,
The infinitude of Time and Space,
The brooding night, the birds at morn,
The hurrying clouds of zephyrs borne,
These called to him and answering these
He revelled in their mysteries.

Proud palaces his brothers raised,
Material power that others praised,
These passed he by, the while his soul
Went searching for the final goal,
The hidden clue to human fate,
The end of hope insatiate,
The meaning back of Beauty's call,
•The mysteries beyond the wall.

Brave soul! Thy very earthly stress,
What men call failure, emptiness,
Kind Death has stripped from off thy name
And shows to us the Heavenly flame
That lit thy feverish lonely days
And turns our blame to tears and praise.

The Game

Written for the 1910 Hawkeye, by Edwin L. Sabin.

Oh, here is a song for the surging throng
 Of side-line and of stand;
 For the voices blent, and the hearts intent
 On a little struggling band!
 For the college yell and rise pell-mell,
 For the flags that swift unfurl;
 For the colors true, and the sparkling hue
 In the cheeks of the loyal girl!

Oh, here is a toast to the small, tried host
 Of moleskin and of grit,
 From the last recruit as a substitute
 To the veteran captain fit!
 To the good boys all who follow the ball
 Through sunshine, rain and snow;
 To the coaches skilled and the trainer willed,
 And our luckless friends, the foe!

Oh, here is a cheer for the old school dear.
 We love o' days, o' nights;
 A three times three for the 'varsittee,
 And those who fight its fights!
 The Freshman lad and the oldest grad
 Are backing it, win or lose;
 While 'neath alien skies there are anxious eyes
 That look for the football news.



Edwin L. Sabin

A Toast.

WRITTEN FOR THE 1910 HAWKEYE
BY F. T. JENSEN, '01.

*Here's a toast to good Old Gold
May that banner never fold!
But, triumphant in her victories, triumphant in defeat,-
May she wave, and all behold,
With a loyalty untold,
The most proudly vaunted, purest flag for which a heart can beat!*

FORENSIC



THE FORENSIC LEAGUE

RECORD OF DEBATES.



FRANK RANDALL
Debating Coach

1908.

Iowa—Nebraska
Decision
Three for Nebraska.

—
Iowa—Illinois
Decision
Three for Iowa.

1909.

Iowa—Wisconsin
Decision
Three for Iowa.

—
Iowa—Minnesota
Decision
Two for Iowa.



PROF. HENRY E. GOR-
DON
Chair of Public Speaking



THE FORENSIC COUNCIL

A Forensic Appreciation

Prof. Henry E. Gordon.



N 1861 the Zetagathian Society, the veteran forensic organization of the University, was born. The success of this society led to the formation of Irving Institute three years later. These two societies developed a strong rivalry. They became the social and literary center of the University.

With the growth of the College of Law a third forensic organization appeared, composed of law students and known as The Hammond Law Senate. Later came the The Philomathean Forensic Society in the College of Liberal Arts and the Forum in the College of Law.

In 1903, when the Zetagathians and Irvings were the only forensic societies in the College of Liberal Arts, they formed The University of Iowa Debating League. This organization conducted debates with the Universities of Chicago, Minnesota, and Wisconsin. This League won two contests from Chicago and lost none; won seven from Minnesota, tied one, and lost six; and won two from Wisconsin and lost three. This League also had one debate with the University of Nebraska

at Lincoln and two with the University of Notre Dame, all of which were lost. The record of this organization then, stands with eleven victories, one tie and thirteen defeats.

The Philomathean Forensic Society conducted five inter-collegiate debates, two with the University of Illinois and three with the University of South Dakota. With Illinois both were lost; but with South Dakota two out of three were won.

The two societies of the College of Law formed a league and held two debates with the College of Law of the University of Kansas winning one of them. These two societies later were consolidated and formed The Marshall Law Society.

Inter-collegiate oratorical work began much earlier than inter-collegiate debating, dating back to 1874. At first Iowa was a member of State League and took part in fifteen state contests winning five firsts. She withdrew from this League in 1890 and with the formation of the Northern Oratorical League obtained a membership there where she has carried off the first place but once.

In 1906, the carrying on of inter-collegiate debating by three different organizations led to five inter-collegiate debates for

that one year. This unfortunate state of affairs helped to bring to a focus a matter which the University of Iowa Debating League had long been contemplating, the formation of an all-university league. The Forensic League was then organized with four constituent societies as its basis: The Zetagathian Society, The Irving Institute, The Marshall Law Society, and the Philomathean Forensic Society.

The first inter-collegiate debates under the auspices of this new league were with Illinois at Iowa City and Nebraska at Lincoln. Iowa won at home and lost abroad. This year the University was strong enough to win both debates and being the only one to do so among the five State Universities which form the Central Debating Circuit of America it holds the championship in that league for this year. The five Universities concerned are Nebraska, Illinois, Iowa, Minnesota, and Wisconsin. It was the last two of these which Iowa was so fortunate as to overcome in debate: Minnesota at Minneapolis and Wisconsin at Iowa City.

Inter-collegiate oratory conducted by the new League has had but one opportunity. In the annual contest of last May,

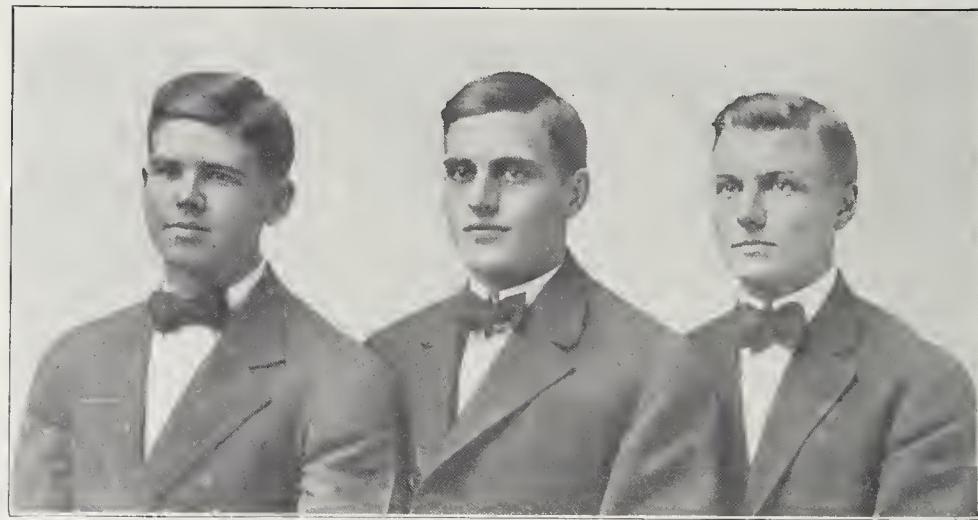
Mr. Earl Stewart, Iowa's representative, tied for second place in ranks and for third place in percentage, surpassing Minnesota, Chicago and Michigan Universities, tying Northwestern, and exceeded only by Wisconsin and Oberlin.

One of the very gratifying features of The Forensic League is the strong spirit of co-operation which has appeared in its work. The four societies, while fiercely contending among themselves for the University championships in debate and oratory, "get together" in wonderful fashion for the inter-collegiate events. Attendance at these has more than tripled over that of the last year under the old arrangement.

With a proper opportunity to grow in size and develop in character The Forensic League will become a still more powerful factor in creating ideals and adopting suitable methods for the perfecting of public speaking by the students of The State University of Iowa. This year 1908-1909 will ever remain a notable year in the history of Iowa forensics, and college generations for many years to come will tell the story of the great achievements of this year and of the bright young men "who did it."



IOWA--WISCONSIN DEBATE



IOWA--MINNESOTA DEBATE

The Auditorium N. S.
Dec. 11, 1908.

Proposition for Debate.

Resolved: That American cities should adopt a commission form of government.

Affirmed for Iowa by
George Luxford
Clyde Robbins
Clarence Coulter

Decision—Three for Iowa.

Denied for Wisconsin by
W. M. Atwood
H. R. Martin
G. H. Gesell

University of Minnesota.
Dec. 11, 1908.

Proposition for Debate.

Resolved: That American cities should adopt a commission form of government.

Affirmed for Minnesota by
Zenas Potter
Max Lowenthal
John Sinclair

Decision—Two for Iowa.

Denied for Iowa by
Vincent Starzinger
Charles Briggs
Earl Stewart

NORTHERN ORATORICAL LEAGUE

FINAL CONTEST MAY 1, '08.

PRELIMINARY CONTEST JUNE 29, '09



EARL STEWART.

Iowa's representative. Winner of third place.



CHESTER A. COREY.

Winner of first place. The winner of the honor of representing Iowa at Urbana in the annual contest of the N. O. L. and the winner of the Mac Lean prize.



JOSEPH A. KYLE.

Iowa's representative at the N. O. L. meeting.

CARL R. BYOIR.

The winner of second place and Iowa's representative at the Annual Meeting of the Northern Oratorical League.



UNIVERSITY CHAMPIONSHIP DEBATE

PRELIMINARY CONTESTS

—:Proposition for Debate:—

Resolved:— That a graduated income tax with an exemption of incomes below \$5,000.00 per annum would be a desirable modification of the system of Federal taxation.

Affirmed for Marshall Law by
G. T. Crossland
V. E. Gabrielson
F. G. Pugsley

Denied for Zetagathian by
Waldo Minor
Don Campbell
C. D. Kiger

Decision of the judges:
Three for the negative.

Affirmed for Irving Institute by
Clifford Powell
R. H. Liggett
G. E. Cunningham

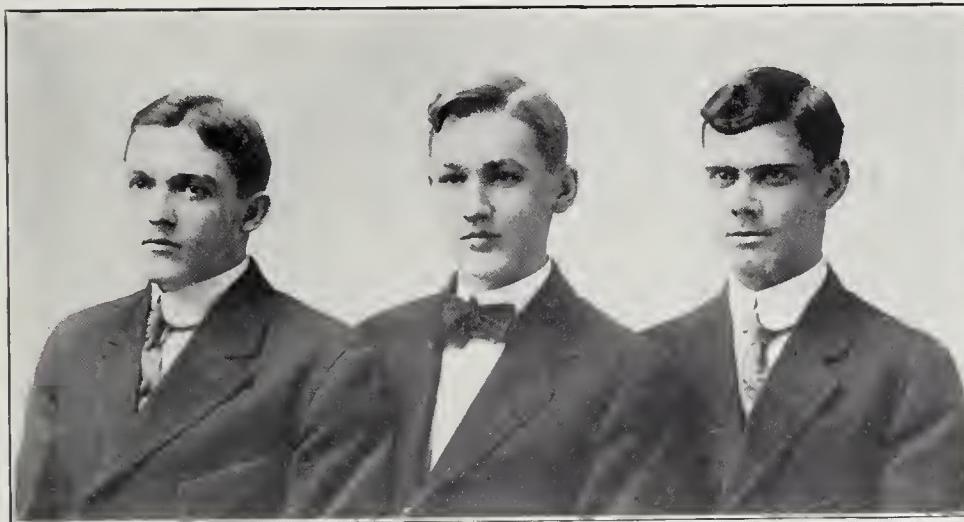
Denied for Philomathian by
H. P. Smith
Jesse Fishburn
Charles Penningroth

Decision of the judges:
Two for the affirmative.

FINAL CONTEST WON BY IRVING INSTITUTE.

NINETEEN TEN HAWKEYE

CHAMPIONSHIP TEAMS



IRVING INSTITUTE



PHILOMATHIAN



ZETAGATHIAN



MARSHALL LAW



ZETAGATHIAN

Zettagathian

Fall Term—'08.

President—Geo. A. Luxford. Vice-President—R. M. Jones. Treasurer—A. B. Ingham. Secretary—Kirkpatrick.

Winter Term—'09.

President—Vincent Starzinger. Vice-President—C. D. Kiger. Treasurer—A. B. Ingham. Secretary—G. K. Thompson.

Seniors

Chester Buckner.	W. L. Carberry.	Guy W. Eaton.	George E. Frazer.	Walter Gutz.
C. G. Howell.	W. E. Hayer.	H. H. Hoar.	Arthur Ingham.	R. N. Jones.
Ben L. Jacobson.	C. D. Kiger.	C. L. Loehr.	George Luxford.	F. B. Olson.
H. H. Smith.	Vincent Starzinger.	Phil West.	Kenneth Colgrove.	

Juniors.

Perry Benson.	Don Campbell.	C. A. Corey.	Percy N. Haughtelin.	Frank Jones.
H. L. Hawkins.	J. A. Kyle.	Clyde Robbins.	Joe Scannell.	George Wadsworth.
T. A. Wanerus.	F. F. Swan.			

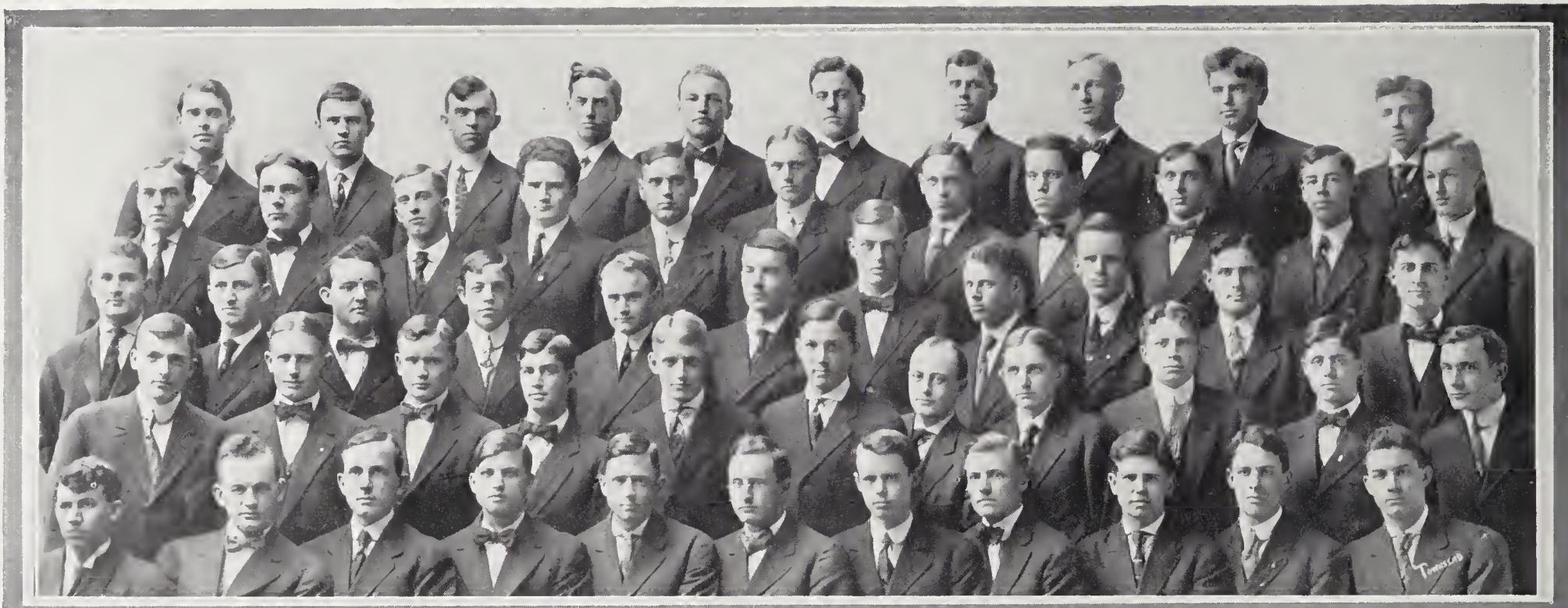
Sophomores.

R. N. Carr.	Clifford Crowe.	Otis Gilbrecht.	William Hunt.	Ray Latham.
M. M. Leighton.	C. B. Russell.	Clifford Schulz.	Geo. K. Thompson.	John J. Ney.
P. E. Van Nostrand.	A. L. Young.	Horace Young.	Joe Salyards.	J. A. Lyons.

Freshmen.

William H. Antes.	J. E. Ashton.	R. N. Beebe.	Linn W. Baker.	Waldo Miner.
Richard Mitchell.	R. L. Masson.	Carl Maaser.	E. F. McKillip.	Glenn R. Murphy.
Meyer Nathan.	W. W. Reams.	Leroy W. Spencer.	Carson Taylor.	Alfred Torgeson.
C. F. Wade.				

NINETEEN TEN HAWKEYE



IRVING

Irving

Fall Term.

President—Chas. W. Briggs.

Vice-President—I. Stutsman.

Secretary—Clarence Hanson

Corresponding Secretary—Glen Cunningham.

Treasurer—Curtis Updegraff.

President—I. N. Brandt.

Vice-President—J. L. Camero.

Secretary—F. M. Theobald.

Corresponding Secretary—Arlo Wilson.

Treasurer—Curtis Updegraff.

Winter Term.

C. W. Briggs.

I. N. Brant.

J. L. Cameron.

O. Perrine.

I. Stutsman.

John Wise.

J. J. Huff.

Seniors.

C. F. Coulter.

J. Morris.

Joe McConnell.

Osmundson.

Clifford Powell.

Carl Riepe.

L. O. Smith.

Earl Stewart.

F. M. Theobald.

Ray Thompson.

Curtis Updegraff.

C. W. Warrick.

John Witte.

Gerald Yoakum.

C. M. Hanson.

Juniors.

Frank Baer.

C. E. Bourett.

E. S. Browning.

C. M. Burkeheimer.

L. M. Carr.

Walter Cardell.

Glen Cunningham.

Sam Erwin.

W. T. Garretson.

Harry Garrett.

Hitchcock.

C. Junkin.

Harry Langland.

Lautzenheiser.

R. Liggett.

Karl Loos.

G. L. Norman.

Seeburger.

E. H. Stillman.

Floyd Thomas.

W. E. Tisdale.

Clyde Waters.

A. A. Zimmerman.

Gearhart.

Sophomores.

Cosgrove.

Close.

Cornell.

Felt.

Garrettson.

Towner.

Wilson.

Powers.

Warner.

Stewart.

Monahan.

Freshmen.

NINETEEN TEN HAWKES



PHIOMATHIAN LITERARY SOCIETY

Philomathian

OFFICERS.

Spring Term—'08.

President—John Scherner.

Vice-President—Charles Fousek.

Secretary—E. J. Wagner.

Treasurer—S. J. Artt.

Sergeants-at-Arms—E. E. Rorick, G. B. Gunderson.

Fall Term—'08.

President—C. Penningroth. **Vice-President**—E. J. Wagner. **Secretary**—Paul Collier

Sergeants-at-Arms—U. G. Kass, Eugene F. Kiefer.

Treasurer—H. P. Smith.

Winter Term—'09.

President—H. P. Smith.

Vice-President—L. Hill. **Secretary**—R. P. Hilton.

Treasurer—L. Hill.

Sergeants-at-Arms—C. Penningroth, L. A. Kennell.

Seniors L. A.

L. L. Hill.

C. Penningroth.

R. Whitnall.

Juniors L. A.

S. J. Artt.

D. E. Carrell.

G. B. Gunderson.

C. B. Kaufman.

L. A. Kennel.

A. L. Knipe.

J. S. Leeper.

L. R. Leeper.

A. L. Schmalle.

E. W. Goetch.

W. F. Brinkman.

C. J. Schmidt.

J. C. Mundt.

Sophomores L. A.

A. L. Carlson.

P. S. Collier.

E. L. Glazier.

L. A. Giddings.

R. P. Hilton.

T. S. Hook.

A. G. Kass.

W. I. Wolfe.

W. R. Watsabaugh.

P. R. Abrams.

E. O. Detricht

R. A. Emmons

G. L. Fisher.

J. W. Fisher.

E. W. Galleher.

H. L. Johnson.

E. B. Scott.

W. R. Ralston.

H. F. Zeuch.

R. E. Newcombe.

J. L. Chapman.

J. J. Fishburn, 1st year Law.

A. T. Horton, unclassified.

J. R. Ring, unclassified.

E. J. H. Wagner, 4th year English.

H. P. Smith, Grad.

C. F. Vanetta, 1st year Medic.

W. H. VanTiger, 2d year Medic.

— WINTERTON TEN JAHRENS —



MARSHALL LAW

TOWSEND

Marshall Law

Fall Term—1908.

President—F. C. Huebner.

Vice-President—F. G. Hickonlooper.

Secretary—Mabel L. Eggert.

Treasurer—W. B. Hays.

Winter Term—1908-9.

President—E. R. O'Brien.

Vice-President—F. P. Keane.

Secretary—M. Imogen Benson.

Seniors.

H. B. Carter.

E. Greene.

F. C. Huebner.

R. E. Miller.

E. R. O'Brien.

R. Otteson.

H. J. Warner.

Juniors.

M. Imogen Benson.

P. P. Black.

M. P. Cahill.

J. H. Campbell.

E. L. Edmondson.

O. N. Elliott.

C. F. Harding.

W. B. Hays.

J. C. Higgins.

R. J. Olinger.

F. G. Pugsley.

G. A. Rice.

M. H. Smith.

Freshmen.

R. J. Cooke.

G. T. Crossland.

D. Himmelblau.

J. F. Hamilton.

L. R. Kelley.

H. Moule.

E. C. Pickens.

Wm. Ritter.

C. W. Steele.

J. Schlarbaum.

S. S. Melchert.

College of Liberal Arts.

Clement Garfield.

F. E. Reed.

C. O. Sjulin.

L. R. Sjulin.



HESPERIA

Hesperia

Fall Term—1908.

President—Ora King. **Vice-President**—Audrie Alspaugh. **Recording Secretary**—Adah Yocom. **Corresponding Secretary**—Maud Brinton.
Treasurer—Dorothy Fluke. **Sergeant-at-Arms**—Verna Moulton.

Winter Term—1909.

President Ione Mulnix. **Vice-President**—Hilda Ellyson. **Recording Secretary**—Hannah Phelps. **Corresponding Secretary**—Mary Payne.
Treasurer—Dorothy Fluke. **Sergeant-at-Arms**—Audrie Alspaugh.

Seniors.

Ella Grissel.
Ione Mulnix.
Nellie Wilson.

Libbie Hruska.
Elnera Pierson.

Ora King.
Irene Shipman.

Regina Long.
Carrie Smith.

Edith Mather.
Frieda Mille.

Juniors.

Audrie Alspaugh.
Myrl Morse.
Edith Rigler.

Hilda Ellyson.
Verna Moulton.
Anna Shepard.

Anne Gittins.
Bessie Pierce.

Minnie Graves.
Mary Payne.

Theresa Lloyd.
Ula Purvis.

Sophomores.

Julia Baughman.
Hope Moter.
Amy Purvis.

Maude Brinton.
Wilma Nichols.
Bertha Reichert.

Dorothy Fluke.
Sue McKee.
Adah Yocom.

India Goodman.
Hannah Phelps.

Hazel Hayward.
Lydia Potray.

Freshmen.

Esther Brennen.
Frances Haynes.
Claire Nieman.

Helen Caward.
Vernice Kearney.
Hazel Ranck.

Edna Cooper.
Florence Kirkendal.
Louise Rhyno.

Grace Davidson.
Lonia Kreny.
Opal Stone.

Ruth Ellison.
Wilma Laurence.

NINETEEN TEN HAWHEYE



ERODELPHIAN

Erodelphian

Officers.

Fall Term '08.

President—Alice Mueller.

Vice-President—Dora Holman.

Recording Secretary—Ross Drake.

Corresponding Secretary—Helen Otto.

Treasurer—Meta Raney.

Winter Term—'09.

President—Sadie Holiday.

Vice-President—Alice Clark.

Recording Secretary—Pearl Bennett.

Corresponding Secretary—Dean Newcomb

Treasurer—Ethyl Martin.

Seniors.

Esther Bracewell.

Mae Keyser.

Flora Cooper.

Edith Koontz.

Bess Clark.

Alice Mueller.

Lydia Heery.

Helen Swisher.

Sadie Holiday.

Mary Bowen.

Enid Hoyt.

Florence Nadler.

Elsie Remley.

Alice Clark.

Nellie Jones.

Helen Otto.

Ethyl Sykes.

Edna Harper.

Tracie Knease.

Jessie Payne.

Leta Towner.

Dora Holman.

Jessie Lackey.

Agnes Pheney.

Meda Holman.

Ethel Newcomb.

Meta Raney.

Ruth Adams.

Ross Drake.

Mary Remley.

Grace Whitley.

Hazel Arnd.

Mary Hayden.

Marjorie Royce.

Laura Young.

Alice Brooks.

Ethyl Martin.

Edith Shugart.

Ruth Young.

Pearl Bennett.

Hazel Manatry.

Helen Struble.

Jessica Don Carlos.

Marie Ramsey.

Bertha Wheeler.

Elsie Bracewell.

Ruth Magowan.

Beth Brainerd.

Bess Martin.

Jane Brown.

Dean Newcomb.

Edith Eastman.

Wanda Sifford.

Edith Ebersole.

May Wangler.

— NINETEEN TEN HAWKEYE —



OCTAVE THANET

Octave Chanet

Fall Term—'08. 1st Semester.

President—Alice Manley.

Vice-President—Magdeline Michels.

Secretary—Lilah Crum.

Corresponding Secretary—Elizabeth Martin.

Treasurer—Meta Schmidt.

Winter Term—'09. 2d Semester.

President—Bertha Williams.

Vice-President—Elizabeth Martin.

Secretary—Helen Waldron.

Corresponding Secretary—Meta Schmidt.

Treasurer—Margaret Thompson.

MEMBERS.

Seniors.

Laura Brown.
Magdeline Michel.
Elizabeth Martin.

Laura Jones.
Meta Schmidt

Margherita Koch.
Bertha Williams.

Alice Manney.
Margaret Thompson.

Katherine Murphy.
Caroline Schichtl.

Juniors.

Lilah Crum.

Lelah Donnelly.

Elizabeth Hunter.

Carrie McCrary.

Hannah Parry.

Sophomores.

Beulah Brown.
Blanche Battles.

Agnes Beach.
Lola Scott.

Florence Maher.
Katherine Conaway.

Norma Scott.

Leila Wassam.

Freshmen.

Fannie Koch.
Irene Evans.

Zella Palmer.
Hazel Black.

Veda Griffith.
Helen Hunt Jackson.

Gertrude Gregory.
Helen Waldron.

Irene Farrel.

Inactive.

Leila Wassam.

Mayme Herscher.

Orie Friedline.





M I L I T A R Y

ORGANIZATION OF THE REGIMENT

STAFF

Lieutenant—C. W. Weeks, Commandant.

Major—R. J. Cook.

Major—J. C. Hollman.

Adjutant—H. K. Griffin.

Quartermaster—E. S. Hardin.

Commissary—C. Powell.

Chief Musician—H. G. Cox.

First Battalion.

J. C. Hollman—Major.

COMPANY A.

Captain—R. C. Myers.

First Lieutenant—A. J. Morris.

Second Lieutenant—J. S. Leeper.

COMPANY B.

Captain—O. T. Nelson.

First Lieutenant—C. R. Byoir.

Second Lieutenant—H. R. Parsons.

COMPANY C.

Captain—C. Penningroth.

First Lieutenant—G. H. Condit.

Second Lieutenant—L. A. Kennell.

Second Battalion

R. J. Cook—Major.

COMPANY D.

Captain—W. L. Schenck.

First Lieutenant—C. M. Hansen.

Second Lieutenant—P. K. DeVoe.

COMPANY E.

Captain—F. W. Jones.

First Lieutenant—L. O. Smith.

Second Lieutenant—G. A. Yoakum.

COMPANY F.

Captain—O. L. Johnson.

First Lieutenant—L. R. Leeper.

Second Lieutenant—A. A. Zimmerman.

NINETEEN TEN HAWKEYE



GRIFFIN

MYERS

HARDIN

PENNINGROTH

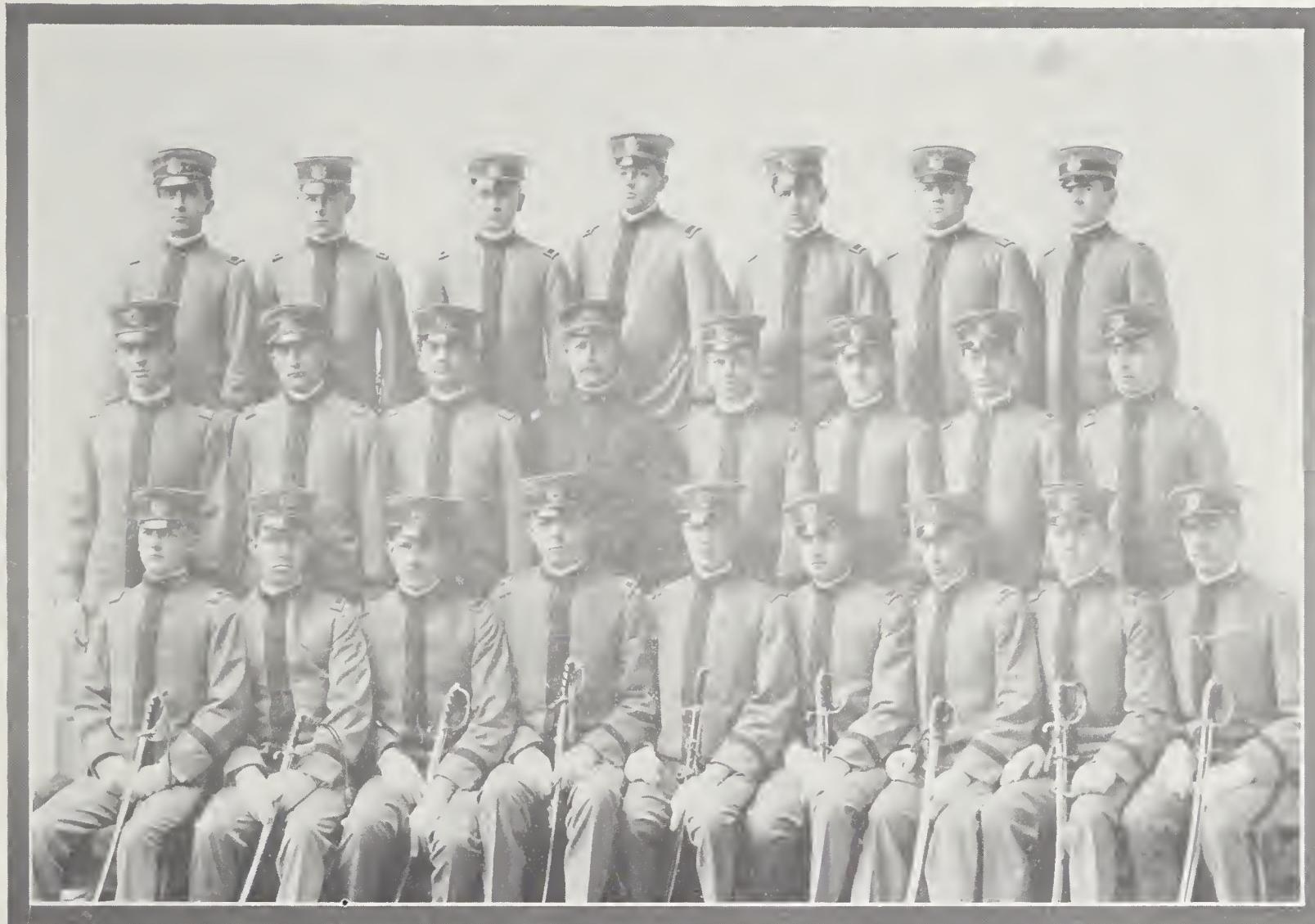
WEEKS

NELSON

JONES

POWELL

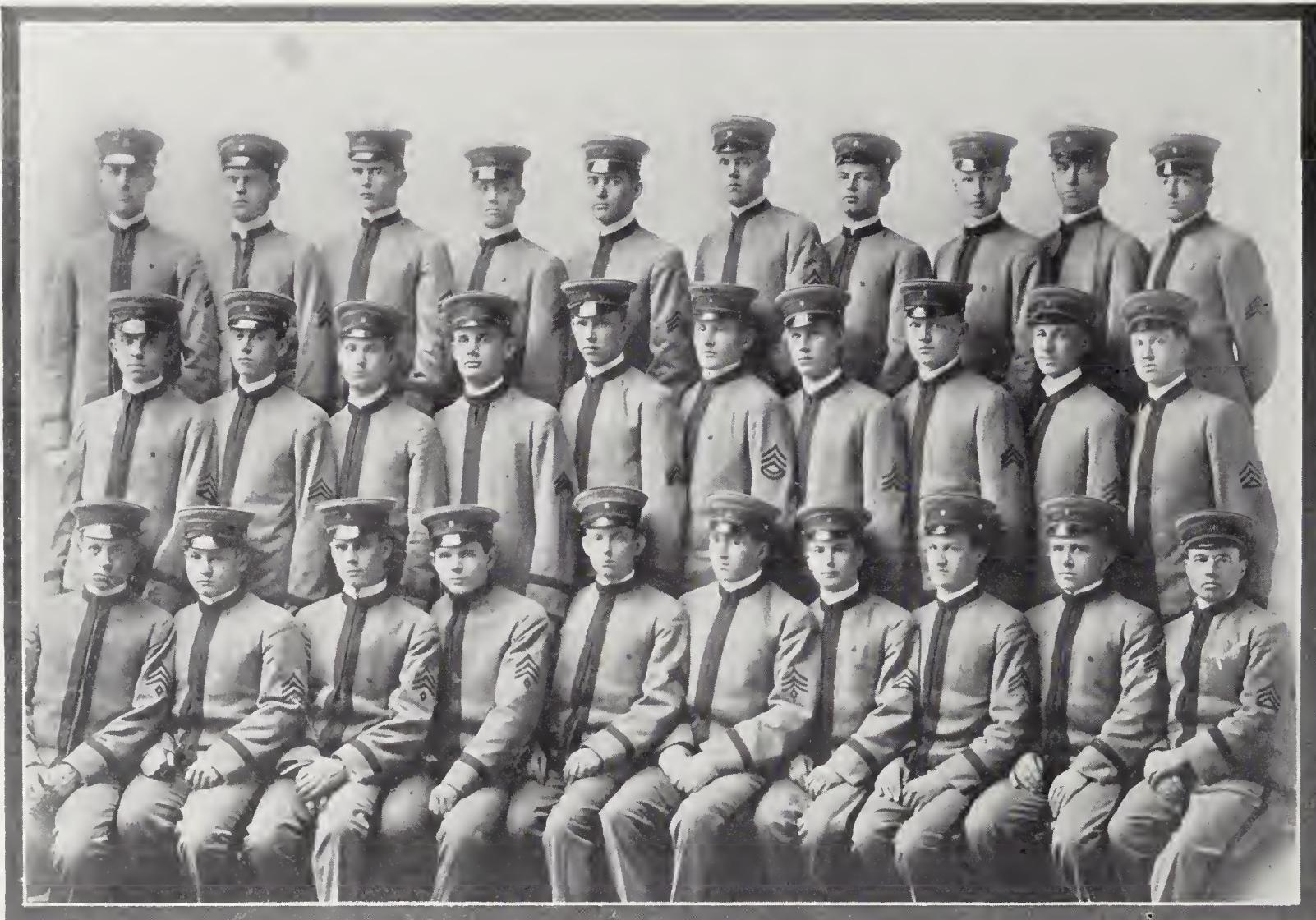
SCHENCK



COMMISSIONED OFFICERS

THIRD Row: Parsons, J. S. Leeper, Zimmerman, Kennell, Yoakam, Johnson, Byoir.
SECOND Row: Jones, Penningroth, Cook, Weeks, Hollman, Schenck, Hardin, Nelson.
FIRST Row: Powell, Smith, DeVoe, Griffin, Hansen, Morris, Myers, L. R. Leeper, Condit.

NINETEEN TEN HAWKEYE



SERGEANTS

THIRD ROW: Baer, Clark, Schultz, Browning, Young, Stever, Gilbert, Liggett, Erwin, Gilbrech.

SECOND ROW: Watters, Pieper, Clyde Kinn, Baxter, Glasier, Van Vliet, Anderson, Moeller, Putnam.

FIRST ROW: Loos, Hook, Cunningham, Van Nostrand, Houk, Klein, Waples, Taylor, Powell, Giddings.



CORPORALS

THIRD ROW: Chinn. Warwick. Lee. Ney. Knipe. Hughes.

SECOND ROW: Kings. Van Tuyl. Hagedorn. J. K. Hilton. R. P. Hilton. White. Ravlin. Henderson.

FIRST ROW: Norman. Stillman. Vollmer. Burkheimer. Latham. Hartupee. Crew Morrison. Snakenberg.



UNIVERSITY BAND

FOURTH ROW:

H. Ross. Smith. Finlayson. Harris. Helscher. Carr. Bourret. Johnson.

THIRD ROW:

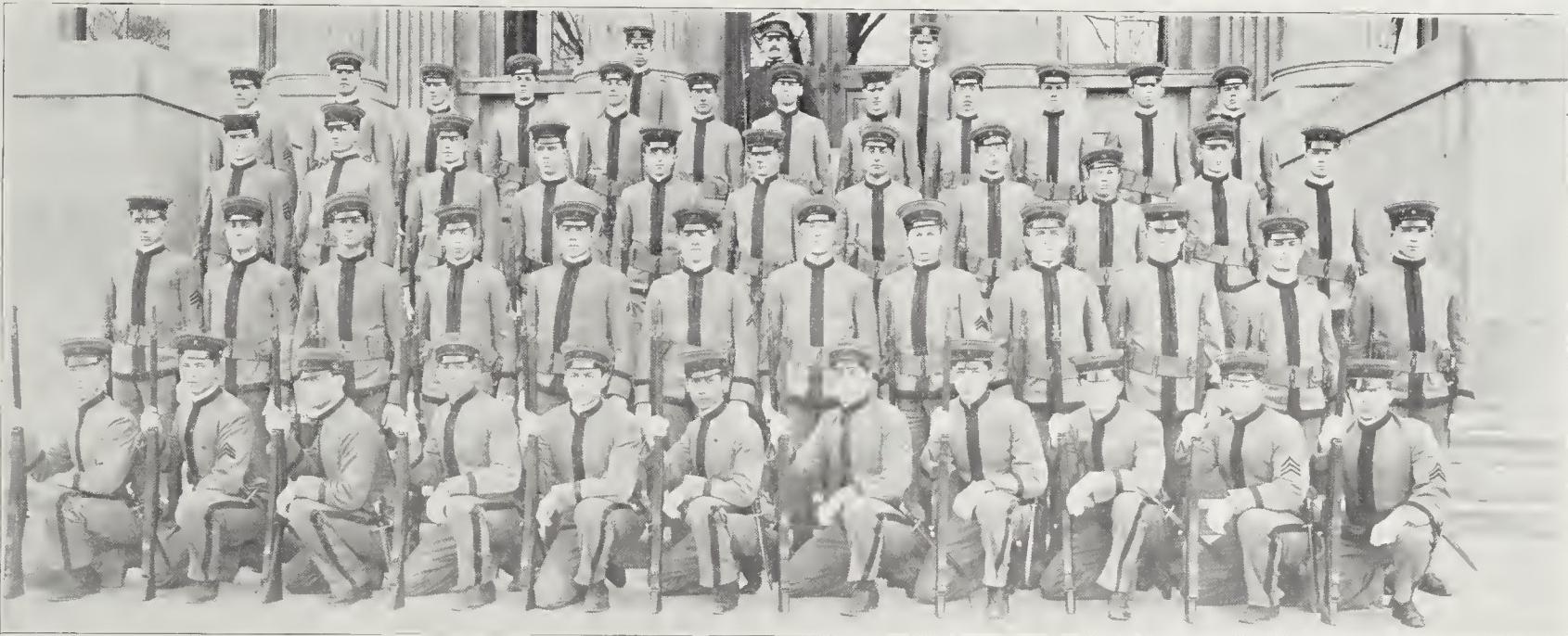
Jackson. Moore. Carter. Comley. Davidson. Hasner. Adams. W. Ross.

SECOND ROW:

Rice. Lorenz. Alexander. Gutz. Cox (Director.) Watson. Drumeler. Miller. Woodruff.

FIRST ROW:

Link. Hammond. Hanna.



Varsity Rifles

Captain—C. W. Weeks.

President—C. W. Weeks.

H. L. Anderson.
John Campbell.
L. M. Feller.
O. Gilbrecht.
J. K. Hilton.
L. E. Kemp.
J. S. Leeper.
O. Moeller.
H. R. Parsons.
J. H. Ravlin.
C. C. Waters.

First Lieutenant—J. C. Hollman.

Vice-President—L. O. Smith.

H. Ashby.
G. E. Cunningham.
G. L. Fisher.
E. L. Glasier.
T. S. Hook.
P. Jans.
R. B. LeCoque.
S. D. Monahan.
C. Penningroth.
L. O. Smith.
C. W. Weeks.

Civil Officers.

Secretary—L. A. Giddings.

Roster.
F. E. Baer.
G. T. Dyke.
J. S. Garcia.
C. G. Gustafson.
J. C. Hollman.
T. H. Klein.
R. H. Lizzett.
W. J. Morrison.
J. C. Peterson.
P. E. VanNostrand.
A. A. Zimmerman.

Second Lieutenant—C. Penningroth.

Treasurer—T. S. Hooks.

L. Chapman.
C. D. Fantom.
E. Gilbert.
L. F. Henderson.
C. J. Junkin.
W. Lee.
R. L. Masson.
G. A. Muilenburg.
R. Powell.
F. C. Waples.

"TRAMP, TRAMP, TRAMP."



EARLY last year the proclamation of war was issued from the commandant's office and on Saturday, May 23, 1908 nearly two hundred sons of the University responded to the call for troops and marched bravely away to the front. At nine o'clock on that memorable day the regiment composed of six companies and headed by the band and Lieutenant Weeks and his staff marched up

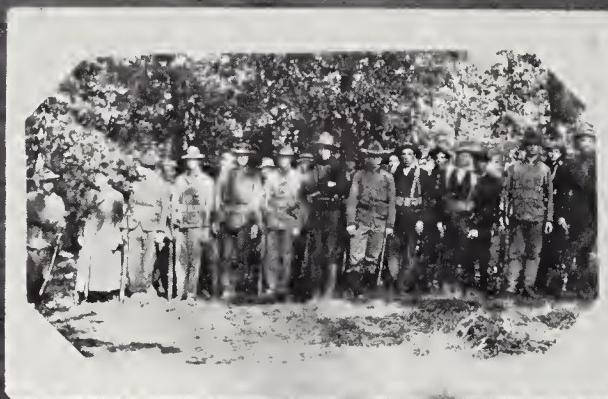
Dubuque street to the vocal strains of "Blue Bell" and "A Soldier's Farewell." Even the drizzling rain and the slippery roads failed to dampen the spirits of the young soldiers who thought only of future glory and the dear ones left behind. Shortly before noon the miniature army limped into North Liberty, devoured all the eatables in sight and took possession of the town and everything in it.

After a rest of two hours, which proved long enough for "Teddy" Bear to procure a pair of gloves and the rest of the fellows to purchase (?) necessary supplies, the practice march

was resumed in earnest and in spite of woods, underbrush, and muddy roads the two battalions made fast time and arrived at Camp George E. Mac Lean amid hearty cheers and popular versions of "Oh, won't you come up."

Immediately after supper Companies B and E were sent out on outpost duty and camp life became a reality. Lieutenant Briggs stationed his men in the interurban station in order to guard the car of supplies and to "promote sociability among the children of men" by indulging in a few games of army "swear" under the electric lights.

"There was a sound of revelry by night" and Captain Cook who had already become a nuisance by "running the guards" came to investigate. He was immediately fired upon and badly wounded—in dignity. At eleven o'clock "taps" sounded and all became still except for occasional shots of terrified sentinels, snatches of song drifting through the camp, or "Napoleon's" cry of "Corporal Yetter, help!" from the guard tent. About two o'clock every one was awakened by a piercing yell, and many of the timid 'rookies' were panic stricken, but it





was soon discovered that it was only Captain Arnold who had discovered a garter snake in his tent.

Reveille sounded at six o'clock Sunday morning and a sleepier looking bunch of fellows never tumbled out of the "hay" for an early breakfast on Sunday morning.

A more desirable site than Mid River Park could not have been selected. The morning sun shining upon the white tents in the green woods made a scene beautiful to behold. The camp itself was situated on a low ridge which slopes down to the broad Iowa on one side and the interurban track on the other. A broad open plain between the camp and the track afforded a fine parade ground which also served for the battle ground of amateur "Cubs" and "Giants."

Sunday morning was spent in policing the camp and in preparing everything in readiness for the reception of visitors. Then all those who were not on guard duty were free to spend the remainder of the morning in recreation, and the odor of Bull Durham became dense.

In the afternoon hundreds of visitors from Iowa City and the surrounding country thronged the camp, among them being a large number of ladies who bestowed the customary attention upon the soldier boys. Many a private's heart was filled with envy to see himself left alone while his company officers were the center of interest for a group of pretty damsels.





During the afternoon a great deal of excitement was aroused by the report that Private Foley had deserted as the result of feminine attraction. Foley had been arrested and placed in the guard tent because of his refusal to help the cooks peel "spuds." However, he was expecting a lady friend on the car and he considered a lady's peace of mind before his duty to his country, to say nothing of the humiliation of being seen in captivity. Consequently he deserted.

The band gave a concert and chapel exercises were held with Rev. Wylie of the First Presbyterian Church of Iowa City acting as chaplain. A large number attended these services and it is said that "Fat" Johnson personally urged all his men to go to "church."

After the exercises a regimental parade and a review were held on the parade ground and the ceremony of guard mounting performed. Then for the further entertainment of the visitors Captains R. J. Cook and F. H. Arnold, assisted by Sergeants "Fat" Johnson and "Red" Anderson proceeded to arrest "Napoleon Bonaparte," Drummond, Miller and several others for such breaches of military discipline as hunting the "meat augur," asking the commandant for "the key to the range," or failing to salute "Fat" S ride!. After shedding copious tears and being photographed for further identification all were released with a severe reprimand.

Sunday morning "Germany" Hoerlein arrived in camp and he immediately proceeded to make an "impression" with the



bayonet upon a neighboring farmer who objected to taking orders from a "tin soldier."

On Monday morning a sham battle took place two miles north of camp, although it seemed twice that far, as the miles in that section have two sides—one up and one down.

Immediately after breakfast the second battalion, which was designated as the "Red Army," under the command of Major E. E. Rorick boarded the interurban for Cou Falls (what fond memories that name recalls!) and then advanced across the Roberts Ferry bridge and took up a position in the woods on the hill. Outposts were established and the "Reds" prepared to defend the bridge.

An hour later the "White Army" under Major "Fat" Hastings attempted to drive the "Reds" from their position and seize the bridge. As soon as the advance guard reached the outposts of Company E rapid firing began.

"But, Hark!—that heavy sound breaks in once more
As if the clouds its echo would repeat;
And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before!

Arm! Arm! it is—it is—the cannon's opening roar!" The "Whites" then fell back and attempted a flank movement around Company F and the fight was on. All the morning the woods for miles around resounded with the heavy fire. It was upon this occasion that Fat Johnson wrote his name on the rolls of Fame by ejaculating, "This is a hell of a war!" He afterwards confessed that it was merely an alteration of General Sherman's remark that "War is hell!"

The enemy were unable to make much headway so they resorted to strategy. Eighteen men boarded an interurban car and crossed the river and by crawling along the river bank were able to approach the bridge from the rear. They were discovered by the ever-alert "Napoleon" and the alarm was given. The fight at the bridge immediately took on an alarming aspect and in order to avoid bodily injury to the contestants the recall was sounded and the armies ceased their strife.

Upon the return to camp it was discovered that "Red" Anderson had killed sixteen men and that Clark Burkheimer had shot one man forty-three times.

Monday afternoon was spent in recreation such as army men enjoy. Colonel Lambert, Major Howell, and Captain Ball, the judges of the battle, reviewed the fight of the morning and decided the battle a draw.



"SOLDIERS THREE."

Monday night Company F went on outpost duty and nearly everybody was planning upon getting revenge upon Captain Cook and his company for their malicious acts of the previous two nights. However, a heavy thunderstorm came opportunely and saved Company F from eternal disrepute and all were forced to return to camp.

Immediately after "taps" sounded "things were doing" in the "B" tent, so called because it was the retreat of Baer, Burkheimer, and Browning. Corporal Allen was in charge but his orders were ignored entirely. In order to help things along Lieutenant Briggs strolled over from the officers street. The squad then began to indulge in volley fire with Corporal Allen in command. Suddenly some one seized the muzzle of Brigg's rifle and an irate commandant poked his head into the tent and in tones of thunder ordered "You fellows cut out this d—m foolishness" and ordered Briggs to get out in the company street and stop the incessant firing which had begun.



"HOME AGAIN"



"Wait till I get my hat," Briggs replied. "Never mind," ordered the commandant, "The rain falls upon the just and the unjust alike."

Tuesday morning the roads were in such bad condition that marching was impossible. In view of the fact, special cars were chartered and the entire regiment returned by rail. It is said that the people of North Liberty had a special service of thanksgiving when the special went through without stopping.

The results of the march were extremely beneficial. The participants not only gained many practical ideas as to active army life, but they also obtained a few days of pleasant outing and a rest from study. However, the greatest benefit of all, but one which is often overlooked, is the knowledge gained of men. The cadets became acquainted with each other and unified their interests as a result. To those who went it will always be regarded as an event long to be remembered.



The March

Yes, h' I'm back h' again, you Danny,
 Did I 'ave h'a time? you cry
 Did you'se h' ever march with college boys?
 You didn't? O Danny, my!

Ye gods! but h' it was rainin'
 The day we started h' out
 The guys, they never grumbled,
 And never looked about.

They was the easiest cussers
 For soldgers I ever heard,
 The puny cuss-words them boys used,
 It surely were h' absurd.

The boys was got h' up regardless
 H' of comfort and h' expense,
 They was sure to rip them uniforms
 A-Gettin' thru a fence.

The nobbiest little hats they 'ad
 Cut h'off right to the head,
 "Aint they cute in their petite chapeaux"
 H' I 'eard some girly said.

They 'ad h'a capting—Danny,
 'e 'ad to 'ave 'is say,
 'e prowled around the camp at night,
 H' and got right h'in the way.

'Is Nibs 'e says, O Capting Cook,
 Go back and go to bed,
 The boys will toss you h'up, 'e says
 H'and land you on your 'ead.

They chewed h'an smoked, h'an smoked and chewed
 Many h'a face was pale
 Nicotine they 'ad to fight,
 With many a plug for sale.

With nuthin' much to h'eat, kid,
 They plugged 'er thru the rain
 H'an h'all the gang was 'appy
 H'an ready to go h' again.

—Laurance Mayer.



NINETEEN TEN HAWKEYE



THE REGIMENT IN LINE

ATHLETICS





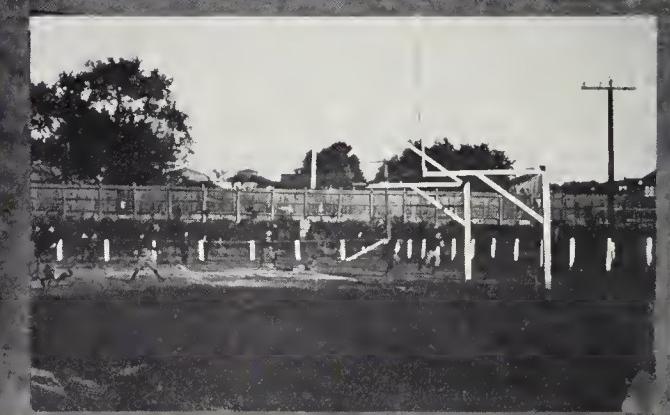
Football



AST season was a disheartening one to the loyal Iowa followers. The team was always badly disorganized owing to the numerous injuries. But one redeeming feature showed forth and that was the plucky fight that Iowa put up under such great odds. No one can imagine how hard it is for the coach and team to get together when an avenging Nemesis seems to be on their trail. The season opened on Iowa Field on October 3, with the alumni as the opponents. The old men put up a game fight but lack of condition told and the Varsity won by a score of 16 to 0. The following Saturday, Coe came to Iowa Field and were completely "snowed under." The score 92 to 0 was one of the largest of the year. Hazard and Kirk both ran the ball back from the kick off for touchdowns. Their phenomenal work gladdened the hearts of the Iowa rooters. But the same game was our hoodoo as Captain Kirk had his knee so badly injured that he didn't fully recover during the whole season. The following Saturday, we met Missouri at Columbia and beneath a broiling sun one of the greatest battles in the history of football was fought. The game was decided by a "fluke" touchdown, but Iowa was clearly superior. Kirk managed to stay in the game for the first half although he had an iron brace upon his knee and could hardly use his leg. Rarely has such spirit been displayed. It calls forth the admiration of every student.

The next Saturday at Sioux City we defeated Morningside

NINETEEN TEN HAWKEYE



16 to 0. The game was played in mud and slush ankle deep. No open plays were used and the game was called after ten minutes of the second half had been played.

On October 31 the big game of the year was played on Iowa Field. With perfect weather conditions the crowd was the largest ever seen on Iowa Field. Then began a struggle seldom witnessed in the annals of college football. Nebraska played

a fierce aggressive game, but Iowa met it with the same old spirit. Near the middle of the second half with the score 11 to 4 in favor of Nebraska, Captain Kirk and Carberry had to be taken from the game. But the patched up team fought on and Hyland lifted the ball over the bars, increasing Iowa's total to 8 points. Then Iowa let loose, and carried the ball almost the length of the field. Nebraska held and Hyland dropped





back for a kick. It started true for the bars, when Chaloupa, Nebraska's tackle, sprang up and blocked it. Iowa fought to the end but was defeated by the scant margin of 11 to 8. Kirk and Carberry were on the hospital list till the following Tuesday.

Iowa played Illinois, the following Saturday, at Champaign.

The score, 22 to 0, does not indicate the closeness of the game. Little Sinncock and his clever forward passing proved to be Iowa's downfall. The first half ended 6 to 0 in favor of Illinois. Lack of condition and numerous injuries left the team in a badly disorganized state. The next week we played Drake on Iowa Field and were defeated by a score of 12 to 6. A



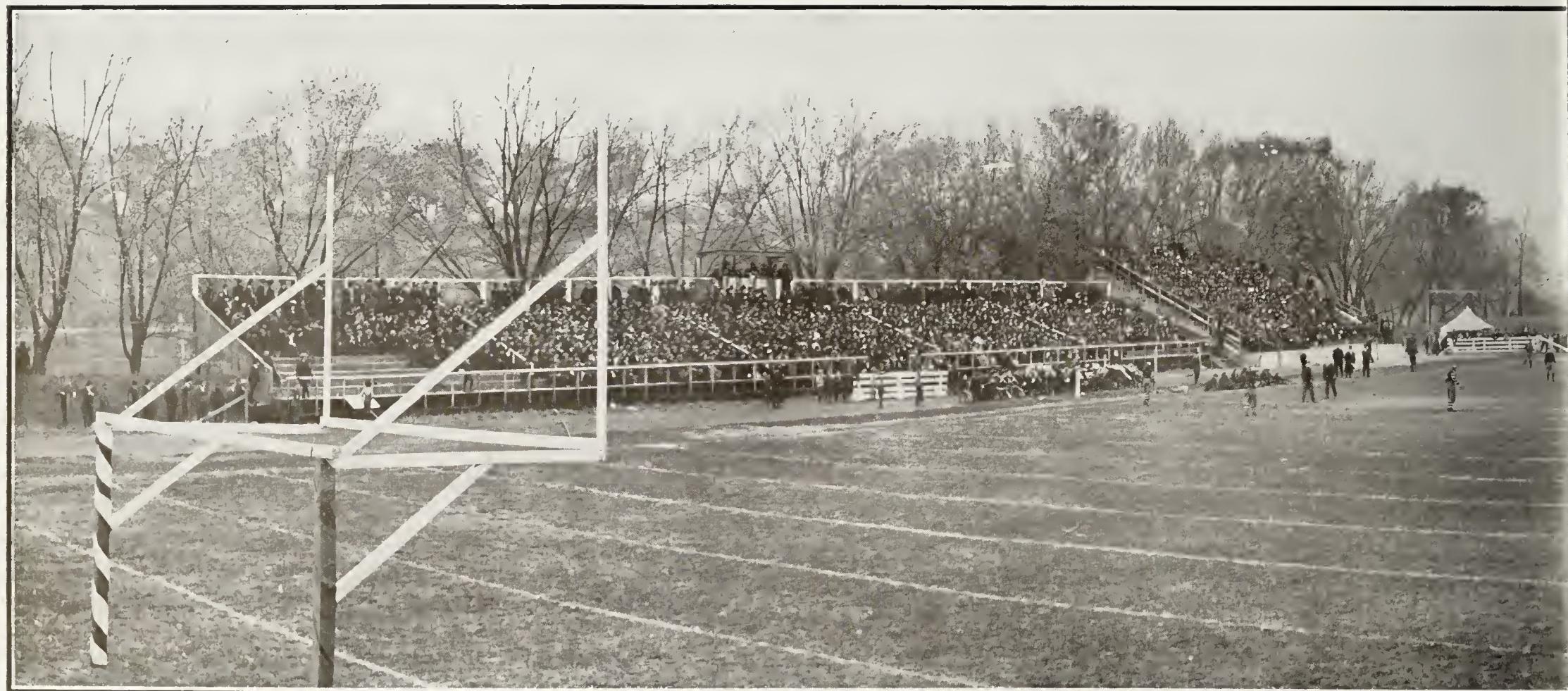


long forward pass from Kirk to Gross saved us a shutout. Drake's superior charging brought defeat to Iowa.

On November 14, Kansas, the champions of the Missouri Valley met Iowa, on Iowa Field. The battle waged fiercely throughout the first half with the score 0 to 0 at its close. Kirk played one of the best games of his football career, three times carrying the ball for over thirty yards. Kansas won 10 to 5. The season was not very successful, but under the leader-

ship of Captain Gross, we are looking forward to better times. Iowa should have a strong team next year and with an even break in luck should prove worthy opponents of any of the Conference teams. Hastings, Kirk, Carberry, Seidell, Stutsman, and Perrine, have played their last games for Iowa. Catlin and Griffith deserve much praise for the fighting spirit they put into the players. The loss of the games are due to the injuries.







— NINETEEN TEN HAWKEYE —



VARSITY FOOTBALL TEAM



Freshman Athletic Association

The purpose of the Freshmen Athletic Association is to encourage and to bring out the athletic material of the class; to canvass the State for good material; to create good fellowship and school spirit; to raise the standard of the Iowa athlete; to promote a clean and energetic athletic policy; and to work for a greater University of Iowa.

The results of the F. A. A. have surpassed all expectations. A new and general impetus has been given to all branches of athletics. In football seventy candidates, more than ever before, reported for practice regularly. In basket ball the Freshmen were equally strong.

Officers of the Freshman Athletic Association.

President—Merle Alderman. **Vice President**—Maxfield.

Athletic Board.

Merle N. Alderman.

Leo Keppler—**Mgr. of Track**

Ralph Creglow—**Mgr. of Baseball.**

Advertising Bureau.

Clement Wade.

Ab Hull—**Mgr. of Football.**

Bureau.

Harry Webb.

Treasurer—Arlo Wilson.

Secretary—Forest Londin.

Carl Moeller—**Mgr. of Basket Ball.**

For the first time in the history of the school, the Freshmen are to have a baseball team. They will be used to practice against the Varsity and some other games are expected to be secured for them. The heavy schedule which is offered to the Freshmen is a great inducement to the track candidates. A meet has been secured with the Chicago Freshmen which will be held on the same day as the inter-scholastic. Also the association is working for an inter-collegiate Freshmen meet. Several promising athletes have been secured through the efforts of the association.

NINETEEN TEN HAWKEYE



VARSITY BASEBALL TEAM

NINETEEN TEN IOWA



VARSITY TRACK TEAM

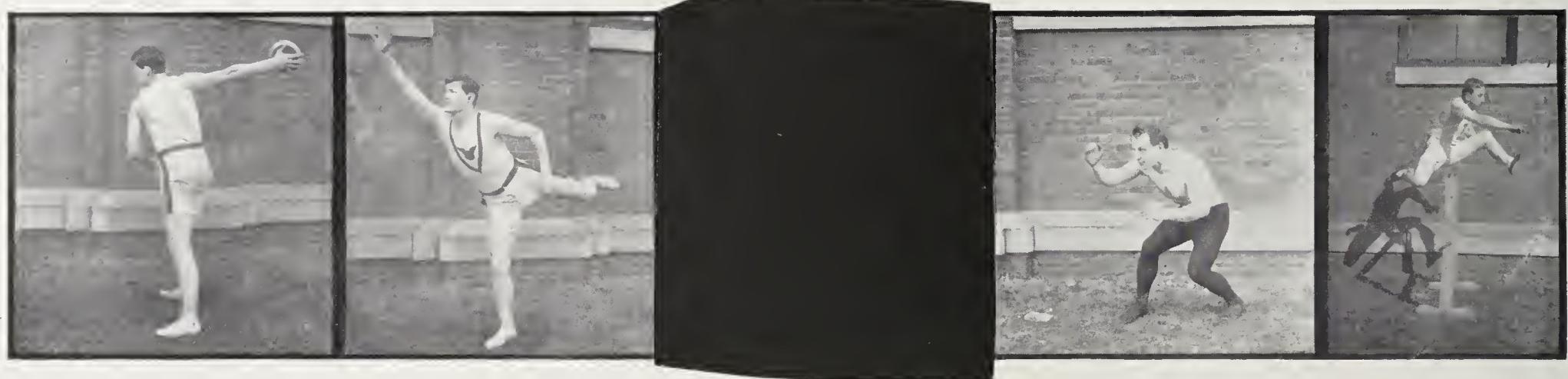
TRAC



Track.

THE 1908 track season opened with a small squad of the old men back. Coach Catlin had much to contend with, as he had to develop green material to fill the places left vacant from the year before. The absence of indoor training and the lack of spirit on the part of the students made his position extremely difficult. However, he tackled the proposition with his usual perseverance and energy. Prospects began to brighten and the results of the home meet were very encouraging. The squad dwindled after the home meet to fifteen men.

The next meet was a dual with Minnesota at Minneapolis. A cold raw day made the events slow, but the faithful few showed the results of their training by defeating Minnesota by a score of 13 to 1. Only first place counted and Minnesota's sole consolation was the winning of the half mile. Wolfe deserves very much credit for the game race he put up but the Minnesota man proved too strong. The men were in first class condition and displayed a dash and vim which warmed the hearts of the Iowa followers. Stutsman, Meyers and Hazard landed the weight events. White, Burkheimer, and Crossan won their events in easy style. Remley displayed grand form in the two mile, breasting the tape with a good two hundred yards margin. Miller and Hazard did some exceptionally fast work in the sprints. Simonds and Hanlon captured the hurdles in two exciting contests. Hope ran high with the prospects of a winning team. Track work requires



that one be in the very best of physical condition and it seems that the majority of the team finding that the novelty of the situation had worn off decided they need not adhere strictly to training rules.

The next meet was the Missouri Valley meet at Kansas City. The field and track events were contested in mud and slush ankle deep and the records were very slow. Stutsman won the discus throw with ease from a large bunch of competitors. Hammer landed third place in the quarter mile and Iowa's other point came in the mile relay, they winning third place. Hazard, Hotz, Hanlon, and Hammer composed the relay team.

The following week at Des Moines occurred the State Meet. Stutsman, the old reliable point winner, placed first in the discus. Hammer did excellent work, winning second place in the quarter. Remley won third in the two mile. Iowa's mile relay team (Hazard, Crossan, Hanlon, and Hammer) captured third place. Stutsman, Iowa's only representative to the Conference meet at Chicago failed to place.

The 1908 track season is a matter of history now and it is to this spring's work we turn. Coach Catlin has decided to adopt the indoor training as a preparation to the outside work and with a good bunch of Freshmen material, Captain Stutsman, Hammer, and a few of the other old men, a winning track team is an optimistic outlook.

Collegiate Basket Ball.



INTER-DEPARTMENT Basketball has come to stay at Iowa. There has been a general awakening to its possibilities as a "feeder" for the "Varsity."

The inter-department games were invaluable as a preliminary to the varsity season. The very fact that they were played before the inter-collegiate season opened got men into suits early. The friendly but intense rivalry between the various colleges goaded the men to strenuous efforts. Long periods of practice were regularly taken. The men became seasoned and hardened. Several games were of inter-collegiate calibre. This is the best move made here toward a training school for "Varsity" men.

Hockey.



REAT progress was made in Field Hockey, the new sport introduced here last fall. The Freshmen brought us marked enthusiasm and ability for the game. The long outdoor season developed capable wielders of the stick. At the close of the season two picked teams, the Reds and the Grays, demonstrated their season's progress in the game. Neither side was able to score, showing that offense had not been developed to the detriment of defense, or vice versa. Iowa is glad to take her place beside her sister Universities in the maintenance of outdoor exercise for girls.





THE Spring and Fall tournaments on the "Varsity" courts for 1908, from the standpoint of enthusiasm of the contestants, and the general interest of the University were the most successful in the history of tennis at Iowa.

There was a time when devotees of the game at Iowa were satisfied to do a little lobbying back and forth over the net—that time has passed, and instead we have tennis

coming to the front as one of the major sports. Competition among individuals for places on the state conference teams is filled with all the zest and dash so typical of the so-called major sports. This is due to a number of reasons. First, "I's" are now awarded and secondly, through the generous donation of Fred T. Bailey of a magnificent \$50.00 cup, competition has become stronger and keener.

In the State College Tennis Tournament held in June at Cedar Rapids, Iowa was represented by Oliver of Onawa and Hospers of Orange City. Unfortunately the Athletic Board did not decide to have Iowa represented until late in the spring so the Iowa players found themselves in poor condition, due to a lack of practice. Luther College carried off first honors.

In the local tournament about twenty-five entered for the singles, and sixteen in the doubles. Ralph Oliver of Onawa won the prize offered by the Athletic Board for the singles; and Hospers of Orange City and Daniels of Gilmore City won the prize for the doubles.

Tennis.

The 1908 Commencement Tennis Tournament.

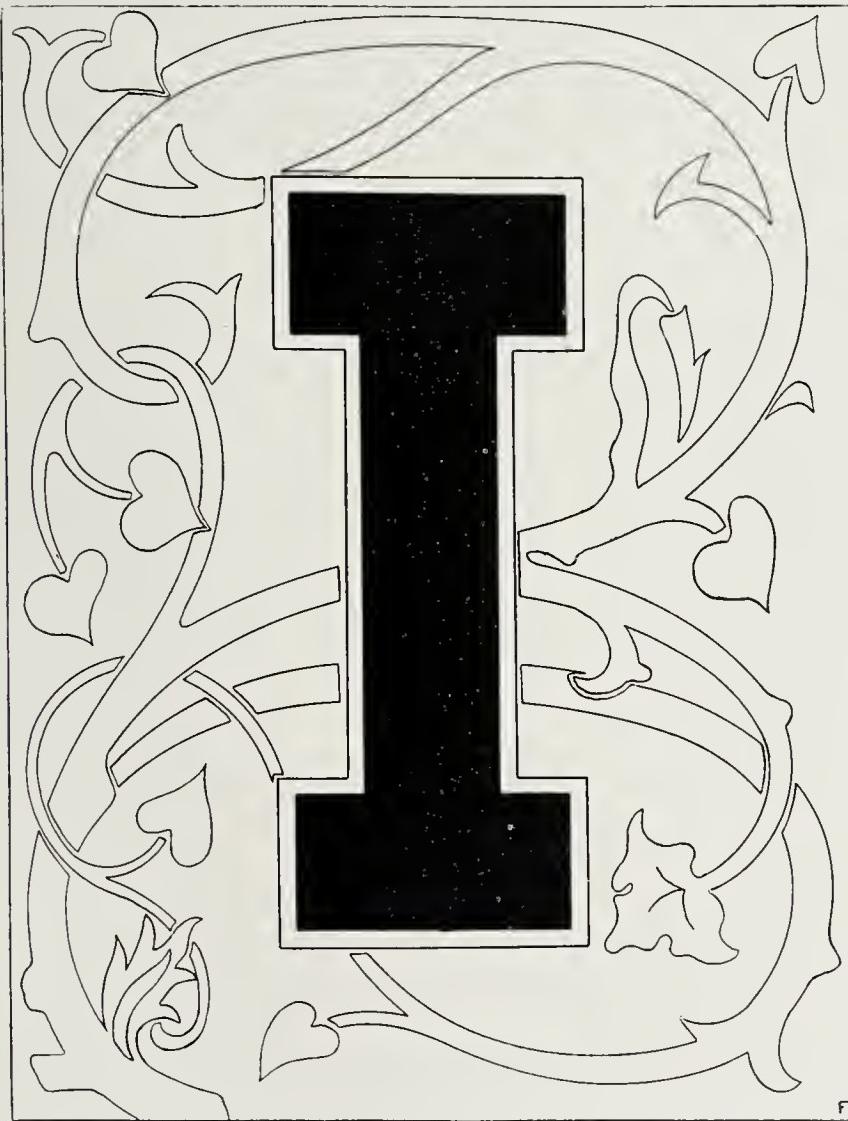
The third annual Commencement Tennis Tournament open to alumni, faculty, and students, was the most brilliant and successful of the year.

The reappearance on Iowa courts of two ex-S. U. I. tennis stars added interest to the tournament. These two, H. E. Burfords, Baily eventually winning the finals.

Despite the absence of many ex-players the tournament was marked by a very high class of play.

The matches between Sieg and Griffith, and Hospers and Burton proved the most interesting of the tournament. Each man was keen and throughout the contest played at the top of his game. The chief interest of the tournament, however, centered in the aggressive, driving play of Hospers. Throughout his contest with Burton he displayed a coolness and dash that bids fair to place him in our inter-collegiate meets.

Hospers weakness lies in his volleying, but he more than makes up for this by the ease and brilliancy with which he plays the back-court.



Wearers of the "I"

Football.

Perrine	Carberry	Hyland
Hastings	Comly	Stutsman
Hazard	Collins	Stewart
Kirk	Seidell	Gross
Johnson	"A. I. U."	Hanlon

Baseball.

Kirk	Stewart	Phillips
Wilson	Sutherland	McGuire
Burrell	Carberry	Gittinger
Bechtel	Johannsen	
	"A. I. U."	
Hanlon		

Track.

Miller	Burkheimer	A. M. Hazard
Remley	P. Hazard	Rorick
Stutsman	Hammer	Myers
Simonds	Crossan	Hanlon
White	Hotz	

Basket Ball.

Perrine	Stewart
Hyland	Ryden
Brown	

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The Daily Iowan.

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 Tuesday.....Frank F. Swan
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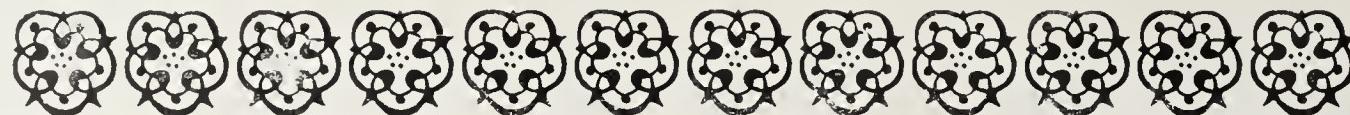
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School.





FOUR WORDS

Pause. If what follows seems to you ill-befitting, we assure you it was written with malice towards none. If you search and search in vain and knock because neglected, we assert we intended charity towards all. If the Haw-Haw-Hawkeye seemeth the whole book to you, we say to you "Thou Fool!" Read on.

From the Pan-Hellenic Song Book

Try These Over On Your Piano.

To Kappa Kappa Gamma (Tune—A Lemon In The Garden
Of Love)

"Will some one kindly tell them
Will someone answer true?
The Kappas are much puzzled
And so we all are, too.
A million pledges round them
Well they would like to know,
How they drew lemons from the garden of pledges
Where they say only peaches grow"



To Delta Gamma (Tune—Whose Little Girl Are You?)

"Who says D. G. to you
Who calls you all their own,
Who looks lonely and blue
When not walking with you up the hill, all alone,
tell me
Whose eyes looking in yours
Makes you think of the lemon you drew,
Who has the right to call any night,
Whose Sigma Nu are you?"

To Pi Beta Phi

(Tune—Cheer Up Mary.)

Cheer up Pi Phi, Pi Phi, don't be sighing, sighing,
Soon there'll be no Sigma Chis,
You'll look sweeter, sweeter, when you're smiling,
smiling,
O'er the sundaes the Phi Deltas buy,
Then there'll surely be no dates in bunches, bunches
Like the Tau Deltas used to get,
Pi Phi dear, never fear,
You'll be happy by and by.



To Delta Delta Delta (Tune—It's Awful Lonesome To-night.)

It's awful lonesome to-night
Somehow there's no one in sight,
And we don't know why,
We've talked with frats near and far,
And they all know who we are,
By our lonesome sigh.
Most every one is feeling rather tired, we guess,
Just kind of stayin' home in their lonesomeness,
But everything would be bright,
If you'd call here to night
And be lonesome too.

To Jessica

When Mistress Fluffy Ruffles leaves
the Kappa Gamma house,
Twice a score of smitten fellows
match the maiden come heraus,
In that stunning brown creation
neatly fitting top and toe,
With that rakish hat above her
where a hat's supposed to go.
Oh Miss Fluffy, dearest Fluffy, when
you give away your heart,
Can't you cut it into pieces and
save me a tiny part?

* * * *

Joe Scannel—In Memoriam.
"In arguing, too, a politician
must have skill,
For e'en though vanquished he
can argue still;
With words of learned length
and thundering sound
He amaz'd the gaping freshies
rang'd around;
Told them that he was a mighty
Zet
And that the class of '10 should
elect him—you bet."

* * * *

*H. H. Smith—What makes all
the Iowa fellows stop at that
naughty burlesque when returning
through Des Moines?*

*Byoir—What makes you think
they do?*

*Smith—Why I saw nine or ten of
them there.*

* * * *

*Briggs—People spend most of
their time arguing about self-evi-
dent facts.*

* * * *

*The question is, does Piper wear
a rubber collar.*



Rantings of a Royal Celebrator

Rantings of a Royal Celebrator.
The stars of night are shining
bright

And I am felling "out of sight."
A maiden leans upon his arm—
Within her eyes there is a charm—
He says, "my dear and fleshy Rose"
And then she bites him on the nose

The birds are warbling in the
breeze—

The mule is eating cottage cheese—
My wife leaped out of bed and said
"A bedbug bit me on the head"—
The earth is robed in sable night.
My belt is just a little tight.
The dog has lost his scrubby tail,
And I am drinking too much ale!

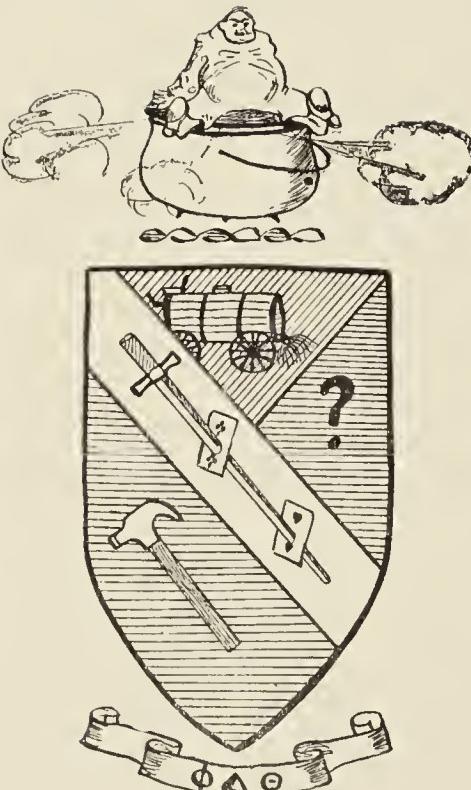
* * * *

Stutsman's notes on a lecture of
Prof. Plums in English History.

1. What ho! such a lecture.
2. I do all my own work in the evening.
3. Custom duties.
4. I don't wear oxfords in winter.
5. Domain lands.
6. In sooth, I know not why:
Plum wearies me, until such a
want wit sadness it wakes of me
that I have much ado to know myself.
7. Tonnage and poundage.
8. Tax on movables.
9. We'll lie squatting on the coals,
Givin' drinks to poor damned souls,
and I'll get a swig in hell, from
Gunga Din. Kiplingesque?
10. Edward's relation to the church.

* * * *

*Prof. Pierce—The baby is as bald
as I am.*



WEEKLY LETTER TO MAGAZINE OF PHI DELTA THETA FROM BETA CHAPTER

Dear brother Editor:

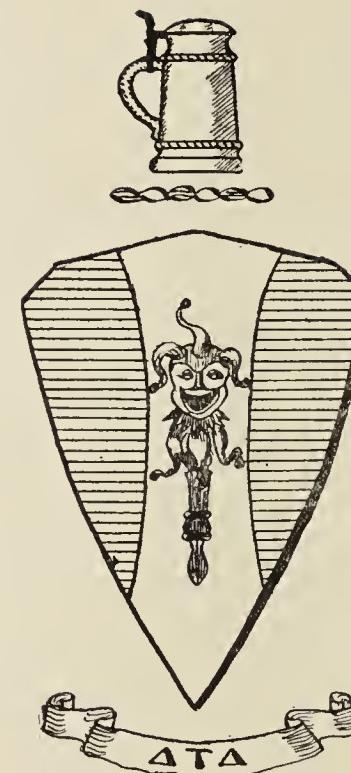
It is with some sadness we pen this epistle, and yet as we write there comes the silver lining through the clouds. Brothers Sproatt and Hagler have left us, wiping out the Engineering College at a blow. Brother W. H. Zaiser is gone, inflicting a death blow on our College of Law. But

Herby Harwood is with us EVER. It is with pride that we note Brothers Pelton (facultate), Fee, and Harper, are the pets of the Delta Gamma House. As the poet says:

"If your best you'll always do,
You may succeed some Sigma Nu." A touching bit of sentiment. Having won the Pan-Hellenic baseball trophy 44 times, we have pledged the Ida Grove Independent this year, and will go after it again. Of course, we have no competitors in the matter of spiking men. Sometimes we lose some men, but we don't regard the Sigma Nu's as a fraternity. The Daily Iowan is Harwood; Harwood is ours, and we can defy the Brewery Trust,— "Je ne sais pas".

Fraternally,

George Stephenson.



SEMI-ANNUAL LETTER TO THE MAGAZINE OF DELTA TAU DELTA FROM OMICRON CHAPTER

Dear brother Editor:

Since our last letter Omicron Chapter has rapidly forged to the front in Greek letter circles at Iowa. We gave a great formal party in Majestic Hall a few weeks ago with many out of town guests present, especially "Cresco" White. The party was the finest formal which has been given at Iowa in the last four years. (I forgot to add that it was the only one.) The favors were rumored to have cost \$6 each, but modesty forbids us from stating actual cost. Needless to say that they were GRAND. Brothers Jim Clark, Shorty Dyer, and Walie Wernli have organized to fight the Brewery Trust, and ask the cooperation of the fraternity. The local chapter assists in a body. It is with pleasure that we report the application of 10 to 12 flunks from other schools, notably Northwestern and Michigan. The new brothers have entered into our work wit a vim, and their capacity is increasing every week. We make incursions on the sorority houses occasionally, and bring back many hearts. Brother Glysteen is especially happy in this regard, and is considered a Beau Brummel.

Fraternally,

E. H. Kranz.



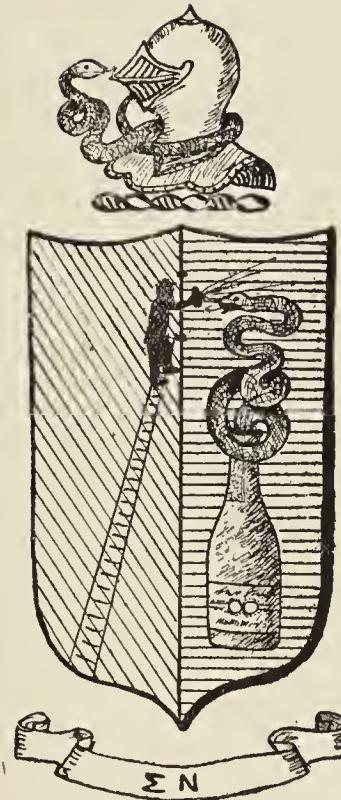
LETTER TO "THE TRIDENT" OF
DELTA DELTA DELTA FROM
IOWA CHAPTER

Dear sister Editress:

It is with great pleasure that we inform you that we still pay our bills promptly as Sisters Heery and Hobson are with us as yet. Because of the graduation of Alice Wilson we have sustained a sad blow in the simultaneous loss of Wilmot Royal and our house dog. We are considering the foundation of an asylum for Hawkeye business managers, but Carl Byoir has been seen walking with a Delta Gamma. Bob Pike is with us always. This letter is necessarily short as we are busy in our annual struggle with the Delta Gamma's for the Sigma Nu's. Besides "Old Faithful," we have picked up two freshman, Mr. Meredith and Mr. Grupe. Mr. Roseberry called one night for a few minutes after a contest with Mr. Mayer. Walter Stewart has gone over to the enemy. "Sic semper tyrannis". Next year we will send you a list of the bills involved in the completion of our new house.

Fraternally,

Alice Clarke.



LETTER TO "DELTA" OF SIGMA
NU, EVERY THIRD YEAR
FROM BETA MU CHAPTER

Dear brother Editor:

Since our last letter many things of note have happened in our sacred halls. As our fraters must know, personal bravery is a part of Sigma Nu's make-up which can not be removed. We had a striking example of this the other night. Brother Frank Callander awoke to see a burglar in his room. His nerves grew tense, his teeth clenched, etc. Only 45 minutes after the burglar left, he arose bravely and fired his revolver into the wall five times, and, shouting loudly, pursued the fleeing burglar, (as he had three miles start, we will not pursue this further). Of course, we have the three most prominent men in school, Brothers Stewart, Pike, and Mayer. Their honors are too well known to receive further comment. Great is this trio. Brother Mayer's claim to fame is, however, his ability to wear his hat on one ear without overbalancing. In the Pan-Helenic Whist League, we should have won the trophy. Our team was the best by far, but lost too many games. Brother Jerry McMahon has the enviable reputation of being called the "Human Sieve". We must adjourn to the Delta Gamma House now for frat meeting.

Fraternally,

"Doc" Cobb, Loubus Recordus.

**LETTER TO THE ARROW OF PI
BETA PHI FROM IOWA ZETA
CHAPTER**

Dear sister Editress:

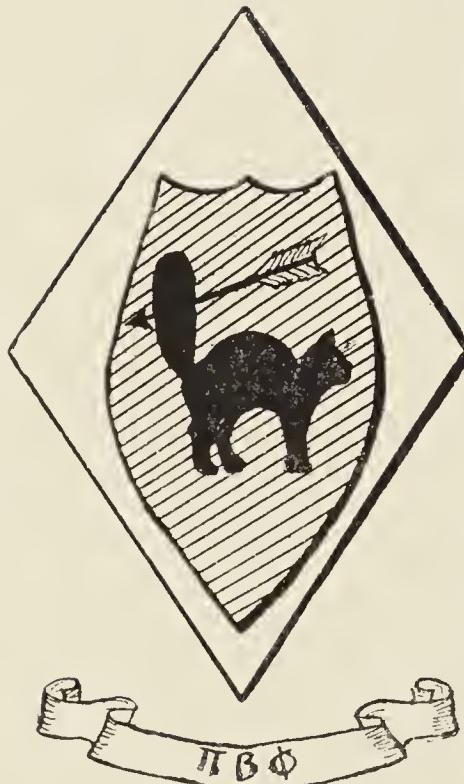
We came, we saw, we conquered. The Delta Gamma's are vanquished. We win, we wan, we won. Pi Phi again rivals S. A. E. in numbers at Iowa. Our classic halls are crowded to the doors with crazy Sigma Chi's and Phi Psi's. It passeth all understanding. Why are we so popular? The winds alone can answer. Sister Agnes Pheney has been ill for some time with melancholia. The pine is for Burns no more. Extinct, extinguished erstwhile. As the poet so beautifully says:

"The loves so dear of yesterday,
Have almost, dearest, passed away,
They come, they go, a fleeting crowd.
When they return, we breathe aloud,
A look, a lover's look, a sigh,
Is but the heritage of every Pi Phi."

This little verse was handed to our beloved Sister, Helen Walburn, by a tall, dark, good-looking debater, who has our interests near to his heart. The meter is a little faulty but the sentiment rings as true as Phi Psi steel. We would like the opinion of our sister chapters on the advisability of taking our Sigma Chi brothers into associate membership. This subject is dear to our hearts.

Fraternally,

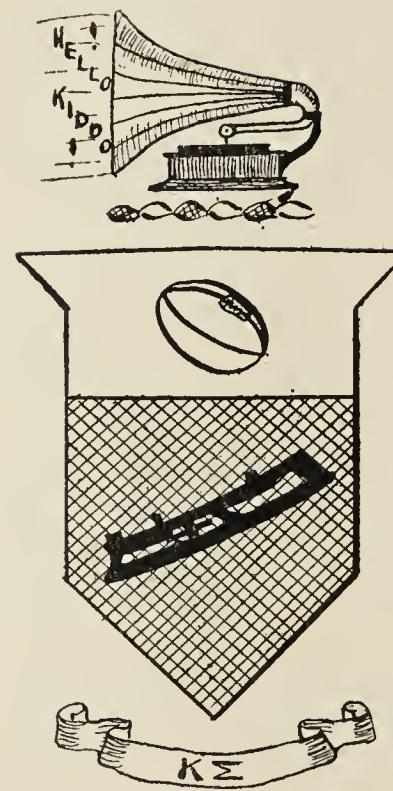
Louise Adams.



**YEARLY LETTER TO THE
"CADUCEUS" OF KAPPA
SIGMA FROM BETA RHO
CHAPTER**

Dear brother Editor:

In writing this, our yearly letter, your reporter is hard pressed to keep from appearing too much elated over the success of Beta Rho. Honors have been showered upon us like flunks on the Beta House. We have been overwhelmed. The load bears down upon our shoulders. We have the Captain of the football team, the Editor-in-chief of the Hawkeye, and last but not least, Brother Spaulding has been elected Captain of the Iowa Kelly Pool Team. He has a high average of \$6 a day. We had a little dinner the other night for our "friends" the Sigma Nu's. We mingled like oil and water. The dinner passed off without poison and without any broken bones. Brothers Lideen and Allen have been chosen protectors of the Delta Gamma House, a signal honor. Brothers Will, Miller, Thompson and Smith have found the house too quiet, and have moved to livelier quarters. No more now, for it is time for frat meeting at the Brunswick.

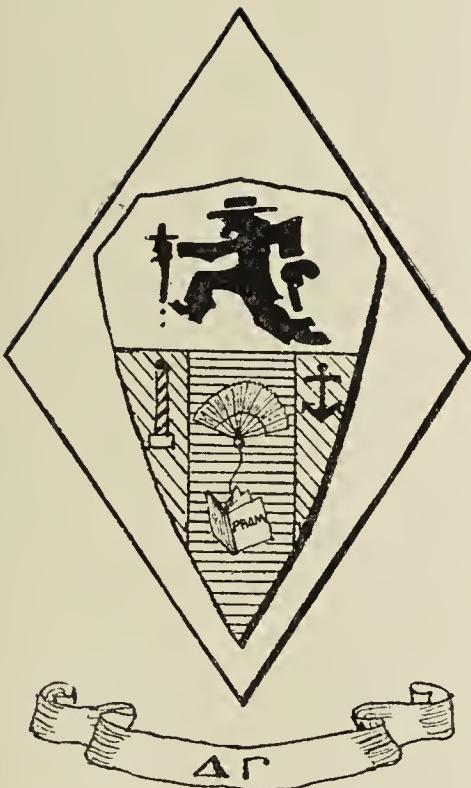


Fraternally,

S. T. Spangler.

HOURLY TO "THE ANCHORA"
OF DELTA GAMMA FROM
TAU CHAPTER

Dear sister Editress:



We feel like shouting aloud, "Ship Ahoy." Delta Gamma is on top at Iowa again. This is indisputable. It is a fact. Do we not have more men calling at our house than any other in town? Do we not have to hold overflow meetings at Max Mayer's and Lou Lyon's? Have we not Margaret Marshall? Yes, it is true. We have taken the Beta's by storm; we call the Kappa Sig's by their first names; the Phi Psi's fall at our feet; our call to the Tau Delt's is heard above that of Charley Schwinn's. But why brag of our achievements? History will tell. It is true that most of Sister Potter's and Sister Robbins' men are traveling men for baking powder houses, but they are bound to rise. Our knocking of the Pi Phi's is heard above all other sounds in this vicinity. Sister Inslee Bogart is the star of the freshman basket ball team. She literally drops them in. It must seem like boasting to say these things, but they are true. We are a little disappointed in Sister MacVicar. She is too true to her word to be a good Delta Gamma. Fullness is the fruit of a heart full of men,—seven to a heart. Sister Katharine McCorkindale has been making a little collection lately, and well, I must stop for the telephone is ringing like mad.

Fraternally,

Peggy Pond.



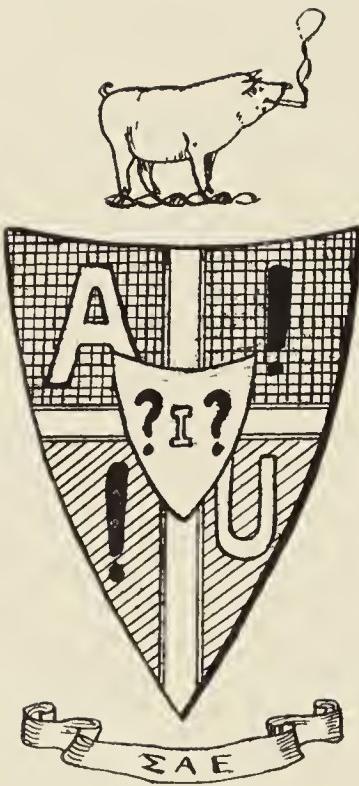
LETTER TO THE MAGAZINE OF
SIGMA CHI FROM THE AL-
PHA ETA CHAPTER

Dear brother Editor:

As King Oliver so gracefully says, "The University is but a bar, and we're the men before it. We drink a little drink, and, marching on, take another." Gold monogram cigarettes have been the downfall of Brother Rex Byram, and he has given his place at the bar (figuratively of course) to another. It is a matter of which we are proud when we speak of Brother "Dippy" Stover, as the best dressed man in school. This is not bragging, but is acknowledged by every fraternity man in school. We are proud of Brother Stover. Sigma Chi will be heard from on the baseball diamond this spring. That classic athlete, Brother Keefe, will be in the box to swear at the opposing batters. "King" Oliver has been elected Captain of the All-Fraternity Cussing Team. The choice was unanimous. All the sorority girls sigh when Brother Packard walks abroad. He admits that he is the best-looking man in school. Brother Bickley has moved to California for his health. All off for the Pi Phi house.

Fraternally,

Louis Bagley.



NINETEEN TEN HAWKEYE

DAILY LETTER TO MAGAZINE
OF S. A. E. BY IOWA BETA
CHAPTER

Dear brother Editor:

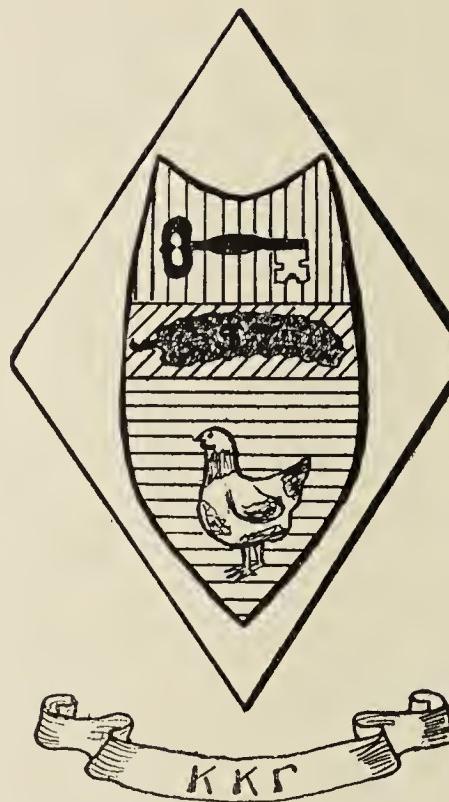
It is the beginning of a new school year, and great rejoicing will be heard on the banks of the classic Iowa. There are many things for S. A. E. to be thankful for. We have pledged very few men at Iowa this year, only 27, but this brings our number at Iowa to 42, and the grand total in our great fraternity is 12,027. In a few more years, with our present conservative policy, we will equal the Woodman Lodge with its 15,000 members. The brightest spot at Iowa is our gymnasium filled with bright, happy S. A. E.'s. We all try for all the teams, and pledge all men for our club who do not already belong to the fraternities. In this way, we give our great formal parties. They cost almost \$1.50 per man, but we don't care for expense. Of course, we got \$2 from the Newman Society for decorations after the last party. The best news that we can think of is that Brother Carrberry leaves school this year and relieves us from taking in any more Zets. If all our 500 chapters boost, we will surely make the 15,000 mark. "We will" for S. A. E.

Fraternally,
Frank Whinery, Recorder of Acts.

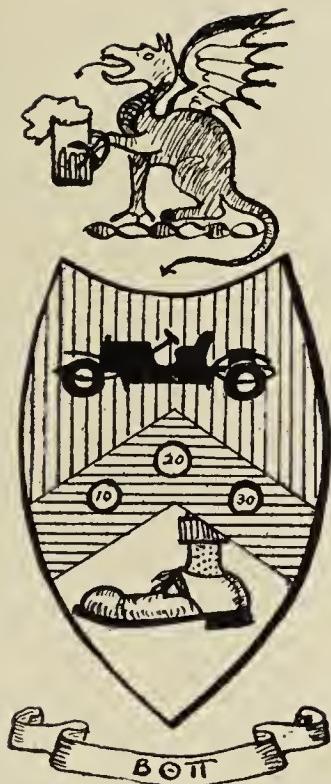
WEEKLY LETTER OF IOWA
CHAPTER OF KAPPA KAPPA
GAMMA TO THE KEY

Dear sister Editress:

We are just bubbling over with enthusiasm, and must tell you about our new girls. They are the grandest of any sorority in town. We got all but six of the eight girls we bid. Wasn't that fine? First, I must tell you about dainty, little Helene Pelletier. She is a dear, and such elegant language, too. But best of all is beautiful (we all admit it) little Ellen, the dear—it is she who upholds our reputation as social butterflies—it is she who follows the basket ball team through the country,—it is she who plays the tragedy when occasion demands. And then, but why enlarge upon the virtues of all our freshmen. They are the best,—that is enough. Among our older girls there is much doing. In the social line, Sister Towner is all the silk, and in this she is ably accompanied by our matron, Mrs. Baldwin. We must tell you of the girl we saw hypnotized in the vaudeville window. We were all very much interested, and stood and watched for an hour at a time. We were all just crazy to take her place. Among the fraternities here at Iowa, Phi Delt is first, S. A. E. second, and the others are hardly more than boarding clubs. Yes, all Kappas from Iowa marry S. A. E.'s. They're just grand, and so manly and upright too. Never drink or smoke. They say so themselves. Much love.



Fraternally,
Alice Mueller.

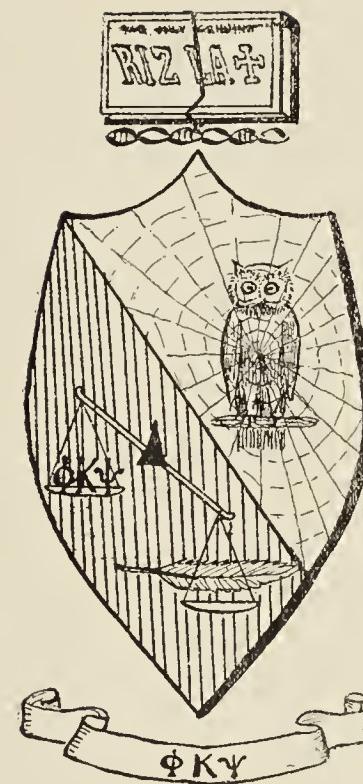


LETTER TO "THE SCROLL" OF
BETA THETA PI FROM IOWA
CHAPTER

Dear brother Editor:

Your reporter feels like shouting "Eureka, Eureka". We have found it. Beta Theta Pi is again on her feet at Iowa. For the first time in years we have paid the grocery bills. No longer are we forced to incorporate the Junior Dents. The melancholy days are o'er, the sun will ever shine, for Reed is always on the job. "Three beers, and the world is mine". It is reported that Brother Varga has resigned from the Prom Committee, but this is not confirmed. We have more dress suits in our fraternity than any other at Iowa. Brother Vollmer says it is a sign of good breeding. Bro. Coast says it is a sign of good tailoring. Our freshmen are the talk of the school. They are admittedly the best. They admit it themselves. In a social way, of course, no one can withstand us. On Sunday nights we move on the D. G's. in a body, with the exception of Brothers Lane and McManus. Brother Lane says the girls up there are not equal socially to his famil (which is true), and Mac thinks the Kappas appreciate his Irish stories more. His motto is. "Talk, and the Kappa's laugh with you." Isn't he brilliant? Brother Hakes has incorporated the Music School, and has been chosen to sing on every occasion. We wish to congratulate ourselves on acquiring Brother Miner. He is a brilliant student, having passed up almost 2 hours work out of 15. He is also a distinguished debater, as history has shown. With our other freshman, he has picked the D. G. lemons from the sorority tree.

Fraternally, Arthur Schramm.

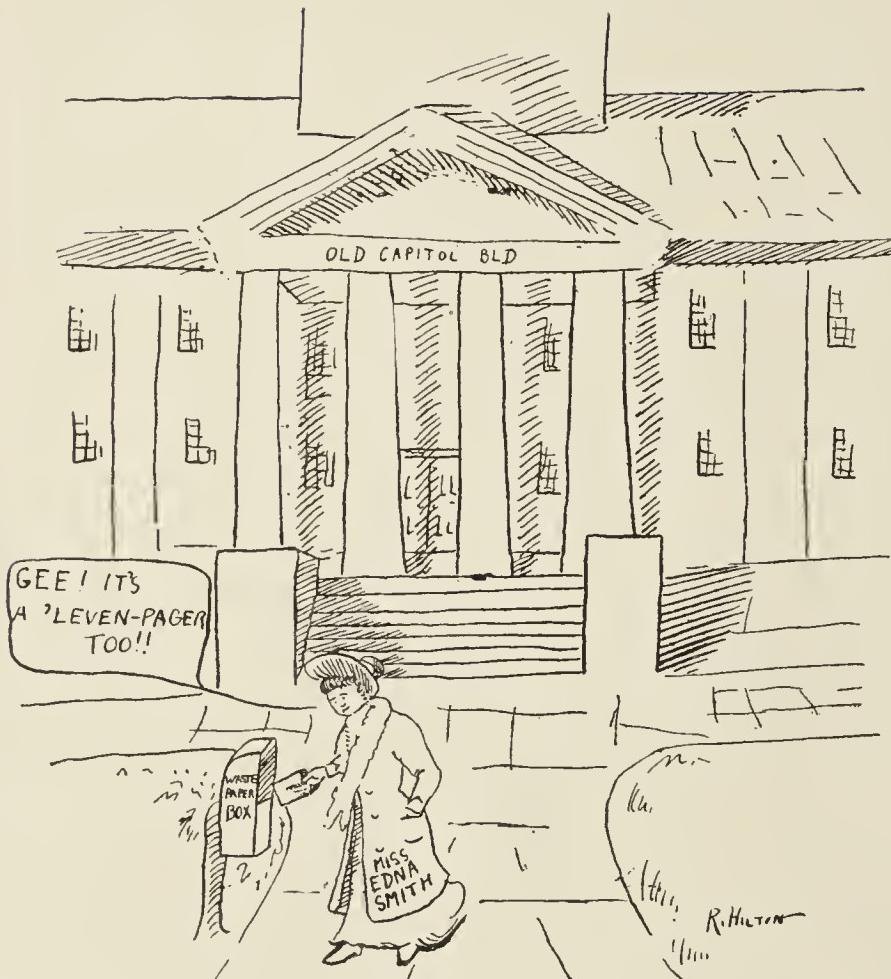


LETTER TO THE SHIELD OF
PHI KAPPA PSI FROM THE
IOWA CHAPTER

Dear brother Editor:

To use a hackneyed phrase, times are not as they used to be, and Thank God for it. We of Phi Kappa Psi shout in gladness, "Ring out the old, ring in the new." We have much to write of this year. The best news of all is that Brother Lovell Swisher, Jr. is not in school to ruin our reputation with his devilment. It is with pride that we record the advance of Brother Ben Butler in the Y. M. C. A. As you know Brother Butler is a sincere worker in this line. He almost lives up to what he preaches. Of course, the girls' gymnasium is in the Y. M. C. A. building. Brother Butler is writing a brochure on "A Robust Woman, or Muscles like Iron". Brothers Art Fowler, Bub Smith, and Ath Clark have combined with the sporting element of the Sigma Nu's, and are real cut-ups. We like to see this spirit among fraternity men. Mr. Lawton of the School of Music was entertained at dinner by Brother Cy Strong today. We hereby disclaim any responsibility for Brother Strong's actions. We have learned our lesson. It is a great privilege to announce to the general fraternity that we have secured Miss Marshall, of Amazon fame, to mother our brood of freshmen chicks. She takes a great interest in all of our affairs, and it may be said she has a long understanding of our needs. Brothers Murphy, Haven, and Washburn visit her regularly, and from her encouraging reports, they will grow into men, though contrary to general expections.

Fraternally, Cliff Schultz.



MISS SMITH MAILED A LETTER IN THE WASTE-PAPER BOX.

Alice Wilkinson—Mr. Byoir, I hear you've written an oration on "Immorality." I'm just wild to hear it.

Irate Landlady, (day after G. E. Cunningham's appointment as 2nd Lieutenant) — Mr. Cunningham, who broke those gas mantles?

"NEVERMORE"

Once upon a P. M. dreary, I sat in
the Classical Library
Pondering o'er the dusty volumes
of that long forgotten lore.
And as I sat there almost napping,
suddenly there came a tapping—
As of memories gently rapping—
memories of the days of yore,
Days gone by forevermore.

And then I thought the air grew
denser, as if filled by an unseen
censer
And there appeared before my
fancy, faces I had seen before.
Schneider sat there tall and stately,
and beside him so sedately
Sweetly smiling sat Miss Stevens,
smiling as in days of yore,
Only this and nothing more.

And then with courage all unfailing,
and wild gestures unavailing
I said to the ghostly shadows, who
had entered at the door,
"Are you not the very mortals, who
within these sacred portals
"Carried on your foolish courtship,
boring students gone before?"
And they answered, "Nevermore."

Then with patience all exhausted,
again the spirits I accosted,
With my nerves all overwrought,
my books thrown on the floor,
"If you did not disturb the stud-
ents, with your amorous impru-
dence,
"Why did the Profs. all call you
down, and why were all the
students sore?"
Quoth the shadows "Never-
more."

And the shadows never flitting, still
are sitting, still are sitting,
Talking at the library table just
inside the library door,
And my books all badly battered,
like my thoughts so badly scat-
tered,
Lying there unused and useless on
the same old library floor,
Shall be lifted, "Nevermore!"



PROF RICE

The Social Rules

OBSERVATIONS OF LEMUEL GULLIVER.



OW the chronicler taketh occasion to write somewhat of the social usages and observances of the State University of Iowa, what manner of customs are there binding upon the students and in what manner received by those which attend upon the school,—for you know, that at this university there is in vogue a strange manner of restraint, totally unlike anything to be found in our own enlightened clime, and well worthy of study, though, be it said, hardly of emulation.

The chronicler hath devoted many weeks in a studious endeavor to unfold the purpose, designs, and intents of the so-denominated "social regulations," and hath conversed freely with those upon whom restraint is exercised, likewise with the princes and potentates of the place, designated as the faculty, and with the feudal chieftain, a very reverend, learned and dignified man of pleasing personal aspect and unlimited linguistic powers.

Now it appeareth that the design is this:

Concentration must be obtained that the purposes of education be not diffused, scattered and completely lost by dancing between periods of study and recitation.

Students devote four nights of the week to the acquisition of knowledge and in studious contemplation, then two nights are given over unto relaxation and communal enjoyment, follow-

ing the which all unite in the observance of the old and sacred command: "And on the seventh day thou shalt rest."

The chronicler ventured to suggest unto the feudal overlord that concentration of such vigorous methods of enjoyment as dancing, combined with the unusual loss of sleep and mental excitement, might result in injury to the students, perhaps to a complete mental breakdown, in the same manner as poison, when concentrated, killeth, yet if diffused and taken in small doses into the system, hath no other effect than to produce humor of the body. The chieftain, or president, made reply that only the good results which accrued from concentration were accepted, while evil results were rejected and totally excluded from the curriculum, the which answer the chronicler was constrained to accept, as he knew not how to reply.

The princes and potentates of the university have many other strange, unusual and remarkable regulations, one which most excited the wonder of the chronicler being:

"An act for the suppression of Cupidity."

This act provideth that no young man and young woman shall consort together for purposes of walking, picking flowers, buggy-riding, boat-riding without the presence of a chaperon approved by the person who hath charge of the enforcement to this regulation, namely, the dean of women. The chaperon hath no special duties to perform, but many strive for the position, as the young men are found to defray all expenses, and must furnish a conveyance if desired. The chronicler hath noted a striking tendency to choose young and well-favored chaperons, so much so that the chaperon frequently is of less years than the students themselves; though why this should be so none can say.

The New Law Frat

The new frat has absorbed some of the most talented members of the law schol, among them being the redoubtable Risser, who always interviews the profs. after lectures, Mr. De Groot, who strikes most pleasing attitudes as he holds his new spectacles, Mr. Glas. who organized the frat, and Mr. Michael Leo. Donovan, who blinks most effectively, and who combs his hair in the shape of a pine shaving lying on the center of his head, and running parallel with his ears. It cannot fail to be noted that the new frat attends all lectures in a body and yellow shoes, and chewing gum, and late. Mr. Donovan was a Democrat until last November. At the Junior trial he made a delightful impression when he took the part of Sasseola, Spanish ambassador to the court of Richard III. He expects to be retained in some \$100,000 law suit as soon as he gets out of school.

"Fat" Englebratson, Law '09, is the only man out of society who does not belong to the new law fraternity. He recently "squashed" an indictment, and he reported a case as having arisen out of the "collusion" of two trains.

Why do the members of the law fraternity ask so many questions which the faculty cannot answer?

Mr. Wassam showed a cocoanut to his Commercial Geography Kindergarten and demonstrated that it contained fifty-seven materials of value. He did not obtain his specimen from the new law frat.

Mr. Wassam's class in Domestic Economy is a howling success. It was originally organized for co-eds exclusively. But Mr. Wassam has admitted several brilliant young men who were charmed by his personality. Mr. J. W. Wilbur Tisdale, Engineer, '12, is the star member of the class.

* * * *

To Alyea.

You bid me explain, my dear angry Ma'amselle,
How I came thus to bolt without saying farewell;
And the truth is—as truth you will have, my sweet railer—
These are two worthy persons I always feel loth
To take leave of at parting—my mistress and tailor,—
As somehow one always has scenes with them both;
The Snip in ill humor, the Siren in tears,
She calling on Heaven, and he the attorney,—
Till sometimes, in short, 'twixt his duns and his dears.
A young gentleman risks being stopped in his journey.

* * * *

A judge's note when Latham is orating: "If he gets that jaw to working, there is a chance to win."

* * * *

Frosty Theobald: "The University does not appreciate my dancing ability."

* * * *

And he, Dorcas, came, and said unto us, "I came that ye might have words, and might have them more abundantly."



BRIGGS MAKES A FOURTH-OF-JULY SPEECH

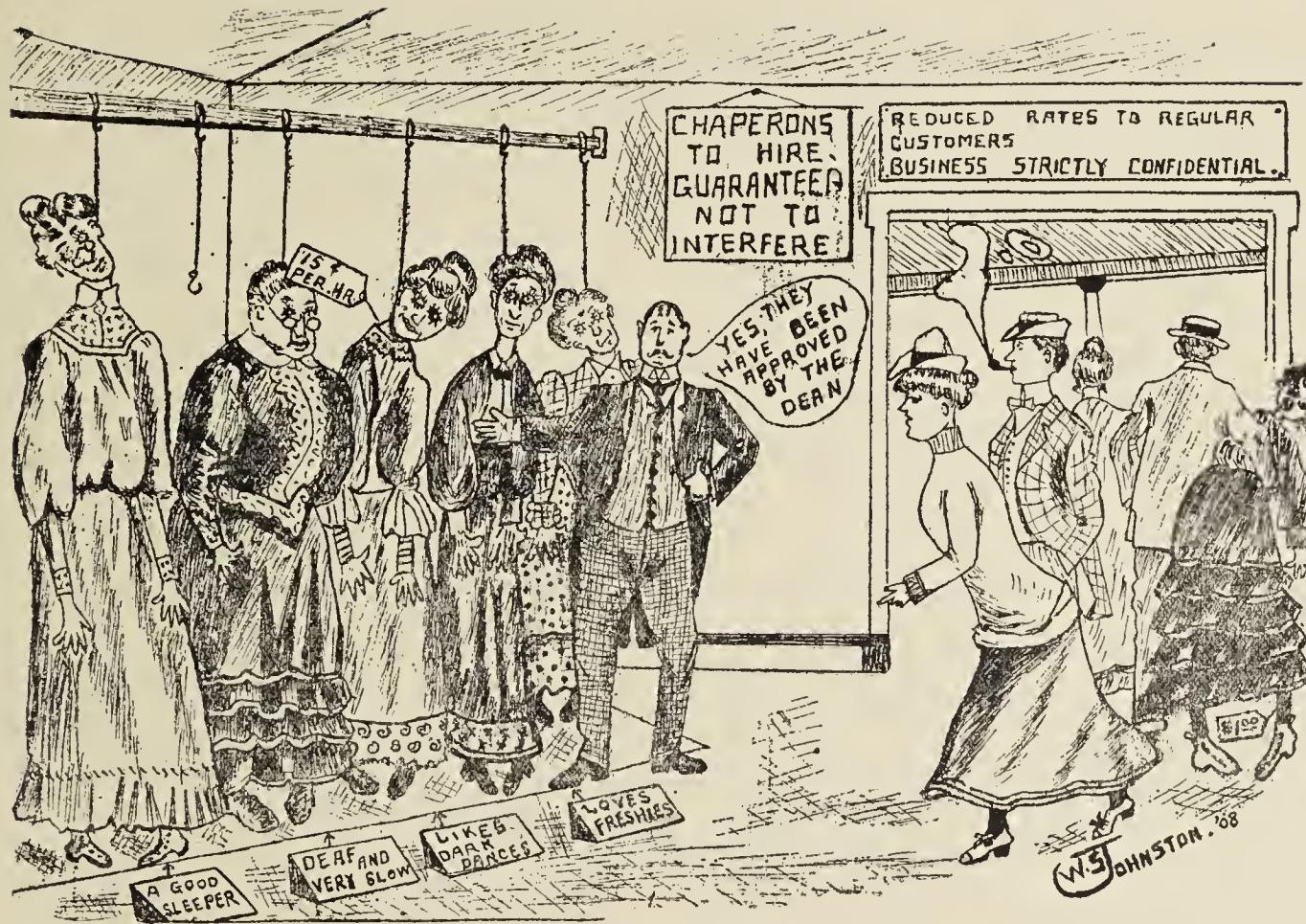
President's Proclamation.

Mr. Piggott having left school, Mr. Horace Hawthorne having gone to Ames, it becomes my happy duty to appoint as successor, "Freshie" Anderson, who is fitted to walk in their shoes.

Prof. Plum—How old was Otto III when he ascended the throne?

Coulter—Well, I don't know exactly, but I think he was a comparatively young man.

Prof. P.—You are right. He was just three years old.



First Girl (as Brandmill passes by)—“Oh Mary, don’t you think Mr. Brandmill has a perfectly grand form?

Second girl—Yes, and say, do you know I was told that he worked as a fitting model in a corset factory in Des Moines last summer.”

Monk Spaulding—What are these Sigma Chi lectures about?

* * * *

Notice to Freshies.

Please elect me manager of the Hawkeye next year. Brutus was an honorable man.

Red Mitchell.

Powell—“But still I dream that somewhere there must be, One more office that awaits for me.”

* * * *

Bunny Wassam—When is a girl not a girl? When she is a little sulky.

A Minor Announcement

Principal of Ft. Dodge high school, at assembly last October:—“I have an announcement to make that I am sure will be of great interest to you. Mr. Waldo Miner has just been admitted to membership in the leading literary society of Iowa university.”

Voice (from assembly room)—“They don’t know him like we do. Do they?”

* * * *

Frazier—to Jimmy Oakes and sundry Irvings—I have a few minor parts in the class play left for you fellows.

* * * *

Naomi Stewart—Isn’t it funny, I am only a freshman and I have more dates than any of the other girls.

* * * *

Scene—Sigma Chi House, low lights, soft music.

Stover—Loves mah?

Louise—Um—h’ri.

Slow curtain.

* * * *

Dreaming dears who dance with their chins in the air—Lillian Smith, Ethel Barber, Libbie Hruska. Beware of imitations!

* * * *

Humorous Editor—Any Sigma Nu jokes?

Wagner—We have three men in love.

Shipley, (smiles coquettishly) I guess more than three, Hans.

THE FACULTY VAUDEVILLE

(Under the management of Prexy, graciously assisted by
Dean Volland.)

- A.—Overture—"A different kind of necktie every day." Orchestra conducted by Benjamin Franklin Shambaugh, of evangelistic fame.
- B.—Edwin Ford Piper, the all round athlete, wearing the latest Arrow collar and reciting from memory Chaucer's Prologue.
- C.—Sam Sloan, human antithesis in his inimitable imitations. He will talk by the hour with or without an audience.
- D.—Dr. Mabel Clare Williams, B. Ph., Ph. D., in her famous beauty talks selected from a study of the gorilla.
- E.—Frank Edward Horack, the world famed hypnotist. He will put you to sleep before you know it. Come and hear him and you will say that you never slept better in your life.
- F.—Paul Skeels Pierce, practical opponent of race suicide, in the Domestic Drama "A Girl at the Helm."
- G.—Lenas Gifford Weld, in a skit entitled "In the second stage of herpicide," or "Going, Going, Gone."
- H.—Wilcox and MacBride in their farcical fling, "Annular Jokes."
- I.—Henry Evarts Gordon, the Chair of Public Speaking, in an illustrated song entitled "Watching the Blue Smoke Curl."
- J.—Charles Bundy Wilson, in his famous monologue "The Stable in the Back Row" or German art in red covers.
- K.—Edwin Diller Starbuck, "Morning Monologues" or "Twenty minutes late for Breakfast."
- L.—Lawrence Byers, in the one act farce which he presented before the Triangle Club, "On the Honeymoon Trail."
- M.—Intermission.—If any member of the audience is still present Dean Volland will present the most touching scenes from "The Witching Hour."
- N.—Kinodrome. "The Chase." In which all the members of the faculty appear before the appropriation Committee of the Board of Regents.
- O.—President MacLean, in stories in verse, dedicated to Dean Volland and Alice Wilkinson and entitled "When We Were Friends."
- P.—Frederick Bernard Sturm and his pipe in "The Burgomaster."
- Q.—Harry Grant Plum in "A Curious Mishap" or "Why I have the Brightest Students."
- R.—Charles Cleveland Nutting, in "The Road To Yesterday" of "Why the Dinosaur Was."
- S.—Grand Finale.—Absolutely the last appearance of the Social Committee in an endeavor to explain the Social Rules.

At the Ranney House

Traveling man approaching group on Ranney house porch: "Pardon me, but when would it be convenient for me to show the young men of the house my line of pocket cutlery?"

Miss Hilliard—"There are no men here. This is a girls' dormitory."

Polite Traveling Man—"A thousand pardons, ladies. I was informed this was the Kappa Sig House."

Miss Stewart—"No, this is only the annex."

* * * *

From Benny's Farewell Address

"I am sorry that in this course we were unable to take up a study of the Common Law of England. The loss of the hour on Wednesdays, which has been turned over to prayers, has deprived us of the time, but I am sure that you will get more out of them than you would out of a study of the Common Law of England."

* * * *

Prof. Eastman—Miss Puckett, give the mutes.

Miss P.—"P. D. Q. —er—P. D. Q.—"

Prof. Eastman—(Impatiently) yes, yes, now go on, Miss Puckett—P. D. Q.

* * * *

History Wilcox, (after one of his quizzes) I really couldn't tell whether Mr. B. was trying to spell "Chaltahoocle" or "Hoochie Koochie."

Dr. Lambert, (in Histology, holding up a distended stomach and noticing a little furrow in its outside wall.) "Why, there must be a Dent in there."

* * * *

Interurban Conductor—Your fare, Miss.

Clara Carlson—Do you think I am?

* * * *

Freshman—Is Prof. Plum dry?
L. O. Smith—Dry? I should say so. He's so dry his bones rattle.

* * * *

Miss M.—Who is this Mr. Vollmer?

Miss B.—Oh don't you know him? He's a quiet, studious little fellow. You would never take him for a Beta.

* * * *

Hazel Reddick—Who is Fat Schneider, anyhow? I haven't met him.

* * * *

For the latest interpretation of the classics see Schneider and Stevens in the Classical Library at any hour of the day.

* * * *

Pauline Dutton, (to good-looking stranger who offered her his Pullman.) I am Miss Dutton. Mr. Shambaugh? Oh yes, and are you a student at Iowa City?

* * * *

Miss Johnson—I don't run the Dramatic Club. I assure you I have very little to do with it.

Si Strong, (to Ethel Barber at Cotillion) I'm beastly tired of these formals. I'm so blaze. (blaze).

* * * *

A difference of opinion as to cutting classes on Election Day.

Prof. Bolton—It is merely a manifestation of juvenile spirit.

Prof. Bush.—Ach, they all ought to have their heads broken.

* * * *

Grace Wood—I he-red-it that tendency.

* * * *

Wallace Larsen—When I was down in "Chi," we used to take the faculty out and get them piffed."

* * * *

Does Francis Varga live in the country?

No. Why?

I was thinking how thrilling he would find it to sit on the fence and watch the tortoises whiz by.

* * * *

Betsy Martin, (looking through the Hawkeye) Oh here is Dean Gregory. Is he the Dean of men?

* * * *

Lady Visitor at Readers' Club—Is Mr. (L. O.) Smith a brother of Miss Alspaugh? They look so much alike.

* * * *

At the Shaffer House, Thanksgiving evening.

Mrs. P.—Say Mary, doesn't Mr. Robbins look exactly like the preacher at home?

Shambaugh's lecture is interrupted by the entrance of Norma Ellen Scott and a monstrous new hat.

Suppressed "ah's" from the class.

Shambaugh halts, blushes, then proceeds: "That is to say, in other words, er—the origin and evolution—par excellence—ahem. Well, we never know just how dry and uninteresting our lectures are until we have some competition."

* * * *

Margaret Marshall, (dancing with "Little Mac" at the Military Ball)—I could dance a straight program with you.

Mac Mahon—Well, we jollied up the bunch anyhow.

* * * *

Jessica Don Carlos—A trade-last for me? (yawns) Is it complexion or hair?

* * * *

Worcester—Do you really think Miss Wilkinson and I look alike? Honestly now.

* * * *

Prof. Piper—What is the cross the emblem of?

Bourrett—An ancient Jewish religion.

* * * *

At the County Club Rally at Assembly Steckmest printed "L-o-u-d-e-r" on the reverse side of his standard. Grace Wood saw the word and remarked, "I didn't know there was such a county in Iowa."

* * * *

Was Miss Wilkinson's hygiene lecture good?

Joyce Reed—Fine! So dandy and short.

THE LAWS OF ORATORY AND SOUR GRAPES

Oratory at the University is making tremendous strides forward. It is at once the inspiration and the support of the "Greater University movement." After the debate last fall the Iowa City Citizen came out with a highly magnified picture of Polonius on its front page. It showed the distinguished master of histrionic art resplendent in his saffron colored, ambrosial moustache. We used to consider this last vestige of adornment in the way of hair an integral part of Polonius' anatomy, but he seems to get along without it. And now we would not be surprised if Dean Weld and Prof. W. C. Wilcox should turn up some day with their fore-locks clipped. "De gustibus est non disputandum." Well the Iowa City, Iowa Citizen printed Polonius' other name under his picture so that the freshies might know who it was. Underneath the name appeared the following:— "This is the noble head of the public speaking department under the auspices of which the debaters who won last Friday's contest were coached! Ecce Homo!" "My uncle's cow's brother was an ox."

The Marshall Law Society still stands at the head of the forensic societies at this school. Its splendid triumph over the debating team sent from Kansas or Lone Tree two years ago has not been paralleled. "Attorney" Reallf Ottesen whose prestige is due to having been a member of the victorious team, and who was raised by the still pro-



ducts of Davenport made another hit during the late presidential campaign. He gave a series of inspiring addresses at Jepson, at Swishier, and at Cou Falls. But for his work "the great State of Iowa," as President Mac Lean delights to call the corn-field surrounding the University, might have been carried by the sinister hosts of the Bryan Forever Club, of which H. Hale Smith was presi-

dent and Mike Donovan, queen-bee. Mr. F. G. Hickinlooper, who is as humorous as his name would indicate, also did some hot campaigning. He has a marvelous command of the cork-screw gesture, which he seems to have originated. His entire delivery is unique. He is cultivating it under Prof. Gordon. Green too has a style which is highly individual—something over six feet. Last year he and Donald

Bateson L. A. were in a fierce contest for fourth place on the oratorical preliminaries and Bateson got the place. This year Green decided that he would cast no more of his pearls before the judges.

Mr. Phil West Law '09 coached the winner of this year's N. O. L. contest to success. This was a real achievement. The orations were in general more anonymous than some of those submitted last year.

A recipe for a successful University oration may come in handy to freshies. First the orator must select a subject on corruption of some sort. Then he must treat it in an entirely orthodox way. He must become, for the purposes of the contest, a dragon killer of the type of St. George. He should say nothing but what he thinks the judges already know or believe, and he must be prepared to make allusion to their hobbies. Then he must exercise extreme care in the selection of his judges, for if they are not of the correct race, color, and previous condition of servitude his efforts will avail him nothing. Finally the successor of Demosthenes should assume as unusual a voice as possible, and drill himself into a self-playing, automatic delivery. Hypnotism will be of little use to the orator, as it is extremely difficult to suggest anything to the minds of the judges. This has been Mr. H. Hales Smith's experience. Mr. Wassam and Prof. Starshore and Rev. Clarke make ideal judges.

Prexy

Who shouts the praises of Old Gold?
Who stands before the state so bold?
Who makes his promises till they're old?
Egad! It is our Prexy.

Who has a voice smooth as a glove?
Who greets each maiden as a dove?
Who says all learning's from above?
Egad! It is our Prexy.

Who gives the Who Wah in a chant?
Who chases flunkers till they pant?
Who goes to the Rapids when we can't?
Egad! It is our Prexy.

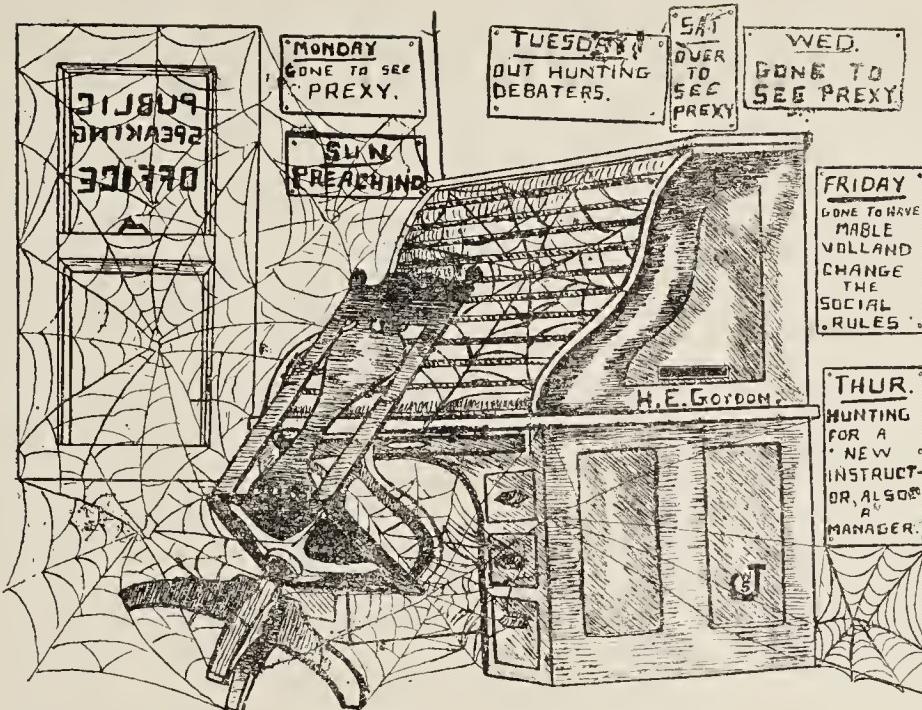
Who closes school on Election Day?
Who then rebukes us as he may?
Who lingers long in our right of way?
Egad! It is our Prexy.

* * * *

Fuzz Drummler, after the band had played "The Star Spangled Banner"—I played that all by ear. I've taken only one music lesson in my life and the music teacher left town.

* * * *

Rosburg, (a senior) after drill—They had me drilling as corporal today. I haven't the empty honor, but they can't keep a good man down.

**The Chair of Public Speaking****Henry E. Gordon**

Yclept by Zets Polonius

His voice is quite euphonious,
His logic quite erroneous,
But who can make the eagle
scream,
O'er Tubby's crack debating
team—
If not Polonius.

Popular Plays

"The Honeymoon Trail."—Doc Cobb's path from the Sigma Nu House to the Delta Gamma House.

"The Girl Behind the Counter." Any Pi Phi by the trophy case in L. A. Hall.

"The Grand Mogul."—Reed Lane at the Beta House.

"The Three Twins."—Don Carlos, Marshall, Bogart.

"Little Nemo."—Any member of Shambaugh's classes.

"A Broken Idol."—The first time she sees him go into Fat's or to Assembly.

"The Woman's Hour."—Sorority meetings on Monday night.

"The Merry Widow."—Kate Mc Corkindale.

* * * *

Oh! that we two were canoeing
Once more on the classic stream
Which winds about by Coralville
And makes a man to dream.

Say the social Regulations
Take a chaperone along
So here we sit on the green bank
A humming this mournful song.

* * * *

Who is George Allen?

Miss Graves—He is that little fellow with the stern expression.

* * * *

Front row in U. S. History:
Ernest J. Wright, Ermine Puckett,
Mr. Graham, and Miss Stone.

Prof. Wilcox—Now the class must not be annoyed by any disturbance down here in the orchestra.

The Village Cop

The burglar came
And the burglar went,
But nobody made him stop.
He frightened the Kappas
Out of their wits,
Oh, where was the village cop?

The burglar called on the
Sigma Nus,
And some body's gun went pop.
They chased around in their
Pink pajamas,
But where was the village cop?

He called upon the Kappa Sigs
And stole the kitchen mop.
He scared the D. G.'s.
 Into fits,
Oh, where was the village cop?

The burglar pinched the
Beta's coats.
(The ones he didn't drop)
And also fifteen
Cents to boot,
Oh, where was the village cop?

And Sigma Chi
And Phi Delt too
He had 'em on the hop.
At last it dawned
Upon his mind
"There aint no village cop!"

As robbers even
Have their pride
His tactics took a flop
And bales and bales of
Coats came back
Because there was no cop.

The Song of the Simple Student

Let Kipling sing of the fragrant cigar
And Keats of his briarwood pipe.
Let Riley praise his tobacco jar
(Here someone, give me a light).

I sit and muse with heart carefree
And all my troubles forget,
While I sing to a sack of sweet Bull D.
And a hand made cigarette.

And as up life's steep path I climb
With toil and pain and sweat,
The sweetest solace that is mine
Is the humble cigarette.

And when at last my life is o'er
And in Heaven I'm given a seat
To St. Peter I'll say at the Heavenly door
Say, gimme the makins, Pete.

MADAM TRUTH-HURTZ' QUERY BOX

Dear Madam:—I am an attractive girl of nineteen and am engaged to a man who is no longer in school. There is a perfectly good man on deck, however, who is giving me a strenuous rush. I am not finding it necessary to wear the first man's pin as the second mentioned is of a different fraternity. Am I right in this? Ethel Barber.

You are certainly right. There should be a law declaring engagements null and void if the man does not show the girl a good time.

* * * *

Dear Madam:—I am a freshman girl and carry seven hours work. I am not more attractive than many other girls in school, yet I find my date-book so cram-full that I sometimes neglect my lessons. Is it fair to the other girls in school?

Helen Stewart.

I am glad to see you conscientious in this matter, but I can't see why you are in any way bound to consider the other girls. Keep up your seven hours and if it seems necessary, hand out discouragement in small doses to your numerous suitors. If your conscience insists on working overtime, try to see, "Was She to Blame?"

She wasn't.

* * * *

Dear Madam:—I am a Junior hailing from Coe, and am constantly annoyed by strangers speaking to me. Everybody knows me. It is very hard for me to stop and return these salutations. It takes



so much time off from my work. Is there any remedy?

Joe Mc Connell.

You evidently disagree with Ben Butler, who, after his week of vacation, exclaimed, "It's great to be famous." I would suggest that you bear up under these trying circumstances until the end of the school year. Then next fall go to a distant school, register incognito, and possibly you could remain there a quarter or even a semester without your identity being discovered.

* * * *

Dear Madam:—I get much uncalled for advice. How can I prevent this worst of all Freshman evils?

Ellen Bolser.

If you give everybody the history of your affairs, don't get incensed

when they insist on giving you advice on them.

* * * *

Dear Madam:—I am met on all sides by "Keep smiling," and "Look pleasant" and such other idiotic attempts at passing pleasantness. There is no reason for me to smile. Napoleon went through life a-frowning. Would you advise my resorting to these witty sallies or what?

Clyde Robbins.

People have different ideas as to what constitutes humor, as the contents of the Hawkeye Joke Box would prove. You have ample cause for rebelling, but just for a practical joke on your tormentors try smiling. Would it hurt you much?

* * * *

Dear Madam:—I am quite disheartened about my method. I am very pretty—have often, in fact, been compared to a French doll, and I make a terrific hit with men *at first*. But after a few cozy chats they cut me off their lists. Something is wrong with my method. Can you help me?

Lillian Smythe.

My dear, a pretty face may charm hard-headed man for awhile, but in the end some plain-looking, sensible girl wins out. Can't you cultivate an intelligent manner and impress people with your deep thoughts?

* * * *

Dear Madam:—I am a Senior of long standing and try to mould the

lines of all the younger girls who come within my reach. Some of them refuse to be moulded. Can you suggest some remedy other than reading them the riot act?

Sadie Holladay.

Many a victor has at some time stared defeat in the face. Sometime the girls will thank you. It may take some till eternity to come to it, but they will eventually.

* * * *

Dear Madam:—I am a very good mixer and have quite a fascinating way with girls, but I find much trouble in keeping the fair ones from discovering when they are seventh choice. How am I to do this successfully?

Irving Brant.

Find out before asking your lady just what girls are likely to be out of town or have headaches, or are too tired. Then the first girl will accept and your problem is solved.

* * * *

Dear Madam:—How can I control my temper? It is winning me much unpopularity but I seem absolutely incompetent to handle it. A helpful suggestion would be a great boon to me.

Mae Keyser.

You must undertake your remedy systematically. Avoid subjects that are likely to cause heated arguments. Don't disagree with people unless absolutely necessary and then don't. When you feel your temper rising a cold plunge will sometimes have the desired cooling effect.

Dope Dreamers

DOPE DREAMERS.

Founded by Sir Walter Raleigh.

IOWA BUSTER CHAPTER.

Motto—"SMOKE UP."

Colors—Brown—Taste—Dark Brown

National Den—Brown's Smoke House.

Branch Dens—The Brunswick,

The Athens,

The Lobby.

OFFICERS:

Exalted Pill Roller, Delirious Denio.

Royal Coffin—Nail Fiend—Happy Hasner.

FRATRES IN FACULTATE.

Starbuck,—Gordon,—Sloan,—Byers,—Ansley,—Hayes,—McLain,—Prentiss,—McClintock,—Smith,—Hunt—.

FRATRES IN UNIVERSITATE.

All the members of Y. M. C. A. Cabinet. All the S. A. E's.

RULES AND REGULATIONS.

1. Every Dope Dreamer must smoke after every class either at the south entrance to the Liberal Arts building, or the old Capitol steps or at some other recognized Doperorium.
2. Any Dope Dreamer speaking of money in amounts less than \$1,000,000.00 will be deprived of three cigarettes.
3. Every Dope Dreamer must, at a dance, excuse himself during every intermission and take a smoke.
4. All members must remove nicotine stains from the fingers, with pumice stone and lemon juice, when going home and keep their hands unwashed to conceal yellow marks.

PRIVILEGES.

1. Every Dope Dreamer is presented with a first class automobile directly after his initiation.
2. Any Dope Dreamer speaking of money in any amount less than \$1,000,000.00 will be fined three pills.
3. Nightly airship rides to the moon. Any member found chipping souvenirs off the moon will be fined one pill.
4. The nightly concert, given by the lodge orchestra of 16,000 pieces is always attractive.

Incongruities

Flora Cooper in decollete.
 Betty George in a Smart Set,
 Greek Schneider and Helen
 Stevens barn dancing.
 Prof. Starbuck keeping Lent.
 Alice Wilkinson playing French
 maid with Ben Butler.
 Ed. Mac Manus without a cig.
 Prof. Piper in an entertaining
 lecture.
 Ed. Griffith without Mildred De
 Lano.
 Grace Whitley unadorned by Kappa
 Sig jewelry.
 Beta freshmen in a peaceful state
 of mind.
 Irene Taake with no red in her
 color scheme.
 Pat Crowe with an open date
 book.
 Ralph Lawton without his ham-
 mer.
 Reed Lane studying Theology.
 Lorraine Robbins in a cloister.
 An uncynical remark from Paul
 Cocombs.
 General popularity for Herbie
 Harwood.
 The "happy medium" type in a
 Tri-Delt.
 Cy Strong exerting himself with
 a girl.
 Bertha Reichardt as a ballet
 dancer.

Apt Quotations

Meda Holman in Comic Opera.
 "With earnest eyes and round un-
 thinking face."—Edna Smith.
 "Work apace, apace, apace,
 apace."—Alice Brooks.



"He is an evening reveller, who makes,

His life an infancy, and sings his fill."—Walter Stewart.

* * *

"Could I embody and unbosom now

That which is most within me."—Pauline Dutton.

"Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow."—Fuzz Foster.

"'Tis something, nothing, words, illusion, wind."—Bunny Wassam.

"Honest labor bears a lovely face."—Libbie Hruska.

"Something too much of this."—Fat Hastings.

Eau De Quinine

A student named William Car-
 burry
 Took dope for his cough in a hurry
 He found in despair
 Twas meant for his hair
 And now his insides are all furry.

* * * *
 Looks Serious.

Lone Tree News, March 3, 1909:
 "Miss Mildred De Lano, accom-
 panied by her friend, Mr. Griffith,
 were over-Sunday guests at the
 A. H. De Lano home.

Madge Eastman and Arlo Wilson
 passing the S. A. E. House, at 9
 p.m.

Madge—Won't you take me in
 and introduce me to some of the
 fellows?

Arlo—Why no. That is—what for?
 Madge—Because you said you
 would sometime.

Arlo—I know—but not tonight.
 Madge—Why?

Arlo—Why—why—some of the
 fellows might have their—their—
 shoes off.

* * * *

De Voe asked the name of the
 fraternity house out near the
 freight yards. It was afterwards
 learned that he referred to the
 Tau Delt House.

* * * *

Prof. Shambaugh, (discussing the
 Iowa legislature)—Is an intellec-
 tual qualification required for
 members of the legislation?

Knerr—Yes, sir.

Shambaugh—You have evidently
 not visited the present assembly.

SORORITY RECIPES

Of all the great puzzles of tongue or pen
 The girl question's the greatest and always has been.
 We find this is so at S. U. I.
 The Greek co-ed problem, both you and I.
 For some are grave and some are fair,
 Distinguished each by her own air.
 But here to solve these wondrous mysteries
 Is a bunch of true and well tried recipes.
 Mark well the ingredients, watch the amount,
 And the result will be of true account.

Take an ounce of reserve, a cup of abstraction,
 Sprinkle well with a spice of calm satisfaction,
 A fairly good student, a love for the past,
 A liberal amount of "friendships—which last."
 And when this is baked in an oven slow,—
 Lo and behold, I'm a Kappa you know.

A good looking girl, a cupful of show,
 A liberal amount of "in-it-you-know"
 A pinch of spice, a hint of ease,
 A careless mien, an aim to please,
 Mix this well, coat over with Art,
 And a D. G. you'll have wholl play her part.

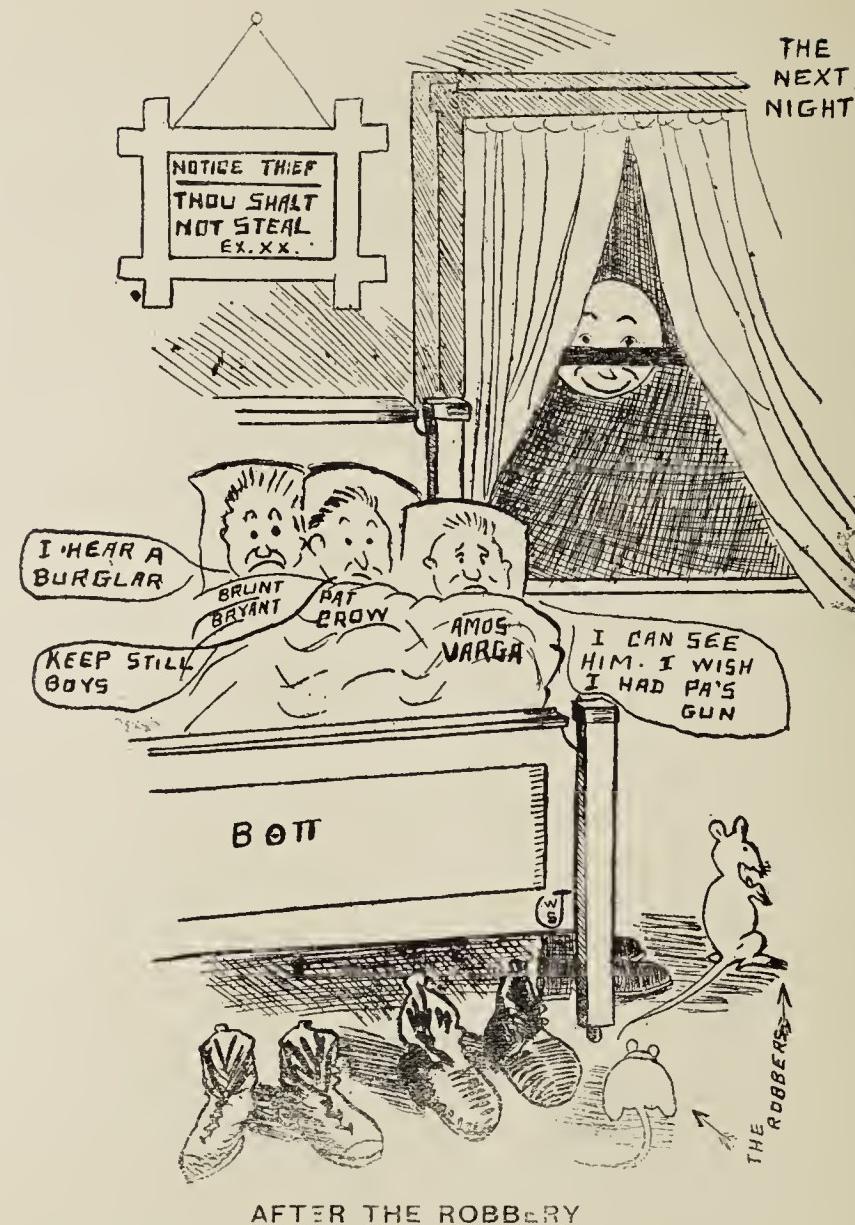
Take a pound of ambition, a cup of aloofness,
 A very warm heart and plenty of goodness,
 A queer little stare, a would-like-to-be air
 A burning desire for scholarship's key
 And her a modest Tri-Delt you will see.
 And last but not least, a peerless Pi - chi
 Is not made in a trice by a wink of the eye
 For many ingredients here you require—
 A cupfull of pride, a sprinkle of wit.
 A pound of good student, of conceit a wee bit,
 And a mixture you'll have for all to admire.

Charles Leeper * * * * worked the following starlight problem in mathematics:

A stroll with a girl
 Plus a rest on courthouse steps
 Plus a "risque" question.
 First result—A walk of sixteen blocks in silence. At the doorstep she said, "Mr. Leeper, you are not a gentleman. Here Jack! Here Sport!"

Second result—He went.
 Third result—His little brother John got the girl.

* * * * *
 Geissendoerfer—Gee fellows, I'm all fussed up. I'm going to take Mary Payne out riding.



AFTER THE ROBBERY

Inseparables

Reichardt's, Wednesday, 10 a. m.
Mrs. Reichardt—"Lizzie, Why have you the chairs all turned down on the tables? Go fix 'em. In a minute the Assembly rush will be on us."

Lizzie—"Yes'm, I did fix 'em. I was just leaving places for—

Theresa Heinsheimer and Bud Mayer.

Grace Whitley and Max Hemingway.

Jessie Hotz and Mr. Monihan.

Margaret Thompson and Reed Flickinger.

Libbie Hruska and Mark Hyland.
Jo Butler and Allan Kane.
Lucy Ayers and Mr. Russell.
Louise Adams and Dippy Stover.
Marjorie MacVicar and Doc Cobb.

Carl Byoir and Earl Stewart.
* * * *

Davis, as Stover goes by—"There goes the fussin' kid."

* * * *

Finnicum, (translating reflexives in German) "The dogs were chasing themselves down the street."

* * * *

Prof. Calvin always chuckles when he defines Geology. "Geology is a study of the earth and everything upon it."

* * * *

Extract from Corey's freshman oration: "And History, standing on the pedestal of Time, gazes into the archives of the Past."

* * * *

Anne G. (at Hep-Zet party) Do you know "I Love You Truly."

Mr. Nathan—Oh, do you?

Prof. Starbuck is lecturing to one of the classes honored by Clem Loehr's (alias "Divinity Loehr") presence,

"Pardon me, Prof. Starbuck, just a minute. I'd like to moralize that point. Now I have one dominant ideal in life that I try to bind everything I do to accomplish. I try to make everything bear this main thought. And you would be surprised—even the talk in the barber shop has some relation to this central idea. I believe it would be better for everyone to have some general idea like that to work at."

* * * *

The University catalogue says that Polygon and Ivy Lane are "purely literary societies." O Social Rules! What crimes are perpetrated in thy name!

* * * *

Fraternity Directory.

Helen Stewart Publishing Co.,
First names and family history
of famous faces seen on the campus
furnished free without request.

* * * *

Jenks, in Classical Library.

"Are you having any trouble with the ventilation here?"

Miss Hershire—No. Why?

Jenks—I heard you had a couple up here a-Venus-in' and a-Cupid-in' it and I thought it might interfere with the ventilation.

* * * *

Coulter, to Powell, who has just handed in his pedigree.—Sorry Powell, but you'll have to see the Business Manager for advertising rates.

Prexy's House

One night last February, Miss George and another young lady, accompanied by two young men, started from the Pi Phi house for a little walk. Arrived at the head of Clinton street, they stood admiring the "Presidential Mansion."

"Isn't it beautiful," said the Freshy Pi Phi.

"Why not look in?" inquired one of the young men gallantly.

"That would be fine," cried Miss George.

"You see the lights are on but the janitor stays up here nights. The janitor is an old man with gray hair and moustache and is nice looking. I'm sure he will let us look in. You two go and ask if we can take a look at the parlor."

The Freshy and the gallant trooped to the door and rang the bell. It was answered by Prexy himself. All three were surprised.

"Why, my dear young people, I shall hold a public reception soon and you shall all be invited."

* * * *

Dot Ranck, (to Norma Scott)— You're not in love with the man. You're in love with love! That's what ails you.

Scene, next Sunday evening in the parlor.

Dunkleburg, (on his knees)— Norma, my love, you must hear me!

Man of the house, (opening the door)—I don't see why she shouldn't hear ye. She hain't no wise deaf like I be, and I hain't havin' no trouble a-hearin'.

Browning—Did you learn roller skating quickly?

Cunningham—Sure, I tumbled the first thing.

* * * *

H. P. Smith, (after Philo-Irving debate)—Well by Judas, one man can't win the whole debate.

(After the Zet-Irving debate)— If I had been on the Zet team I certainly would have fixed them on "assessment at the source". The Zets never had that question down like I had it.

* * * *

Irving Brant offers a prize for anyone who can read this limerick intelligently. He maintains it has perfect rhyme and sense:—

There was a young lady named Colmondeley,
Who in spite of her name was quite colmondeley,
An lecole des Beaux Arts
She found her feaux arts
Not likely to pass her by dolmondeley.

* * * *

And then he broke his date.
Jones (on Military ball committee)—"When do we get our comps for the Prom?"

Johnson—"Wake up, we didn't trade with the committee."

Jones—"Pshaw, I've got my program nearly filled."

* * * *

Eugene Tilton.
He that loves a rosy cheek.
Or a coral lip admires;
Or from star-like eyes doth seek
Fuel to maintain his fires.

DEPARTMENT OF FUSSING

Professor

DOC. COBB.

Assistant Professor

MAX HEMINGWAY.

Instructors.

Ben Butler,
Burly Thompson,Ed Griffith,
Stub Stewart.

Course 21.—General Fussology—Elementary. This course is designed to give the first year student a general view of the whole subject and to introduce the principal features to those who wish to specialize later.

Credit is not given unless student takes daily strolls, talks in the central hall of the L. A. building and calls twice a week on a young lady.

Text:—Beatrice Fairfax's "Advice to Lovelorn"

Course 22.—Course leading to young lady's wearing fraternity pin or diamond ring.

Includes moonlight walks, excursions up the classic Iowa, breaking of house rules and daily calls.

Text:—Mrs. Browning's Love Sonnets.

Course 23.—Open only to graduate students who expect to make this their life work.

Text:—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

STUDENTS REGISTERED.

Jerry McMahon,
Monk Spaulding,

"THE SMOKER"

(A Tragedy in Two Acts.)

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

Ralph Finnicum.....His "Old Man"
Laurance Mayer....."His Dad"

ACT ONE.

Scene: The home of "Old Man" Finnicum in Des Moines, Iowa.

Time: After Dinner.—The "Old Man" appears with a box of Havanas and offers one to Laurance, who accepts, then helps himself.

"Old Man"—These are very fine Mr. Mayer. A cigar is such a comfort after dinner. Just the same I'm glad that Ralph doesn't smoke.

Curtain.

ACT TWO.

Scene: The home of Laurance's "Dad" in Iowa City, Iowa.

Time: After Dinner:

"Dad" enters left with a box of key wests and offers one to Ralph, who accepts, then helps himself.

Dad: These are the very best in town, Mr. Finnicum. I enjoy one after dinner. Somehow though I am really glad that Laurance hasn't begun smoking yet.

Dean Volland

Who d'ye think we've got here?—
quite reformed from the giddy,
**Fantastic young thing that once
made such a noise**
Why the famous Dean Volland—
delectable Biddy,
Whom you and I saw once at college, when boys,
In the full blaze of bonnets, and ribbons and airs—
Such a thing as no rainbow hath colors to paint;
Ere the deanship reduced her to morals and prayers,
And the Girl found a safer retreat in the Saint.

* * * *

A Sigma Chi to a strange man in town—"Oh, you're going to take a D. G. to the party tomorrow night."—(pityingly)—We don't have anything to do with them. They are so poor nationally and we so good that we just go with Pi Phis."

* * * *

Dear Don:— Sorry to have to disappoint you, but guess I can't keep the date for this evening.

He came this afternoon and surprised me. Hope 'you won't be too sore.' Ever, Doriha.

* * * *

Spangler, (looking at "I'm Afraid to Come Home in the Dark.") "What does that C. A. F. E. stand for?"

* * * *

During the dance.
"You are quite a warbler, Miss Hruska."

Libby—"Say, do you drop your 'r's' on purpose?"

German girl in Mainze, Germany—Are both of you men from America?

Gutz—Yes, we both live over there.

Girl—I have heard that it is a land of gold. Is it true?

Gutz—Yes, we are all very rich.

Girl—I think that you are very nice men and I like you. Can't you take me over to America with you? I will do anything you ask if you will just take me over. I will work all my life for you. Won't you, please? It will almost kill me if you don't.

Gutz, (aside to Johnson, in English)—Come on Bill. I am getting roped in. Let's go. (to girl) No I have a girl at home. I can't take you. Sorry, but good-bye.

* * * *

To Carrie Bradley.

I have learned thy arts, and now
Can disdain as much as thou.

—Jessie Payne.

* * * *

Burkheimer.

Thou dost drink and dance and sing

Happier than the happiest king.

* * * *

Hyter, (translating French) —
"He applied his eye to the keyhole."

Prof. Bush—"Will you read that again?"

Hyter—"He put his eye in the keyhole."

Bush—"What's that?"

Hyter, (stammering)—"Well, in other words, he looked through the keyhole."

A Lament

Professor Plum is my teacher, I shall not pass. He maketh me to answer in deep embarrassment; he leadeth me into traps of mine own setting. He calleth my bluff; he leadeth me into dusty paths among orchards of dates for mine own nourishment. Yea, though I walk with the shades of Antony and Caesar, I cannot recite, for they will not help me; their dignity and their laws they crush me. He prepareth me for a plucking in the presence of my classmates; he raineth on my head his questions; he sheweth me up. Verily,, history doth haunt me every hour of my life, until I shall dwell in the University no more forever.

* * * *

G. E. Frazier—The human jumping-jack playing baseball at the gym.

* * * *

Enter lady in the Secretary's office.

Behind the counter Arvid Lideen. "Please may I register?"

"Your name?"—and he glances out of the window with a far-away look in his eye.

"Mrs. Whiteis." whereupon Lideen proceeds to write the name of Miss Woodruff, with whom he had gone to a dance the night before.

* * * *

Mary—I tell you, Bud Wise cannot be compared—

Hazel—"Oh, yes he can—" Budweiser."

* * * *

Customer (at Coast's)—"Say, I want one of those ties like Pat Crowe wears."

Last fall the sellers of football tickets worked a little strategy of requiring signers to name their co-ed friends.

Following are some interesting results:

- J. E. Okell ----- Grace Whitley.
- B. F. Bice ----- Miss Uncertain.
- B. C. Riley ----- Marie Rogers.
- W. E. Cody ----- Vera Wilcox.
- R. W. Markham - Marie Rogers.

* * * *

"Snick" Kuesel upon hearing the announcement of another Delta Gramma's engagement.—"I'm awfully glad to hear your girls are so successful."

* * * *

Mr. Hahn, (pledged Sigma Chi)—"Well, I haven't a favorite in the bunch. I don't know them very well yet."

The fair co-ed—"But you must know them pretty well. You're pledged to them."

Mr. Hahn—"I've only met them a couple of times so far, and I think I'll like them better when I know them better."

* * * *

Enthusiastic Freshie—I shine my shoes for Percy when I go to see him about my work.

* * * *

Lonia K.—Say, do you s'pose it would be all right to put some lye in the water to wash my hair in?

* * * *

Edith Rigler has even been seen using a fountain pen labelled "Hub."

* * * *

Ethel Sykes—A volcano is a mountair that has fits.

DR. CLARENCE BUNNY WASSAM

Gives His Lecture

"A STRONG YOUNG HOPEFUL"

==== At ===

KESWICK M. E. CHURCH.

This lecture, which costs the Ladies' Aid Society \$5.00 and expenses, should call out everyone of Keswick's ninety-eight souls.

Recommendations

"Lightning on a limb" is what we call Wassam. "A whirlwind of talk."

--Washington, Iowa, Democrat.

Softly as the summer breezes Wafted gently from the south Come the tintinabulations Of my automatic mouth.	How I love its giddy gurgle How I love its ceaseless flow, How I love to wind my mouth up How I love to hear it go.
---	--

Comments heard when Prof. Bush had his beard shaved off:
 "Oh! How funny he looks!"
 "How horrid of him!"
 "It was so becoming, too."
 "What an odd chin he has."

* * *

Miss Scott, (disgusted)—If anything makes me hot it is to shiver.

* * *

Wallace Larsen—Every day since I told Mary Waterbury how nice she looked she's had her face "laundered" and has made sheep eyes at me.

* * *

Nellie Jones—Isn't this a wicked world?

Hazel Addison—Yes, among the men.

* * *

Grandad, lay your specs aside
 And take me on our knee
 And tell me of the social stars
 The Tau Delt used to be.

* * *

Little social strivings
 Mixed with pure conceit
 Make the Psi Omega's
 Pretty hard to beat.

* * *

Leave these wicked ways of sin
 Vice is so provoking
 Why just think a Sigma Tau
 Was really seen a smoking

* * *

The bloomin' hero, Joe Fee,
 When to the sideline goes he,
 He weeps and he groans and maketh loud moans,
 A pitiful sight to see.

Adaptations.
 Tell me not in mournful numbers
 Life is but an empty dream
 And the chaperon's dead that slumbers
 And the dark dance's not what it seems.

Life is real, life is earnest
 College life is the life for me
 Give me the girl that to me's the dearest
 And you can go to Ames' "Campanile."

* * *

It takes all kinds of people to make a University. We give the following free-will offering just as given to us. It is representative student cynicism, and nothing more:—

University Dictionary.

State Legislature—A large body of cash surrounded by grafters.

University faculty—A home for incurables, composed of men who haven't been able to earn a living in any other way.

Christianity—A notable relic exhibited every Sunday in the churches.

Cram—The only religion practiced on Sunday.

Home—A former habitation.

Hell—A future habitation.

* * *

Like a ray of sunshine
 That on the air doth float,
 Like a beam from Heaven
 Is Miss Scott's coat.

* * *

Edna Smith—Miriam McCune's father kissed everyone of us good-bye last night. Gee! He's a peach.

* * *

Anna Shepard forsook Pugsley for Randall. She evidently prefers Tubs to Pugs.

THE BETA BURGLARS.
 ROUGH AND READY REED
 THE
 ADVANTAGEOUS ADVERTISER.
 A Serio Comic and Almost Tragedy in Two Acts.

A SCENE.

Time—Night after robbery at Tau Delt House.

Act I. Delta Gamma House—

Mr. Lane to Miss Marshall—"Just wait till these burglars come to our house, I'm laying for them. Pity them if you must but—Grr-grr R R grr—echoed by McManus to companion of Miss Marshall.

Miss Marshall—Ph! Mr. Lane! Aren't you brave? and so modest too. Exeunt all, 10 o'clock.

Act II. Beta House — Reed's room. The next Sunday night 1 A. M.

Reed—Wake up Ed; Burglars in the house.

McManus—Let them burgle—No, I will save you, I'll tell one of my Irish stories and scare them away.

Reed—My God—No Ed—You don't want murder on your hands. Let me handle them (creeps out of bed to head of stairs and calls) "This is Reed Lane of Davenport, son of the Hon. Joe R. Lane talking—Take both my overcoats, its nearly spring and it will bring my name into print twice.

Finale—The Scene—The morning after.

Front of Buster Browns. Reed Lane is telling crowd of open mouthed retainers of his bravery. Miss M. passes, stops.

Miss M.—Mr. Lane, you have trampled in all my ideals of bravery, modesty, etc. Oh, why didn't the burglars take you and leave the overcoats. As the poet says—

He who scares the burglars away,
 Will get his overcoats some day.
 Curtain—Miss M. down center. Mr. Lane couchant. Multitude applauding.

* * *

Epigrammatic.

A pony is sufficient unto itself.
 A co-ed's psyche knot is not always what it seems.

He that maketh a football team engageth himself with S. A. E.

Periodic osculation is the Pi Phi's bid for popularity.

He that entereth the D. G. house with a proud step will leave with humility in his heart.

'Tis better to have been an Irving than never to have danced at all.

He that bluffeth a professor is greater than he that taketh a city.

And the Dean of Women said, "Let there be light." And there was light.

* * *

Shortey Dyer tells his friends that one night he went home—and as he crawled under the front porch to get three bottles of lemonade—he saw three burglars. But inasmuch as Shorty would never affirm that he saw the three burglars before and not after he secured his three bottles of lemonade, his friends have refused to become excited over the matter.

* * *

The Tau Delt got generous, one time this year, and invited John Constantine to dinner. Everything went lovely until John thoughtlessly looked at the spoon at his plate. Then the guest's eyes opened wide with astonishment. The spoon was marked "The Olympian"

University Calendar

OCTOBER.

- 1.—Social duties compel Hemingway to quit football.
- 2.—Jimmy Oakes does not smoke a cigar.
- 3.—Hippy causes Joe Fee to be taken out of Morningside game.
- 4.—Miss Potter takes advantage of the Daily Iowan at the Coldren.
- 5.—Prof. Plum begins recitation two minutes after gong sounds.
- 6.—The lady at the library desk goes to sleep.
- 7.—Reichardt pays Prexy five dollars to close library during chapel hour.
- 8.—Verna Moulton watches the dome of the Old Capital turn every fifteen minutes.
- 9.—Hazel Arnd adopts Bobbie Cornell.
- 10.—Corey gets a shave.
- 11.—Franc's Varga calls up Ellen Bolser and asks for a date anytime in January.
- 12.—Late in the evening, "Bud" Mayer stumbled over the wire fence on College avenue parking and spilled a bottle of lemonade.
- 13.—Genevieve Willetts meets Karl Loos at a church social. After twenty minutes conversation with him, she confides to a friend that she has about made up her mind to go to Ames to study domestic science.
- 14.—The beef steak at the Tri Delt House was unusually tough.
- 15.—Charles Warren Briggs received a check for thirty cents in full payment for an oration which he delivered at Wapello July 4th, 1908.

- 16.—Eugene Tilton announces that he has nothing important to say upon this day.
- 17.—Roaring rally of the University Republican club. President Luxford presided and did the talking. Realff Ottesen and Clifford Powell attended in a body.
- 18.—Enthusiastic gathering of the University Demos. H. Hale Smith read the minutes of the previous meeting. Earl Stewart and William Jennings Bryan were declared to be the two most eloquent speakers in America. Meeting adjourned.
- 19.—President Mac Lean and Dean Seashore both fall asleep during a public lecture in the Natural Science Auditorium.

NOVEMBER.

- 1.—Sigma Nu's put in bill to Sigma Chi's for four week's board for said Red Mitchell.
- 2.—Gladys Marshall decides in favor of Wednesday night assemblies.
- 3.—Agnes Pheney and Kate Somerwell patronize Brown's Nickeldom. On their way home, two nice-looking Freshmen, whom Agnes thinks she ought to recognize, ask to walk home with them. They are duly presented to Miss Somerwell and everything is peaceful until Miss Pheney extends a cordial invitation to the "boys" to come into the Pi Phi House and meet the girls. But it seems they have had enough meetings for one evening, and thin-skinned Freshmen that they are confess that they are imposters and leave the chagrined maids on the steps (Oh! Phoebe, what did Bobbie think of the thirty-five page note you sent explaining?)

University Calendar

- 4.—Meeting of Civics club held on this date. President Louis Hill and Rosse Whitnal were present. Hence, business was conducted "as usual."
- 5.—Bostonian Ballet Dancers at Coldren. Did the Phi Psis have frat meeting on this date? For information see Carrie Bradley.
- 6.—Francis Louise throws discretion to the winds and attends her first dance.
- 7.—Prof. Bush exposes his chin to the wintry blasts.
- 8.—Isaac Stutsman deserts football practice for a bunch of golden hair and a pair of shining blue eyes.
- 9.—Mae Keyser recites in Miss Johnson's Shakespeare class.
- 10.—Arlo Wilson calls on Edith Eastman and slips a note across the table reading "May I kiss you?"

DECEMBER.

- 1.—Carberry attempts to grow a stomachic beard.
- 2.—Kay Knerr plays pool.
- 3.—Vincent Starzinger attends all three of his classes on this date. Great consternation among his professors.

TEN O'CLOCK WALTZ

PREXY. #

DEAN MABLE.

- 4.—Carl Hollman took Lieut. Weeks on a little hike to West Liberty to show the lieutenant where to pitch the next spring camp.
- 5.—Prexy made one of his five minute speeches. He ceased talking at the end of the first half hour.
- 6.—Waldo Miner, "famous" freshie athlete and debater came to classes with his lessons prepared. Unfortunately, his professor neglected to "call" on him.
- 7.—Kenneth Colegrove is elected an honorary member of all Hesperian committees.
- 8.—The cook at the Pi Phi House upset the boiled cabbage. Consequently, the girls all adjourned to the Bon Ton for dinner.
- 9.—Percy Haughtelin buys all his text books and decides to begin the semester's work.
- 10.—Frosty Theobald appeared at his eight o'clock tariff class before roll call was taken, complained of being sick the night before.
- 11.—Prof. Henry Evarts Gordon won brilliant victories over the Badgers and Gophers in debate. He was ably assisted by Frank J. Randall, assistant in debate.
- 12.—Matilda Hanke is elected by the class of '11 to lead the Sophomore Cotillion. Miss Hanke wins much applause by her graceful speech of acceptance.
- 13.—Miss Hanke withdraws her name for reasons unguessed by the committee.
- 14.—Murder will out. The play which Hunt, Sieg, and Sunny Lawton wrote on their summer vacation with the charming Slopperetta as heroine is discarded.
- 20.—Leeper brothers wear their uniforms home.

University Calendar

JANUARY.

- 9.—“Ching” Powell announces that he will spend four more years at Iowa if the girls will leave him alone.
- 10.—George Allen sends flowers.
- 11.—A freshie Beta rushes Jim Clarke.
- 12.—Lillian Smith misses her visit to Reichardt's.
- 13.—Max Mayer sends Stover's governor a bill.
- 14.—Said governor revived with smelling salts.
- 15.—Fat Johnson sits on a \$25 thermometer.
- 16.—Mary Hayden acquires an Alfalfadelt pin.
- 17.—Hazel Bock heroically rescues a tin can from the posterior appendage of a small dog. The deed took place in front of the new science hall, in the presence of a few friends and a great many strangers.
- 18.—Nellie Jones gave a combination skating and swimming exhibition in the Iowa river just below the athletic field. Jefferson street bridge was crowded with spectators, who pronounced the affair a huge success.
- 19.—Hilda Ellyson publicly states that there is one Irving who should have been a Zet.
- 20.—George Allen publicly states that there is one Hesperian who should have been an Ero.
- 21.—Waskwi party held, minus a chaperone.
- 22.—Ben Butler called upon the carpet by Prexy and Dean Volland. He assures them that he never missed the Waskwi chaperon.
- 23.—Hurried meeting of social regulations committee.
- 24.—Prexy informs Butler he will be suspended for one week.
- 25.—Butler retains an attorney.

- 26.—Butler's attorney spends two hours closeted with Prexy.
- 27.—President MacLean tells Butler that he will not be suspended, but that the attorney's visit had nothing to do with it.
- 28.—Butler finds he has been suspended, but retaliates by inviting Prexy and Dean Volland to lead the Grand March at the Prom.
- 29.—President Mac Lean calls meeting of faculty to “find out who advised Ben Butler to be seditious.”



University Calendar

FEBRUARY.

- 1.—A friend, meeting Helen Pelletier, inquires of her where Joe is. She replied: "Oh, Jo went up to L. A. early to get my history paper so no one will know I got 10 in Wilcox's quiz."
- 2.—Joseph McConnell remarks: "It is so funny that I don't know every one in the University when everyone knows me."
- 3.—A committee from the forensic societies appeared before the University Senate, and overwhelmed the staid old members with eloquence and knowledge.
- 4.—Irene Evans is taken seriously ill, but is cured by a lemon.
- 5.—Post exam Jubilee—What's the use?
- 6.—Micky McCowan returns to Iowa after a season of disloyalty.
- 7.—The Erodelphians postpone their program until the next meeting. But first Bess Clarke reads her paper on "current events," which had been very difficult to prepare, had taken much time and thought, and which would no longer be current in two weeks.
- 8.—Helen Stevens flunks a question in Latin construction.
- 9.—There is a tacit agreement between Bob Stover and Horace Towner to let Prof. Horack talk in Actual American Gov't. The class is dismissed at 10:30.
- 10.—The Kappas pass a resolution that Ferry be allowed to call Elizabeth to the 'phone only three times a day, and that the limit of a half hour be set for each conversation.
- 11.—Irving Brant calls up Edith Shugart and has a touching dialogue with the house maid.



PAN HELLENIC BASE BALL

- 13.—Final call for Hawkeye pictures. This is no joke.
- 12.—Lorraine Robbins at the close of the English class inquired anxiously—"What is the examination on, Prof. Piper?"
Prof. Piper—graciously—"On Friday, Miss Robbins—on Friday."
- 14.—Professor Calvin cracks a joke, and the class is allowed a quiet smile.
- 15.—Ellen Bolser has a sad case on Laura Young.
- 16.—Miss Bolser takes a sudden deep interest in Jess Don Carlos.
- 17.—Ellen Celesti holds many secret sessions with Dorothy Musser.
- 18.—Miss Bolser gets crushed on Tonie Lovell.
- 19.—Eight Kappas cut assembly in order to view the sleeping Beauty at the Bijou Dream.
- 20.—Leta Towner discovers she is not "Humorous" but "Literary."
- 22.—Robbers take five overcoats from Kappa Sig House.

University Calendar

- 23.—Kappa Sigs hold meeting and decide that no member shall wear overcoats.
- 24.—Martin Smith to lady friend: "If the burglars get into our house we'll put 'em in the bath tub like we do our drunks."
- 25.—Burglars steal four overcoats from Beta House.
- 26.—Martin Smith to lady friend: "I was out of town last night."
- 28.—Stub Stewart is unanimous choice for captain of basketball team. For whom did Stub vote?

MARCH.

- 1.—Marjorie Mac Vicar is elected treasurer of the Y. W. C. A.
- 2.—Burglars enter the Sigma Nu House.
- 3.—Florence Mayer and Margaret Marshall roast the police.
- 4.—Phi Beta Pi gives a tissue paper flower party.
- 5.—Fat Hastings smokes cigarettes on the front porch all night while laying for burglars.
- 6.—Prexy Lideen plays solitaire in the D. G. parlor.
- 7.—The Zet's don't hold their prepared banquet.
- 8.—Profs. Hunt and Sieg set bad example to undergrads by writing notes and giggling at a chamber musical.
- 9.—India Goodman announces that under no circumstances does she want her name to appear in the Hawkeye.

APRIL.

- 1.—All Fool's day. Especially the sororities.
- 2.—Stover gives Whitaker a check for ten cents.
- 3. George Frazer goes fussing with a chess-board under his arm.
- 4.—Jake Van der Zee has five dreams of the Council at Oxford in which he saw the pattern of the carpet.



J.C. MUNDT WATERED THE
ARTIFICIAL PALMS EVERY DAY
AT THE MERCHANT'S RESTAURANT

THE YELLOW KID, or the Tale of Eddie O'Brien

(On January 12th, last, a committee representing the literary societies of the university met with the Social Committee of the Senate relative to considering the effect of the social regulations upon the literary societies. The tragedy in full comprises four acts of seventeen scenes each. The Hawkeye reporter reproduces the opening scene of act one.—Editors).

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

President George E. MacLean, Anxious father of our great University family.

Hon. Frank J. Randall, Erstwhile coach of the University debating teams.

Dean Charles Noble Gregory, Local authority on international law and domestic social relations.

Dean Mable M. Volland, The affectionate mother of eight hundred University girls.

Eddie O'Brien, President of Marshall Law Literary Society, a supposed defender of the faith, but in fact, the Yellow Kid.

Ministers plenipotentiary, ambassadors, and others from the rabble.

ACT I.

Scene 1.

Time: On a Tuesday afternoon.

Place—Prexy's reception room. Social committee seated at the head of a long table. The coach, ministers plenipotentiary, ambassadors, etc. huddled together near the door.

Coach Randall (Rising) "Everybody knows that these social regulations have killed the literary societies. We all admit this. Therefore it devolves upon the Social Committee to prove that they haven't."

Prexy (in high patriarchial tone) "As father of this happy university family, I proclaim your argument irrelevant, incompetent, and immaterial."

Dean Gregory (Pulling his dignity from out his hip pocket) "I refuse to sit in such a meeting!"

Eddie O'Brien (Sniffling) "Please President MacLean, let me go. These individuals (pointing to the ministers plenipotentiary ambassadors etc.) dragged me in here."

Prexy "Impossible."

Eddie (Sobbing) "Yes, they did I don't represent nothing—I'm a Marshall Law. I believe in all your social regulations."

Dean Volland (With emotion) "Ah!"

Eddie "Yes, I favor every one."

Dean Gregory "We must hear more of this."

Eddie (Breaking down completely) "I can't go farther. I-I was illegally co-co-coerced."

Prexy "And this in my family! Be brave, my boy, tell all."

Eddie (carefully draining his tears into the top of one of Starzinger's shoes) "I'll try, sir. I was studying my lessons when these individuals (pointing again to the ministers plenipotentiary, ambassadors, etc.) seized me and dragged me in here. I'm sure any literary society can meet on any night Dean Volland says they can. I think she's nice." Then casting a fearful glance at Dean Gregory, he added, "Please let me go and study some more."

Dean Gregory (slipping his dignity beneath a nearby book) "Noble lad—I am so glad you belong to my college. You'll make a fine lawyer."

Dean Volland "Poor boy! How my heart goes out to him. He needs more motherly affection."

Prexy "He is the kind of son of which Old Gold may justly feel proud."

Social Committee arising en masse repeated the following:

"Little Eddie, Little Eddie, Little Eddie dear,
We are with you always
To give you hope and cheer."

(Scene closes with O'Brien shedding tears that fall to the ground like golf balls, while the ministers plenipotentiary and ambassadors sheepishly crawl under the table.)

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LEARN TO LOVE
YOU IF YOU TOOK
HER DRIVING ON
SOME OF THESE
FINE SUMMER DAYS
IN ONE OF

MURPHY'S RIGS

G. A. MURPHY

LIVERY

The English Novel.

The class in the English Novel is assembled. Prof. Sam Sloan sits in a chair by the window thinking. The gong rings, Sam closes the door, places the chairs out of the way, slides the desk to one side and clears the deck for action.

Roll-Call.

Now this morning I want to give you a single lecture on Horace Walpole.

Now one, His Supernatural elements.

Those of you who will take the trouble to go over here into our general library will find a book that swarms with things that never were on land or sea—to use a phrase which seems to fit in at this time. In it a statue oozes three several drops of blood. It abounds in cheerless pessimism on the one hand over there rather than in buoyant optimism on the other hand over here. All the ghosts that ever squeaked or jibbered are here—as ever-present as the conventional fly in canning season. In spite of the opinion of the “hoi dolloi,”—the great unwashed, and of your mistaken but well-meaning high-school teachers. Walpole did not find it necessary to give the exact number of the fallen angels. He was not like the reporter who



says that Mrs. Jones gave birth to a child that tipped the scales at exactly eight and three-quarter pounds. He was unlike the doctors Dry-as-Dust—the professors of history in our university, or Daniel Defoe, who was as long winded as the late Senator Allison.

I want to impress it upon you as much as you are able to understand that this Gothic toy was struck off in the white heat of passion (strikes his breast) and was necessarily inconsistent on this side rather than

consistent on this side—just as Defoe makes one of his characters swim naked to shore with his pockets full of biscuits. In making the tongue stick and the blood congeal, this picaresque tale has Poe backed off the boards. In a course of this kind it takes its place historically by virtue of the following qualities: winding staircases, subterranean chambers, moldering manuscripts, dark passages, echoing vaults, clanking chains, sliding panels, hidden trap doors, secret plots, midnight burials, black towers, vanishing trails, unearthly voices, noxious vapors, hanging daggers, bleeding corpses—and so on ad infinitum. In this regard we are reminded of the Penny Dreadful, or the windy villain on the Haunted Heroine circuit, where it takes the stage hands an hour to sweep the blood off the stage.

To connect this with the ghost of Hamlet is the apotheosis of asininity—as I suppose most of you do not know.

Now Two. His Conventional Characters.

Now as I hope I have made clear by this time, beginning with this for a front date and this for a back date, realism in the strict sense

rather than in the broad sense has no more place than the proverbial snowflake in Hades. To those of you who really mean business in this course this should be as plain as the nose on your teacher's face, and ought to come in handy in that time which tries men's souls and tries women's souls. As to further remarks on the rights of man, we'll leave that to our orator Kyle. Walpole's heroes are types of swashbuckling romance. They are wooden puppets (snaps fingers) rather than living throbbing beings. His heroines are of the wishy-washy, ivy-cling-around-the-oak type, with all the virtues of all religions. His villains are excrescences of humanity who declaim in Brobdignagian phraseology and grandiose diction. They pump the tear-ducts of the languorous creatures, causing them to go about with faces so long that they could eat oats out of a churn, (jingling of keys.) while the hero is living on weak tea and women's adulations. Now to sum up the matter once and for all so that it will stick in the God-given faculties of that young man right down there and that young woman right over there, in the drawing of characters more than in any other way Walpole displayed the art of sinking low.

That'll be all for this morning.



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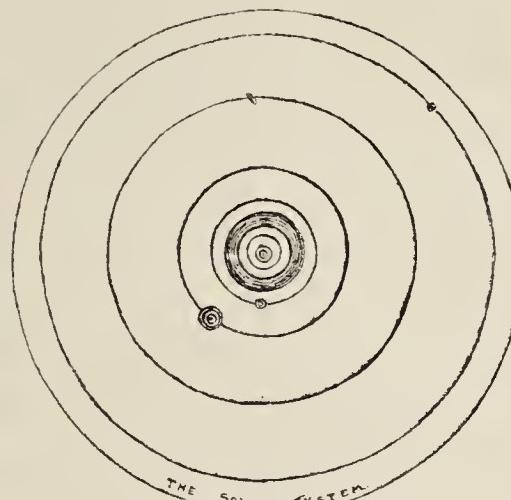
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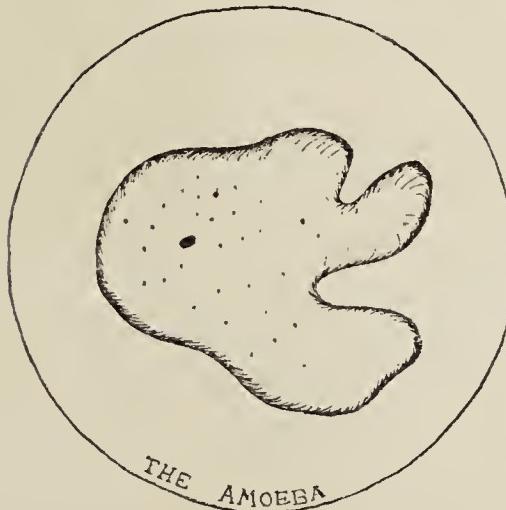
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The Tragedy of the Sixty-five Dollar Suit

George: "Central give me number..... Hello, Clarence, this is George."

Clarence: "Oh, hello. I'm just trying on my dress suit. This is only the fourth time today. Gee! it is swell."

George: "Have you seen the Wisconsin team yet?"

Clarence: "Yes. They may be debaters, but when they get into dress suits they will look like Missouri mules at a pink tea party. Wish you could see me."

George: "By the way, has Prof. Gordon called you up?"
Clarence: "No. Why?"

George: "Guess I might as well tell you then."

Clarence: "What's happened?"

George: "Well—Er—Er—you know it isn't the custom of debaters at Madison to wear dress suits."

Clarence: "I know it, but we will show the Badgers how to do it. That's why I bought my suit. Gee! the trouser legs have braid down the sides."

George: "What would you say if I told you the Wisconsin team didn't bring their dress suits?"

Clarence: "Quit joking. It is too serious."

George: "You know Wisconsin once called a debate off with Michigan because the Wolverines insisted on wearing dress suits."

Clarence: "What has that got to do with us?"

George: "Nothing much, only the Wisconsin men have refused to wear the togs. They say it is not customary."

Clarence: "Customary the devil! Why—."

George: "Well, you see—."

Clarence: "Why don't they come out of the hazel nut brush. Aren't they civilized? Don't they know I bought a new suit just for this debate?"

George: "I am sure I don't know."

Clarence! "Look here! You don't seem to realize that I

paid \$65.00 for this suit and that the trousers have braid down the side. They have got to wear dress suits."

George: "But they won't."

Clarence: "We will wear ours anyway."

George: "Why Clarence—."

Clarence: "I don't care. I'm going to wear mine."

George: "But you can't wear yours if we all don't."

Clarence: "Yes I can. I'll show them how to appear in proper form. Furthermore, I am going right down to the hotel and tell those sway back hay pitchers what I think of them. We can't scandalize the University. What would the Social Committee say?"

George: "All right, you see the Badgers. In the meantime what do you think we should wear if they still refuse?"

Clarence: "But they dare not refuse me."

George: "I know it, but just supposing they should."

Clarence: "Oh, well—the proper thing would be a low turn down collar and a black bow tie. Will you wear that?"

George: "Yes."

Clarence: "Wait a moment! The Woman's Home Dresser for this month says it should be a high stand up-turn down collar with a red checkered fluff tie. Will you wear that?"

George: "Er—Yes."

Clarence: "Of course these are merely my ideas. What does Robbins think?"

George: "Oh, he said he believed we ought to wear horse collars."

Clarence: "I guess after all, though, a low turn down collar with a black tie would be best. I have a nice new tie, too."

George: "Well—Good bye."

Clarence: "Dam those Badgers—Good bye."

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THE HAWKEYE BUDGET

After searching investigation extending over a period of three years, the Hawkeye is about to submit the following budget to the State Legislature in behalf of the students of the University of Iowa. We feel certain that the appropriations herein set forth will receive just consideration.

We ask the following for professors:

Shambaugh:—

An additional fund of \$2,000,156.64 to permit research assistants Mr. Louis J. Pelzer and Mr. Daniel Clark to complete their 23 volume work on "Pioneer Automobiling Among the Shady Cornfields of Territorial Iowa."

Also an additional \$1,000,000.25 for better binding for the books of the State Historical Society.

Wilcox, W. C.:—

Twenty four cents for the purchase of a new batch of jokes to go with his History class lectures.

Frank J. Horack, et al:—

22,222.97 pounds of water per year to irrigate class lectures. Dry farming is not popular at the university. It has a tendency to produce a certain variety of Plums that are closely related to Proons.

Prof. A. G. Smith:—

One suit of extra heavy coated mail to resist the thunderbolts fired at him by ambitious newspaper reporters.

Profs "Bull" Byers, Shroeder, and Sieg:—

An increase in annual salaries of fifty cents apiece so that they can attend the University dinners in the future.

Social Committee:—

\$1,000.00 for the purchase and presentation with best wishes of the student body, of one large, well formed, natural colored lemon.

Paul S. Peirce:—

One automatic baby rocker.
One automatic baby sleeper
One automatic baby carrier.
One automatic baby tooth cutter.
One thousand automatic baby safety pins.

Prexy:—

\$1,289.64 for the purchase of one new, improved, double geared telescope for the west veranda of the president's new home.

Dean Volland:—

\$21.37 for purchase of one extra heavy swinging veranda chair (to be used exclusively on the west veranda of prexy's new mansion.)

Also a special appropriation of twenty-four cents for a set of instructions on how to use a river telescope, so as to see who has and who has not a chaperon, while boating, or walking in the city park.

Dean Gregory:—

One bucket of oats for "My Hoss Black Hawk," and a new bell for "My cow Buttahcup." (These animals have been inhumanely overworked during the past two years, and unless relief of some kind is furnished, the Humane Society of Iowa City threatens to bring action against the Dean. This would necessarily subject him to publicity, to which he is so averse.)

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FRATERNITY ACCOUNTS SOLICITED

1910 Hawkeye

Copies of the 1910 Hawkeye may be secured of C. R. Byoir, General Manager, until the edition is exhausted.

1910 Hawkeye

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WHEN A CERTAIN KΣ ARRIVED AFTER THE
ROBBERY, MARGARET MARSHALL LOOKED TEN
YEARS OLDER.

Davenport Democrat, March 6,
1909:—

Iowa City. (Special)—The continued reports of burglaries in the fraternity and sorority houses are getting to be somewhat of a chestnut with the police. The officers are disposed to look upon some of them as a joke. The suggestion is offered that some of the boys may have hatched up such a scheme as a most plausible one to get further funds from home.

Is Reed Lane a nature faker?

* * * *

Grand-Standing or Mind-Wandering.

Fat Johnson in Missouri game—Oh look at those Iowa banners. Now you quit throwing gum-drops at us.

THE SAME
NIGHT

Coulter and Ney

Ney:—"Say Coulter, will you trade me a dance for the next formal party?"

Clarence—"Well, I'll tell you Ney, I have several dances left, but I don't see how I can give you one. You see it is this way—when I go to a big party I don't think of myself at all, I just want my lady to have a good time. Now I don't know your lady and you don't know mine but I would just as soon dance with yours anyway. But my lady doesn't know you and she has a great many friends who will want these dances and while you're all-right, you understand, still she would rather dance with these people she knows. You see how it is, don't you?"

Coulter (later)

Oh, Ney is a good fellow, but he's pretty crude on social matters, I tell you, pretty crude. Why I explained the whole thing carefully just because I am a friend of his. instead of telling him that my program was full. Then, after all that, he went and got sore."

When is a Phi Psi not a Phi Psi?
Ask Lawton.

* * * *

Miss Lorraine Robbins prepared a poem for the annual, but fortunately the office cat chewed it up. The last two lines follow. The others were equally indigestible:—

"We're the D. G's,

We're the whole cheese."

* * * *

Alice Clark—Bob Pike doesn't like to take Ida to shows. He's afraid of theater fires.

* * * *

Tilton—O boys, you ought to go down and watch the girls play hockey. It's the most exciting game you ever saw. Two of them run up and knock the ball away about thirty feet, then they stand around and gossip awhile, and then they run and hit it again.

* * * *

Cliff Powell (to librarian) Will it be too much trouble for you to watch the papers for items about me.

* * * *

Johannsen—The missing link between Philo and Zet.



THE
NEXT
NIGHT

The question is, why don't the Tri Deltas take their meals at the library.

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One of the fellows—I say, Doodle, this furniture wasn't all scarred up like this the last time I was up here.

Clarence Hanson—Aw, Captain Powell, that roommate of mine, has been practicing in here for a week learning to dance with his saber on.

* * * *

Prof. Randall—Now gentlemen, we should all pay close attention to this question of marriage.

Student—(under his breath) We understand you are.

Johnston—(reading a Bible)—Where's the commandments? I've looked the darn thing through and I can't find them.

* * * *

Two views of roll-call on Dec. 22.

Prof. Ansley—It is like calling the roll after a battle.

Prof. Sloan—This sounds like a roll-call in Heaven.

Popular Songs

"Every Little Bit Added to What You've Got Makes Just a Little Bit More." Pi Phi's.

"I Don't Love You Well Enough For That."—Betty Sartori.

"I Wish I Had a Girl." Francis Varga.

"I Can't Be Awful True When You're So Far Away."—Carrie Bradley.

"A Man, a Maid, a Moon, a Boat."—Remley Glass.

"Cuddle Up a Little Closer."—Theresa Heinsheimer.

"I Just Can't Make My Eyes Behave."—Edna Smith.

"It's a Great Big World." Audrey Allspbaugh.

"Mighty Lak A Rose."—Jess Don Carlos.

"Sweethearts In Every Town."—Joe Fee.

"If I Only Had The Nerve."—Phil Painter.

"The Discontented Duckling."—Leta Towner.

* * * *

Clifford Blackbird—There comes Martin Smith. I wonder which side of Clinton Street he owns.

* * * *

Leeper—"War is a terrible trade, but when on dress parade, sweet is the smell of powder."

Fat's Formula

Fat Seidel's Formula for finding the actual number of working days in the year:

Days in year	365
Summer vacation	90

275

One half of every day is night
Divide by two.

Sundays and Saturdays	78
-----------------------	----

59½

Days out for football, (being 76 half-days)	38
--	----

21½

Christmas vacation	14
--------------------	----

7½

Thanksgiving	2
Spring	4
Wash.'s birthday	1
Lincoln's birthday	1

8	8
---	---

—X

* * * *
Phi Delt Stevey—if my girl is hungry after ten o'clock, I take her to John's, Mable Montgomery or no Mable Montgomery.

* * * *
Briggs, after the Minnesota debate—Five years ago I was plowing corn down in Wapello, and now I am eating frogs' legs.

* * * *
Irving Brant—The ideal University course should last eight years.

* * * *
Fat Kennell, (at drill)—Manual of arms by the numbers. Each man count out loud to himself.

37 STUDENT EMPLOYES 36 WEEKS AT \$3.25 PER WEEK EQUALS—

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ZET NEWS LETTER

Iowa City, Sept. 22—George V. Luxford, president of the Zet University of Iowa Republican Club, states that there is great interest in the organization and there will be a hot campaign.

Iowa City, Sept. 26—The Republican Club of the Zet University of Iowa held an enthusiastic meeting last night. President Luxford made a stirring address, and Vincent Starzinger glowingly eulogized Wm. H. Taft. Clyde C. Robbins then introduced resolutions endorsing Mr. Taft, and they were adopted. Several others attended.

Iowa City, Sept. 28—Great are the prospects of the Zet University of Iowa in debating this fall. It will be represented by George V. Luxford, Vincent Starzinger, Clyde C. Robbins and others.

Iowa City, Sept. 28—Waldo Miner of Fort Dodge was elected president of the freshman class of the Zet University of Iowa this afternoon. Mr. Miner is the leader of two state high school championship debating teams and is an ALL ROUND ATHLETE. His opponents tried to make capital out of the fact that

he had expressed his preference for Zetagathian society, but Mr. Miner was elected by an overwhelming majority.

Iowa City, Sept. 28—The Junior election was held today.

Iowa City, Oct. 2—The sophomore election was held today.

Iowa City, Feb. 25—Tomorrow night occurs the great championship debate between Zetagathian Society and Irving Institute. The Zets are represented by a splendid team consisting of C. D. Kiger, recently apostrophized by Sammy Sloane as the best debater in the university, Chug Corey alone excepted; of Waldo Miner, the Boy Wonder from Fort Dodge; and of Don Campbell, a brilliant luminary whose light has been concealed only because of his previous attendance at State Normal. Proud of its record of having won every championship debate since the organization of the University, Zetagathia calls upon its admiring friends over the state to await the outcome. Irving Institute is also represented by three men.

Iowa City, Feb. 26—Nothing of importance occurred today.

* * * *

Lane

There was a young fellow named Lane
From talk of his acts I'll refrain
From his swagger-walk rough
You could tell he was tough
The question still is, is he sane?

* * * *

Who?

Sue is so chic in her jacket of red
That her wayward locks deserve no
blame,
With a rough hat poised on her
shapely head,
And eyes as grave as is her name.

Dear Ivy Lane

Among the literary clubs,
There's one called Ivy Lane,
The thoughts and writings of these
dubs

Are yammerings insane.

They are "purely literary."

And taboo each social stunt

If you're looking for hard workers

This is just the place to hunt.

And when they go to meeting,

Each "Laner" takes a girl,

But understand quite clearly.

They taboo the social whirl.

It is true they do have dances,

And parties (just for looks)

But they are so literary

That they take along their books.

Yes they do !!!

* * * *

The scripture says "For every idle word man shall render account."

Just think what a big bill there
will be against Bunny Wassam.

* * * *

Discovered!

"I found a Christian Dent. the
other day."—Heinzman.

**THESE FULL DRESS
DANCING PUMPS WERE
LEFT IN THE BED
HOUSE AS THEY WERE**



HEAVY

TO



CARRY

Freshie:—"Why does Professor Pierce part his hair so wide in the middle?"

Soph:—"So as to give room for his bald statements."

* * * *

Question—

If Prexy goes to Minnesota, who
will take his place?

Answer—

J. Reed Lane.

* * * *

Our College Widows

Margaret Marshall

Agnes Pheney

Harriet Potter

Helen Swisher

Edith Ball

* * * *

Callender

There was a young Sigma Nu
He bought a revolver so new

He shot thru the wall

But no burglars did fall

'Twas more of a slough than a slew.

TO THOSE WE LOVE

Ode to Jessie Payne.
 Ah wherefore, Jessie, wilt thy
 cruel tongue,
 Whereon sweet honey'd words full
 oft have hung,—
 Sweet words, alas, that gall en-
 close,
 Like biting canker to the rose,—
 Why wilt thy tongue thus mock
 my pleading cry,
 In studied arts disdaining,
 But still my love retaining,
 Till wearied life doth cry on love
 to die?
 To thee I turn, for oft to heavenly
 power
 Have I made moan upon the mid-
 night hour
 In vain; no answer found I there.
 Wilt tell me then, doth Heav'n
 not dare
 To draw the poison from thy loving
 breath?
 Ah, Jessie, were thy nature
 But mirrored in thy feature,
 Then, loving, would I 'scape my
 daily death.

* * * *

To Tacy Kniess.
 Oft have I gazed upon thy beauty
 fair,
 As lightly tripping down the cor-
 ridor thou camest,
 And never did my heart-beats fail
 to quicken,
 Nor my cheek to flush in well-con-
 trolled rapture—
 Ne'er did a Knight of old have
 greater worship for his lady.
 —C. W. Briggs, of Wapello.

To Helen Walburn.
 Who would ha' kenned, thou bonny
 maid,
 Wi' cheek of roses white and red,
 And roguish eyes, half, half afraid
 Lest into love light they be led,
 Who would ha' kenned?

To watch thee dance in giddy
 measure,
 And set a' hearts on fire for thee,
 Who would ha' kenned, to see thy
 pleasure,
 Thy father's in the ministry?
 Who would ha' kenned?

* * * *
 To Alice Clarke.

Oh Alice, on thy cold fair face,
 Whose matchless beauty may Venus
 well desire
 My frozen, marble heart is as a
 picture placed—
 It stills all youthful homage and
 the poet's fire.

—Joseph Mc Connell.

* * * *
 Bertha Wheeler.

Be she meeker, kinder than
 Turtle dove or pelican:
 If she be not so to me,
 What care I how kind she be?
 —Zimmerman.

* * * *

Last night I tossed and turned in
 bed
 But could not sleep—at length I
 said,
 "I'll think of Horack's class today,
 And of his lecture—that's the way."
 And so it was, for instantly
 I slept as sound as sound could be.

Wouldn't It?

Wouldn't it be funny if:

Mr. Hayer married a Miss Far-
 mer or

Mr. Cobb married a Miss Webb or,
 Mr. Fischer married a Miss Hun-
 ter or,

Mr. Carr married a Miss Long-
 street or,

Mr. Alderman married a Miss
 Mayer or,

Mr. Beem married a Miss Wood
 or,

Mr. Minor married a Miss Cole or,

Mr. Robbins married a Miss
 Crowe or,

Mr. Hyland married a Miss
 Plaine or,

Mr. Chase married a Miss Fox or,

Mr. Leeper married a Miss Wal-
 ker or,

Mr. Campbell married a Miss
 Lyons.

* * * *

To Hilda.

Have you felt the wool of beaver?
 Or swan's down ever?
 Or have smelt o' the bud o' the
 briar?

Or the nard in the fire?
 Or have tasted the bag o' the bee?
 O so white,—O so sc't,—O so
 sweet is she!

—George Allen.

* * * *

Prof. Patten—What did you find
 in the library for your report on
 the Muses?

Miss Hershire—All I found was
 Cupid and Venus.

Associations

Prof. C. E. Seashore has kindly
 permitted the use of some of the
 results of experiments conducted
 in his class. The methods used
 in working out association paths
 was quite unique. A word was
 suggested at one end of the line—
 then each in turn whispered the
 word first occurring to him. Finally
 the word first suggested and the
 word whispered to the last student
 were read in class. The following
 illustrates the curious working of
 the human brain:

Fat Seidell	Mellin's Food
Pat Crowe	Politics
Clarke Burkheimer	Rouge
Hazel Reddick	Vaudeville
Helen Pelletier	Slang
Horace Towner	Philosophy
Phil Painter	Assurance
Dene Newcomb	Enthusiasm
"Bud" Sartori	Repartee
Irene Taake	Independence
Ruth Mabry	Freshie
Ruth Heinman	Fountain-pens
Joe Fee	Beau Brummel
Eugene Tilton	Perseverance
Mae Keyser	Hurricane.

* * * *

Prof. Seashore: The proper way
 to sa" it is, "I love you with all
 my cortex."

* * * *

Theobald. (referring to Ben But-
 ler) 'He is a Pi Phi, isn't he?

* * * *

Prof. Plum—How did the Plan-
 taganets come to be?

Clyde—Why just about the same
 way that we came to be.



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John Herbert Whetstone

Robert Reed Whetstone

Typical Ivy Lane Meeting

Clifford Schultz presiding at a meeting of the elect only—"There being only two Pi Phi's in Ivy Lane I have called this meeting, all unknown to the Delta Gammas and Kappas, to see if we can elect another."

Ellen Bolser—"Then it is a mistake for me to be here, but just the same I'm here to stay and I won't vote for anybody until the other Kappas and the Delta Gamma's are let in."

Schultz—"In that case we will now vote on a Kappa."

Valiant Ellen is thus forced to cast her vote. The Kappa is black balled in the usual manner.

Frank Callander—"Since we had Miss McCune at our last party I'm quite crazy about her and so are brothers Wagner and Mac Mahon."

Johnny Harper—"The Delta Gammas will never speak to me again, but I'll stick with these fellows."

Schultz—"We will then take a vote."

Ingalls Swisher is seen to make some protest, but is quelled by the leonine aspect of Clifford. The vote is taken and Miss McCune is elected.

Schultz—"I'll send the notice of the election in to the Iowan so that the Delta Gammas can't make us take it back."

Two hours later on the telephone.
Schultz—"This you Katharine?

Well, I want you to know that I had nothing to do with that Ivy Lane meeting this morning. Callander is crazy to get Miss McCune in and ran the whole show."

Katherine—"Well I won't stand for anythin' like that affai· this morning and if you run a Pi Phi into Ivy Lane you'll have to do it legally or I'll get out of the society. I've stopped any publication of the election in the Iowan.

Schultz—"Oh, of course, if you feel that way I'll see what can be done. Good bye."

Let us love one another.

* * * *

Clarence Coulter:—Girls will be the death of me yet.

* * * *

Freshie Hep—I simply adore Walter Gutz. He talks to me just like a father.

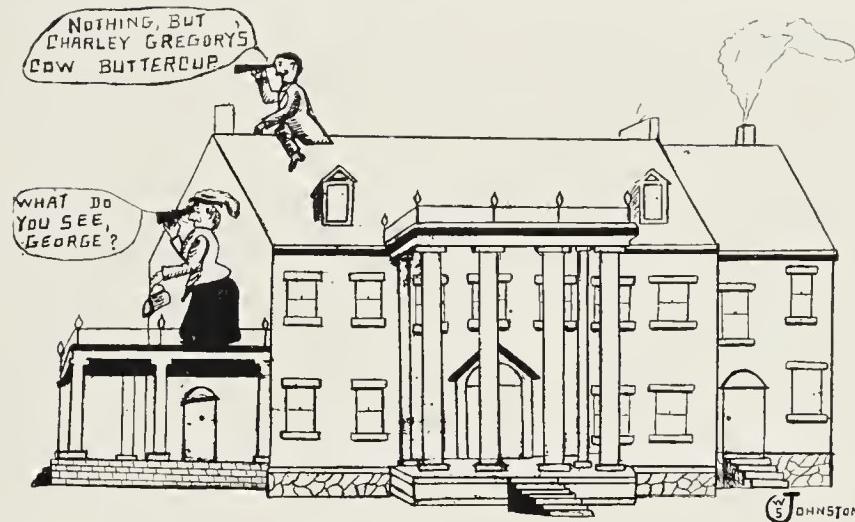
* * * *

Mr. Biegler, (calling up the Shaffer House) Hello, is this the Shipman House?

* * * *

Prof.—One of your freshmen is behind in his work, Mr. Lane.

Reed Lane—Um! Well some of us old fellows will pull him through.



DEAN VOLLAND CAN EASILY KEEP HER EYE ON THE CANOES THIS SPRING

Bravado

The Kappas were robbed, so they tell

By a man who was bolder than—

He ran like the deuced

When some one produced
Their weapon, a Jap'nese umbrell.

* * * *

Freshman—"Where do you come from?"

Carl Griffin—"I hail from the tall timber."

* * * *

Roscoe Ayers—"What makes your hair so red?"

Arthur Minnich—"I got caught out in the rain and it rusted."

Favorite "Hymns"

Francis Varga
Irving Brant
Fat Kennell
L. O. Smith
Paul Coombs
Joel Shipley
Carl Griffen
Arvid Lideen
George Bemis

* * * *

Professor Potter—The mounted cavalry in the rear of the room will please ride forward, dismount and hitch their horses to my desk."

* * * *

Who wrote on Wilcox's blackboard "Merry Christmas. We love our teacher?"

NINETEEN TEN HAWKEYE

STACH'S

S
T
A
C
H

S
T
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C
H



ALWAYS THE NEWEST AND BEST OF FOOTWEAR.

17 S. Dubuque Street

SIR INK SPREADER

The professor sat in the English room
Trying his best to think,
'O, where will I get a good reader
To spread the blood-red ink?'

Up spake an eldern scholar,
Sat at the Prof's richt kne;
'Mr. L. O. Smith is the best reader
That reads in our ain countree.'

The Prof has taken a long paper
And put it in his hand
"Take this to Mr. L. O. Smith,
Hold tight the rubber band."

The first line that L. O. read,
A loud, ha! ha! lached he;
The next line that L. O. read,
A tear blinded his ee.

'O, who in the Dickens has done
this deed,
This ill deed done to me,
To put a poem about red ink
In the Hawkeye where all can see?'

'Late yestreen I saw Sammy Sloan
With an old mayde on his arme,
O say na sae, my master deir.
For I fear a deadly storm.'

First L. O. Smith marked down
with the red,
And then he marked with the
green;
And when the Prof sent the paper
back,
Not a trace of black could be seen.

And when the Soph got the paper
again
He grinned a deadly grin;
And when he met Mr. L. O. Smith.
He hit him on the chin.

O lang, lang may the prof in the
English room
With the pen behind his ear,
Wait for his ain deir reader;
For he'll come to him na mair.

* * * *

Prof. Starbuck—I'll leave my
book in the office. Those who do
not have books may gather around
the table as bees do around a
flower.

* * * *

At the football banquet.

Catlin—Say Stewart, I wish you
would give me a list of your engage-
ments for next spring. I want to
arrange a baseball schedule.

* * * *

At the time the Haskell Indians
were playing here they were taken
down to Reichardt's where the fol-
lowing conversation was overheard:

Miss Beatrice Devor:—"I think
they are fine looking, but who is
that little short fellow? Isn't he
sweet?"

Miss Callie Weides:—"Oh he is
no Indian! That is Will Carberry!"

Traveling man, impatiently—
"What is more uncertain than a
Rock Island train?"

Funker:—"Dean Weld's office
hours."

* * * *

H. P. Smith, speaking of girls:—
"You know my girl has got her B.
A."

Carr:—"Yes, I suppose she's after
her M. A. now."

* * * *

Col. Weeks: "Hasner, you have
been drilling now for two years
and a half and in that time you
have never been known to appear
with a white collar on or in com-
plete uniform."

* * * *

"Bud" Mayer during a spell of
absent-mindedness left home thinking
he had forgotten his watch and then
looked at his watch to see if he had
time to go back to get it.

* * * *

Remark overheard at a Delphian
dance: "Say, have you got a match?
I want to look at my program."

* * * *

Some of Weller's favorites: "Darius
passed in his checks." "They
were headache because they had
the bulimy." "Vairbs."

* * * *

The Junior's Sunday morning
motto: "Cleanliness is next to god-
liness. If you get up too late to
go to church, take a bath."

Whitnall's Election

The president of the Civics Club
brought his gavel down with a
bang. "Gentlemen," said he, "Nom-
inations are now in order for the
fifth member of our executive com-
mittee. Do I hear a nomination?"

Instantly or sooner. Mr. Rolfe
Whitnall, the well known member
from Hastings, was on his feet.
In a modest, yet guileless tone, he
cleared his throat and called out:
"Mr. Chairman: In view of all I
have done for this organization, I
think it no more than right that I
should be a member of the Execu-
tive Committee. I understand, bet-
ter than any one else, the workings
of this Civic Club. I would make
a good member."

Mr. Whitnall sat down amid a
solemn silence.

"Mr. Whitnall nominates himself,"
said the chairman gravely, "Do I
hear any other nominations?"

Another period of death like sil-
ence fell upon the body.

Finally a member from Dahomey
arose, and with his voice choked
with emotion, gurgled out: "I
move that the nominations cease
and that Mr. Whitnall be elected by
acclamation."

The vote was taken and Mr.
Whitnall was declared elected amid
loud and continued applause.

* * * *
A baseball term not noted in the
Daily Iowan last spring:

Triple play—Harwood to Wilkin-
son to Mac Lean.

* * * *
"Did Helen Stewart go D. G.?"
"No, she went Raney Hall."

NINETEEN TEN HAWKEYE



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NEW BEDFORD, MASS.

Prof. Plum—Now if the war shows anything, it shows that it put the middle class—ought I to say there was a middle class? Well, let us see. Yes and no. Yes—if you look at it in this way. No, if you look at it in this way. Very well then—I fancy.

* * *

Margaret Marshall, (to burglars down the stairway)—What do you want, dog-gone you?

* * *

The Register and Leader announces that the Washington, Iowa, Chautauqua is on the boom. Among other attractions Carrie Nation and W. C. Wilcox have been secured.

* * *

The football team was in the dining-room of the hotel in Chicago. The waiter brought on the finger-bowls. Fat Johnson performed "ablutions," then walked halfway round the table and jerked the towel from the waiter's shoulder.

Waiter—Sah, we have soap in the kitchen, sah.

* * *

Over the long-distance phone.

Mrs. De Lano—(at Lone Tree) Hello Mildred.

Mildred—Hello, mamma.

Mrs. De Lano—I've just finished the drawn-work pillow-slips and put them on *his* bed. You know he always observes such things, and it will help to make an impression.

* * *

Hilda Ellyson—Do you know Sam Sloan?

Florence Soth—Yes, I saw him in church with his wife.

A Red, Red Rose

"O, my love's like a red, red rose,
That's newly sprung in June;"
And not at all like the Varsity band
That never plays in tune.

"As fair art thou, my bonny lass,
So deep in love am I;
That I will love thee still, my dear,
When Iowa City's dry.

When Whitnall wins his "I," my
dear,
Then the rocks will melt in the
sun:
And I will love thee still my dear,
When our football team has won.

"And fare thee well, my only love,
And fare thee well awhile.
And I will come again my dear
When the merry-widow's out o'style.

Those Phi Psi Beds

Visitors at the Phi Psi House generally comment much on the double-decked, single-gearied beds that adorn the sleeping chambers. They look like steel cattle pens. But beds of this peculiar construction are absolutely necessary. Ben Butler needs to be securely encased because he has falling dreams. Si Strong is always anchored on an upper berth where the atmosphere is breezy, because his roommate makes him. Visitors should never jump to the conclusion that these cages are the same as those at insane asylums and similar institutions for appearances are often deceiving.

* * *

"Past-Masters in the Art of Dancing The Other Way Round, or What Happens to Those Who Do Not

Follow the Line of Least Resistance."—By Carroll, the Great I-Am, assisted by Me-Two's—Tilton Mayer, and Lideen.

* * *

(With Apologies to Pope.)
What tender maid but must a victim fall
To some poor dancer at an Irving ball.

* * *

Though in this rapid transit age
To shorten all things is the rage—
Though novel sermon, poem, and play.

Grow briefer with each hurrying day,
One bulwark still defies endeavor,
Plum's history lectures are as long as ever.

* * *

Wanted—Someone to stroll with me during assemblies and vacant class periods. Mary Bowen.

* * *

Prof. Bolton—Now Miss Waller, what other subject could you correlate with English and Composition?

Miss Waller (blinking)—Why yes, Prof. Bolton, I think so.

* * *

Commonwealth Court of Iowa.
State vs. Wallace Larsen.

Judge Mulhern Presiding; Squire Elwood, District Attorney. Hon. L. E. Carr, Attorney for Defendant.

Indictment returned charging Larsen with being "Cut Out" by one Miss Waterbury causing deep gloom and disgrace upon the house.

Plea entered of "Not Guilty" and trial follows.

First Witness for Prosecution "John D." Halleck. Evidence given to following effect:

"Sunday said Halleck lent five cents to defendant before his going to Divine Services for the collection. At 11 a. m. Larsen was seen at the M. E. Church with said W—b—y. Evidence showed that he was never again seen in her company."

Verdict for State.

Judgment entered against defendant of *one case of BEER from "CHI."*

* * *
From the Paullina Times, March 26, 1908.

"From a recent copy of the Daily Iowan we learn that Leon Smith of this place is military editor of the Hawkeye, the Junior annual of the university. Appointments on the board are made on the basis of efficiency and popularity, and are greatly coveted because of the honor and prestige they carry. Leon plays a prominent part in the military life of the university, being first lieutenant of Company E of the regiment, a member of the Rifle Club and vice president of the varsity rifles which represents the choice of the best drilled cadets. He is also a member of Irving Institute one of the leading forensic societies and treasurer of the Debating League. Paullina ought to feel proud to be the home of such a rising young man."

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BOAT LIVERY

Bear In Mind A Nice Day's Outing,
FROM
Mid River Park To Iowa City.



The Dedication

To the Junior class belongs the credit of auspiciously laying the first corner stone of the new law building. That brilliant idea having found lodgment in the cranium of one of the members at once began to develope, its growth being greatly facilitated by the

absence of anything else in that particular cavity. The environment being thus conducive to progress it at once evolved itself into a full fledged idea and was forthwith imparted to others. So stifling their ears to the call of the class room the Juniors cut. (It was at this time that the "cut microbe" put in appearance). This was a dangerous insect which for a time threatened the peaceful ex-

istence of the University. It was first discovered and identified by George Edwin McLean M. A. L. L. D., whose prompt and energetic action prevented a wide spread epidemic. In a body the class marched to the new building and after appropriate exercises stood with uncovered heads while Pres. Olinger imbedded a brick in the mud. Again assembling in front of the Old Capitol due

respects were paid to the professors. President MacLean having due appreciation of the work done in thus preserving the honor of the law school, appeared and conferred upon the class a most unusual distinction. Prexy in person headed the Junior Class Cut. In proof whereof we show his smiling countenance. The same being appended hereto marked Exhibit "A" and made a part hereof.



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Smokers' Supplies
IT WILL DO YOU GOOD TO CALL ON DAD OCCASIONALLY



To Lenihan

Hark to the rumble
(You've heard it before)
Like a gathering storm
On a barren shore.

Louder it comes
At a faster rate
Lenihan answers roll call
At a quarter past eight.

* * * *

Prof. Horack—(hearing Dents hazing yellow classmates with cow bells). "The calves seem to be out this morning."

Freshman in Torts—(Discussing liability of a physician.)

"Suppose, professor, that a man took medicine from a senior medic and the medicine made him sick, could he recover damages?"

"Tubby"—"No, I think he would clearly be guilty of contributory negligence."

* * * *

Keefe attended a "sub rosa" medical clinic under the protecting care of a so called "friend." He was very kindly received but made a rather sudden departure. A hose was brought out and a heavy dew began to fall as Jim made his exit.

We have often wondered why Dan Degrote doesn't wear his glasses on his nose instead of on his thumb while he is making a recitation. It has been suggested that he wants to pose as a learned jurist or as some distinguished member of the C. A. V.

* * * *

Morgan (to law librarian) "Say where's the Queen's Bench?"

* * * *

The Dean—"Now Mr. Jacobson you give us the decision."

Freshie Jacobson—"Not prepared."

The Dean—looking severe—"It was the same last time."

* * * *

Prof. Wilcox—day following election after several had answered "not prepared"—Well there seems to be a material increase in the Know Nothing party since election.

* * * *

Professor—"Mr. Pugsley what is this case about?"

Pugsly—"Why in this case the plaintiff brought an action of injection."

* * * *

"Bull", Coming in late, is greeted with a spontaneous outburst of enthusiasm.

"Bull"—It must be you were all invited out to dinner—you are so happy."

* * * *

Sammie to Seidel—"Now Mr. Seidel you stand up. I want to ask you some questions. I don't expect you will give the right answer because you are not supposed to know all the law."

Professor H. Claude Horack—"It is merely a case of addition and subtraction."

Cahill—"Gosh, I thought we were in long division."

* * * *

The Dean illustrates the doctrine of Estoppel by taking a cough drop.

* * * *

Freshie Weydel to Professor "Tubby" Randall—"What's the difference between a hotel and an inn?"

* * * *

Bill Riley went to sleep in class. Renshaw kicked him in the back and Riley threw his book at Renshaw. "Sammie" is attracted to the scene.

Sammie—"Mr. Riley were you disturbed by this man?"

Riley—"Yes Sir."

Sammie—"Have you any complaint to file against him?"

Riley—"I'll consider it."



"I dropped my bag and sprinted."
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C. S. WELCH, Vice-President

LOVELL SWISHER, Treasurer



POETIC SAMMIE

Sammie to Judge Oliver, a model of punctuality.

Dill dock, dill dock

What makes you come so soon
You used to come at 10 o'clock
But now you come at noon.

* * * *

Four excuses that don't go with "Bull"

"Clock was slow."

"Alarm didn't go off."

"Landlady didn't get breakfast in time."

"Got stuck in the jam at the restaurant."

* * * *

"Sammie"—to Ottesen, Randall and Kelly—"If you don't like to listen get up and go out, I would do that if you were talking."

* * * *

Freshman Hesperian to librarian—"May I have 'Love Poems' by Walter Theodore Gutz?"

Heard from the upper berth of the sleeping car while the debating team was enroute to Minnesota. The voice was that of the efficient coach. "Now as Dooley says how is a man to put on his pajamas when he is sitting on 'em."

* * * *

Prof. F. H. Randall—"Now if A owns the land which we will call B and then buys a smaller estate which we will call C, do the estates B plus C merge?

Campbell aside to Conoway—How in thunder does he expect us to know that? I never had Algebra.

* * * *

Professor Horack has a very entertaining way of illustrating his lectures with things with which he is familiar. In one of his digressions he took up the subject of chorus girls. "Chorus girls are a commodity" he said. This statement should give the Professor as much notoriety as is accorded some of his eastern contemporaries.

J. Peter Pierpont Healy—"This is a delightful evening."

Miss—"Yes."

J. Peter P.—"Do you like the social rules?"

Miss—"In some ways, don't you?"

J. Peter P.—"Yes, you see it makes my boys get in early."

Miss—"Your boys?"

J. Peter P.—"Why yes, don't you know that I am assistant Physical director, Professor of the manly art of wrestling. I am supposed to be the best wrestler in school except, maybe, Phil West. You see they wanted a man who knows all of the holds, one who knows the—"

Miss—"Now Stop that Mr. Healy, you don't need to think you can get that hold on me. I'm not that easy."

Why is Sammie a better hypnotist than Flint?

Answer—Because Flint couldn't put "Fat" Englebretson to sleep. Sammie can and also two-thirds of the rest of the class.

* * * *

Freshman (looking at pictures in football souvenir). "Is that a real live Teddy bear that Kirk is holding?"

* * * *

International law class—Dean Gregory in discussion with "Babe" Seidel—"If I were a citizen of Germany and should move to Davenport would I be a citizen of Iowa?"

Aaron—"I hardly think you would be as that is German territory."



"IF I WERE TO SELL YOU MA COW BUTTA CUP"
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116 Washington Street



Dinkey's Hypothesis—"If a man in New York would get a divorce from his first wife in that state and then take another unto himself in the same state contrary to law. Then he leaves this second spouse and comes to Iowa and takes another. He introduces her and holds her out to the world as his wife, but they never consent to marry. He then leaves her and moves to Utah where he marries another according to the laws of that state. He then dies leaving these 4 women and child by the first wife, 4 by the second, 5 by the third and 3 by the fourth. How much of his 1,000 acres of land in Kansas did each woman get according to common law and under the Code?"

* * * *

"Bull" Byers—"Why must a wife join with her husband in making a mortgage on exempt property?"

Fred Luberger—"I don't know unless it is because they are married."

"Bull"—"Well that's the reason for a good many things." (now how does he know?)

* * * *

Oct. 28—Junior cut—about 10 in class.

"Claudie"—"We are rather small in numbers."

Grand Pa Hays—"Yes but all here in quality."

(Further remarks were cut off by an unusual noise from the outside, accompanied by those soul stirring melodies "We love our Dean" and "The Gang's all here."

Hotz was arguing a case in practice Court. He was filled with indignation at the injustice being done his client and the words fell in torrents from his lips. "Gentlemen of the jury" he exclaimed "the idea of these men being coerced and cooperated into doing this act."

* * * *

Prof. Horack—"We find several cases of physicians selling their practice—When a lawyer goes he doesn't usually leave any practice behind."

* * * *

Campbell (in practice Court)—"Your Honor that would be making a demurrer a two edged sword."

Bull (smiling benignly)—"Well that wouldn't be fair."

* * * *

Prof: "Can a man legally marry his deceased wife's sister in Iowa?"

Freshie: "No Sir."

Prof: "Why not?"

Freshie: "Because it comes within the statute of limitations."

* * * *

Miss Benson—"Say Mr. Shean do you care if I make candy for some of the other boys?"

* * * *

Prof. Byers in practice Court—"Hold up your hand and swear."

* * * *

Prof.—"Whether the court will grant specific performance of a contract for the sale of a horse will depend on whether you can go out and buy another as suitable."

Keefe—"Say Professor, how far out would the court require you to go?"

First in war
First in peace
First in the hands
Of the Missouri police.
Lenihan.

* * * *

Prof.—"Mr. Lamb can a man living in Sioux City be compelled to come to this County to testify?

Lamb: No Sir! Sioux City isn't in this state. (and he is still wondering why everybody laughed.)



It was the intention of the publishers to run the pictures of several Junior celebrities. The requirements were so short however, that the judges after deliberating all night, could only agree upon one man whose attainments merited such marked distinction. We submit the decision for your approval.



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Mr. Dunkelburg (at boarding house before entering dining-room)—
"You tell 'em."

Miss Scott—"No, you tell 'em."

Mr. Dunkelburg—"O you tell 'em."

Miss Scott—"You tell 'em."

Mr. Dunkelburg—"Naw, you tell 'em."

Miss Scott (inside) "Tee, Hee; Tee Hee, we're—we're—we're engaged."

* * * *

Prof. Wilcox is the only man on the faculty who can set his mouth going, go away and leave it, and find it still quoting authorities when he comes back. If you should step into his office with the intention of asking more than one question, it would be well to take a little lunch with you.

* * * *

Did "Bull" ever read all the citations he gives?

Fred Renshaw—"Frazier, why are you going to all the musical operas?"

Freshie Frazier—"So that I can join in on the chorus of the popular songs when I go out to see my girl."

During Dean Gregory's International Law Class.

Dean—"Mr. Donovan please state the facts in the next case."

Donovan is awakened by a kindly disposed Class mate, and seizing his "*Conflict of laws*" case book starts to report a case.

Class—"Sit down."

Dean—"Well I'll—"

Class—"Try going to bed at night."

Donovan sits down with much confusion.

* * * *

Jimmie Luscomb—(taking Junior Class picture). "Now lets have some nice looking little fellow down here in front."

"Bob" Pike lost no time in getting located.

Professor Byers is very considerate, he even suspended class lest the noise disturb Allan and Black who were enjoying a siesta.

OUR HENPECKED CLASSMATES



CHARLEY'S HOBBY



Our senior friend Kane rooms at the house of a certain Mc (Day). In the household there is a young lady. One evening a certain Kappa Sig called. When he started to depart, those upstairs heard the following.

Miss Mc—"Oh! it is raining, let me loan you an umbrella."

Mr.—"Oh no, I don't like to."

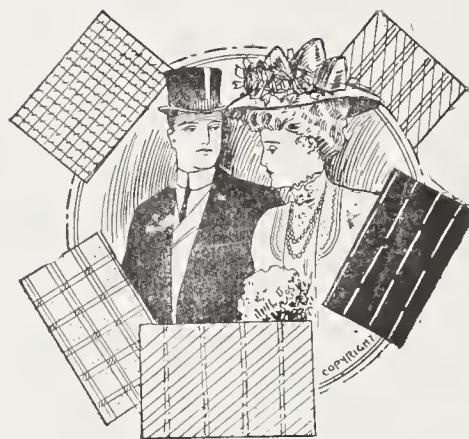
Miss Mc—"Oh, but you must, now do take this one."

Kane swears he used to possess an umbrella and gets very angry when you ask him why he runs around in the rain.

Well anyway it's purely circumstantial.

* * * *

Arnold (in Equity)—"The plaintiff only used the water of the stream for bathing" (laughter)
"Well I mean for minor matters" (more laughter)



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THE LAWS WONDER

If Pugsley knows the difference between EJECT and INJECT?

If Swords will ever pass up contracts and graduate?

If Jack Talbott spends every night upon Bloomington street?

How old Eddie Allen is?

If Nelson is a real Norwegian?

If Allen Kane thinks he can work "Dinky" by staying after class?

Why Max Hemmingway is always silent?

If Campbell will ever be as big a man as his brother?

If Gabrielson tries to work H. Claude every day?

Why Carter smiles at Imogene?

If Lamb is as innocent as his name indicates?

If McDonald wore the hair off his head during some of his foot races?

What size shoes Rowe wears?

If John Conaway will always be a Philo?

And why papa sent him back?



Why "Van", "Ole", Messer, Kergberg and Higgins organized the new frat with Glass as godfather?

Why Scoop Harwood is called the Yellow Journalist by Prexy and Dean Mable?

When Tiernan studies?

Why Rice was thrown out of the Bohunk musicians union?

Why Arnold don't attend church as he does at home?

If Harding always has a grouch on?

Who sold Martin Smith the fake diamonds? (So does Martin).

What Black and Burrel said to H. Claude when he marked them off on their deportment.

If Gorman worked his stand in through her brother Jim.

When Ormiston does not play billiards?

Why Bill Johnston always has a front seat?

When Charley Herrick fell in love with Mabel.

Why "Bill" Murray missed the Probate Exam?

Whether Jim Keefe is a Jew or an Irishman?

Why Joie Fee smiles at Imogene.

If Arthur Hardin ever stops talking.

How "Fritz" Luberger worked such a stand in with the Dean.

If Hays got permission to wear his hair a la Wade.

Why Bob Pike don't talk to Miss Hobson when they are at the theatre.

Why John Shipley and Bill Allen are always asleep when called on?

Why Imogene Benson always passes the Phi Delt house.

Why Comly always answers "not prepared."

How McIntosh likes married life.

Why Jim Lenihan tries to bluff when all the Profs. are wise.

Why Field told the Prof. that he got in at 4 A. M. that morning.

Why Sokal was "called" by Bull.

Why Bogley don't rub off his smile.

How Klein happens to be called on every day.

Why H. Claude gives Wallace such low marks.

If Dyer is the chaplain out at the house?

How many times Clarks' father will take him out of school?

When Stephens comes to class?

If Harvey Bryant really caused the disturbance he accused Campbell of?

If J. Hamilton received the telegram he told H. Claude about?

If Piper can tell a note from a draft?

Why Stephenson wanted to quit school?

If Boylan likes the card system?

Why they don't call it Gearharts' instead of McClains' Digest?

Why Sam Bammer didn't want it printed?

How "Fat" Hastings jollies the Profs.?

What Bowen would do without Beylans' notes?

How "Duley" Edmundson keeps good natured?

How long Mercer has been in school?



Dean Teeters—Rickman, you may recite.

Rickman—You asked me the only question in the lesson I don't know.

* * * *

Kuever—What is an Antacid?

Westphal—A bone and tissue builder.

* * * *

Student to Hadnott—How do you spell Sumae (pronounced Shuniae).

Hadnott—S-h-i-m-e-k.

* * * *

Kuever—What is the percentage strength of solution of lead Subacetate?

McMillan—25 per cent Gentian.

* * * *

Dean Teeters—What is the dose of tincture of Calendula?

Schneider—10 m.

Dean Teeters—What!

Schneider—Oh!—no dose.

Dean—Most assuredly not, it is applied externally.

* * * *

Smith—Making Dover's powders turns to a classmate and says, "Do you filter these?"

* * * *

Kuever—Mr. Ayres, where is mercurial ointment kept?

Ayres—in tin cans.

* * * *

Smith making sulphurous acid wanted to mix it with the sodium Bicarbonate solution. "To bring it up to strength."

* * * *

Why McMillan threw away the ferrous sulphate and handed in the liquid when making granulated ferrous sulphate.

THE POISONERS



When all my thoughts in vain
I'd thunk,
What saved me from an awful
flunk.
My Pony!



Dean Teeters—What is the active constituent of Hydrogen Peroxide?
Smith—Water.

* * * *

The Dean having asked Schneider a question, and he not being qualified to answer, the Dean turned to Emery and said, "You did not see the Lion and the Mouse did you?"

Emery—No Sir.

Dean—Well you may go ahead with the recitation then.

* * * *

We wonder if the State Board is the only attraction that is calling Zoph to Des Moines.

* * * *

The Dean—during roll call on reaching Slaughter's name. Slaughter!—Pause. No response.

The Dean—Slaughter! Who knows where Slaughter is?

Emery—He is sick in bed.

Dean—Are you sure of that?

Emery—Yes sir.

In about two minutes Slaughter walked into the class room.

The Dean then said, "Slaughter the joke is this, you were just reported sick in bed."

Slaughter—"Well I was."

In Materia Medica, Dr. Chase after asking the different members of the class to name an official preparation administered by the mouth, said, "Now Miss Hofstadter you will please name one."

Miss H. "Honey's."

Dr. Chase—"This is the sweetest one of all."

If you are in doubt ask Westphal.

* * * *

Dean—Smith what is the source of Cantharides?

Smith—The bark of a tree.

Dean—No sir—Mr. Hadnott you tell me.

Hadnott—A Boog (bug).

* * * *

Kuever—Precipitated Sulphur is easier soluble than sublimed.

* * * *

Dean—"Ayres what are the active constituents of Gentian?"

Ayres—"I haven't a sample yet."

The Dean furnishes him with one and he tastes it.

Ayres—"It contains tannin."

Dean—"Mr. Ayres finds tannin by chemical analysis. Suppose you proceed with the analysis Ayres."

* * * *

Coslavka—To Will Dolash, who was making Tincture of Capsicum, "What are you making, Will?"

W. D.—Tr. of Capsicum.

Caslavka—What's that?

W. D.—It's like whiskey.

Coslavka—"I never tasted any, let me taste it." He was given a small bottle of it. I wonder how he liked the taste.

M A X M A Y E R

(You know him. He lives just across the campus.)

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Literary program.

Vocal Solo ----- McCleary

"How would you like to be an Interne and have Interne's chance?"
Short Talk ----- Tallman

"Why I decided not to be a Missionary".

Song ----- Junior Class
"There'll be no Dr. Titzell up There".

Vocal Solo ----- "Beau" Knott
"Oh Maude, My Maude."

Discussion.

Resolved, "That Fawcett should be Oslerized".

Denied by Fawcett.

Affirmed by, "Everybody else."

Remarks "Things in General,"
Mrs. Titzell.

Owing to University rules the meeting was adjourned before completion.

* * * *

Pellets from the Pill Box

Dr. Royal "Why would you give apamorph, hypodermically to get the emetic effects?"

J. P. M. To avoid the nauseating effects that you would get in giving it internally."

"Beck" Because if you gave it internally it would be thrown up before it could act.

* * * *

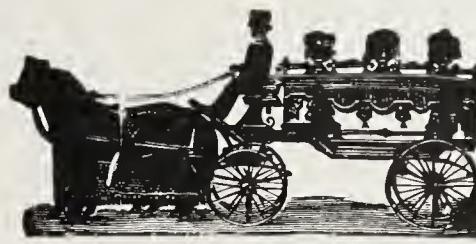
Dep't Editor "What's your best joke for the annual doctor?"

Dr. Becker "The Senior Class."

Dr. Titzell "The Junior Class."

Johnny Rose "The faculty."

HOMEOPATHIC HUMOR

**To Peck**

Here's to Peck Hazard the clown
of the school,
Who never studies, but rides
through on a "mule."

To McAfee

There was once a nurse named
McAfee.
Who was kind and loving as could
be,
She went without her evening
hash,
To talk to the boy with the little
mustache.

To Cherneny

Here's to Nurse Cherneny so forlorn,
Whose path is frilled with many
a thorn.
She loves a senior medic and no
other one,
Yet when he came near she said.
"Run, Johnson, run".

After Chaucer

Mrs. Titzell. "That of her smylyng
was ful symple and coy".

* * * *

Ted Willis. "Not one word spake
he more than was neede".

* * * *

Paul Allen. "Of studie took he
most care and most heede."

* * * *

Roy Becker. "His eyen twynkled
in his heed aright."

* * * *

"Tubby" Gross. "He knew the
taverne wel in every toun."

* * * *

"Peck" Hazard. "At many noble
batailles had he be."

* * * *

J. "Post Mortem" Johnson. "In
alle the ordres foure is noon that
can so moche of daliance and
fair language."

* * * *

Chas. Cron. "He was as fresh
as is the month of May."

* * * *

Paul Park. "His reasons he spake
ful solemnly."

* * * *

"Deacon" Tallman. "So hote
he lovede that by nightertale, He
sleep nomore than doth a nightyn-
gale."

WINE TEEN TEN HAWHAW

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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

J. Ross. 1. Too much study is hard on the eyes. Break the monotony occasionally with a game at "Fats". George Knott is always willing to take you on, and besides you can generally win.

2. We must admit that you are up against it. If you have sent home on your account \$1000 spent for books and have nothing on hand but a dictionary something must be done at once. Perhaps you can borrow a few books from your classmates long enough to tide you over the maternal visit. If not, gyp a few from the Hospital Library.

* * * *

Otis McG. No indeed. We have no sympathy with a rule forbidding an interne's flirting with a nurse. You would be perfectly justified in resigning your position.

2. Of course one hates to admit his inability to answer a question in quiz even in case one really is unable, but it is better to do so, at least occasionally, say one time in ten.

* * * *

Julia C. 1. By no means. When a joke is dropped into the Hawkeye box it becomes the property of the public and cannot be suppressed, even for the proffered bribe of five dollars.

2. The best method of keeping a man away is to openly encourage his suit. Try feeding him arsenic if this plan is not successful.



BY

HOMEOP HUMORIST

Young. Yes it is generally wise to take our time about things, but circumstances may alter the case. That is, don't stop to boil the hemostat when a large artery is cut, rather use the carbolic or some other efficient antiseptic.

* * * *

Raymond Gross. Eight o'clock is not in the present strenuous day, considered too early to be at school.

A good alarm clock is by far the best treatment in chronic cases of oversleeping. If this treatment is not sufficiently severe, try Dr. Smith's "Early Risers".

Mrs. T. See answer to Julia C.
1. The slight difference in amount of the bribe does not alter the case.

* * * *

J. P. M. J. 1. Yes, by all means, have your picture in the annual with those of the other Juniors. The price of a plate is not exorbitant. Besides it is the customary thing to do and the absence of yours will be noticeable.

* * * *

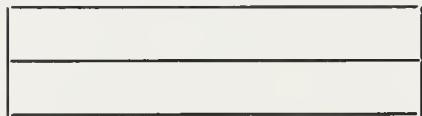
Maurice T. 1. Yes, isn't it nice! we were in love once too, and read our daily letter in 9 o'clock class. However we recovered and can extend some hope for you.

2. No it is not proper for you to volunteer information in senior quiz. Dr. Royal says that that is one way of showing your ignorance.

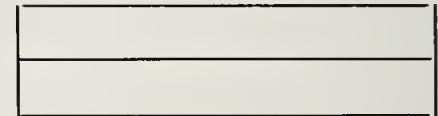
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MAIL ORDERS GIVEN PROMPT ATTENTION

Dr. Crow: "Mr. Jones where can you touch five bones with the point of a pin?"

Jones, with a five dollar bill in his hand: "Why—right here in my hand."

* * * *

Miss Rollins (calling Trowbridge over the phone) "Will you come over and help dust the rugs?"

Trow (to himself on the side) "She's such a dear, I guess I'll have to humor her again."

* * * *

* * * *

"If I only could dance"—L. V. P.

* * * *

"And did Barber get his hair cut?"

"He did by grab."

* * * *

"Gone but not forgotten"—Hall.

* * * *

McGruder. "Say is Taft inaugurated Jan. 1 or July 4?"

"Well I don't know, but I'm still here."—Spence.

* * * *

Baskey at Majestic: "Don't you want to dance with me?"

She: "Why I don't think so."

He: "Well I'm a University student and thought maybe you'd like to."



Tooth Aches



Baker's version of an evening spent with a lady friend:

"You sing a little song or two
And have a little chat,
You eat a bit of candy fudge
And then you take your hat,
You take her hand and say good-night
As sweetly as you can;
Now aint that a deuce of an even-ing
For a great big healthy man?"

* * * *

Dr. Prentiss: "McGruder, what is the Inciform cartilage?"

Mc.: "It's the cartilage that holds the ears stiff."

Thiegs' favorite song is:

"F-i-nn-i-g-a-n spells Finnigan,
Proud of all Irish blood that's in
her
Divel a word a man can say agin
her;
F-i-nn-i-g-a-n you see,
It's a name full of fame
With which Thiegs is now con-
nected with,
Finnigan that's her."

* * * *

Dr. Kliney: "Hagerty what is a soap?"

Hagerty: "Why—why I don't know unless it is something to wash your hands with."

"Boys did Chase call the roll yesterday?"—Horton.

* * * *

Stub: "Say Ferry what's the matter with Pretzel's voice this year, he used to be such a good singer?"

Ferry: "Why don't you know? Pretz fell off the water wagon last summer while he was delivering Colfax water and strained his voice also breaking his leg."

* * * *

Kelly enters Materia Medica quizz while Dr. Chase is in the back of the room.

Dr. Chase: "Mr. Kelly take a front seat."

Kelly, thinking it is Freese: "Go to h—I can't see my books in the front seat."

* * * *

The first week of the Junior Dent clinic was a strenuous one for Edmund's new operating coat as it served for its intended use, also a garb for orthodontia technic; a receiving frock; dress suit for out door choir practise; tea jacket, and sleeping garment.

* * * *

"Gee, I wish I had a girl."—
* * * *

"Say fellers I speared 'Kliney' for once"—Herald.



The Charge of the Junior Brigade

I.

Another cram, another cram,
For exam, but onward,
Into the junior ranks
Fall Hosford's comrades.
Forward, Junior Brigade!
Double time, be not dismayed—
Though Clinic springs digestion.
Into the Junior ranks
March Hosford's comrades.

II.

"Forward, Junior Brigade!"
Was there a dent dismayed?
Not though the classmen knew
Some one had blunder'd:
Their's not to ask a question,
Their's not to make suggestion,
Pass—or fly to Northwestern:
Into the Junior ranks
March Hosford's comrades.

III.

Engine to right of them,
Engine to left of them,
Engine in front of them,
Buzzed and thundered;
Burrs whirling on pell mell,
Swiftly they work and well,
Into the jaws of men,
Into old teeth that smell
Plunge Hosford's comrades.

IV.

Working mid sweat and stare,
Working without laughing air
Relieving the aching there,
Digging new cavities, while
All the freshies wonder:
Plunged in the enamel smoke
Never thro' the gingival broke;
Then Rogers guides them back,
His band of comrades.

V.

Prentiss to right of them
Valland to left of them,
Clinic in front of them
Echoed and thunder'd;
Midst their shot and shell
Oft a brave sadly fell
From the class known so well;
Thus: all that are left,
Are fifty six comrades.

VI.

When will their record fade,
Of those that stuck and stayed?
All the flunkers wonder!
When will there be a class,
Ever ready to surpass
These warlike comrades?
Honor the grades they made!
Honor the Junior Brigade,
Dean Hosford's comrades.

R. L. B.

Dr. Prentiss: "Mr. Lake what is the frenulum?"

Lake: "It is an organism at the back of the stomach for the digestion of eggs."

* * * *

Miss Stahley: "Storey I wish you would get out of my way."

Storey: "Pardon me, I thought perhaps you might want something and I intended to be ready."

* * * *

Miss Moon to Clark at Majestic: "Who is that gentleman sitting over there with those pure white sox on?"

Miss Gibson, warningly to Miss Moon) Sh—! That is Mr. Booher, but he hasn't any sox on."

And Clarke leaves to prevent embarrassment.

* * * *

Dr. Buigena (to a student) "Is Mr. Horton a Psi Omega?"

Student: "No he is a Tau Delt. Why?"

Dr. R. "I noticed him with Alender every time in my quizz and he struck so close to him that I thought he was a brother of his. Well, well, a Tau Delt."

* * * *

L. V. Peterson (after having his voice tested by Prof. Cox) "Well Professor how does it sound?"

Prof. Cox: "All right, but if I were you I'd sing much above because you have such a 'single-file' voice."

* * * *

The Dents Hawkeye Box had to be reinforced with nails to prevent petty larceny by McGruder.

AN ODE TO OUR ODIOUS WATER

They say that it's both meat and drink,

And they don't miss the mark much, I think;

You can boil it, or stew it,

Then sip it or chew it,

And at times it makes fairly good ink.

They say that it's full of foul germs,

Of bacilli and other strange worms,
That it's badly polluted,

And served undiluted—

Now wouldn't that give you the "squirms?"

Some people think that beer's a great curse,
But to my mind this sewage is worse,
So henceforth I'll drink beer,
For this cruel I fear
Might cause me to ride in a hearse.

* * * *

Dr. Kliney: "Mr. McG what is the shape of the cerebrum?"

Mc G: "Why it's the shape of a walnut."

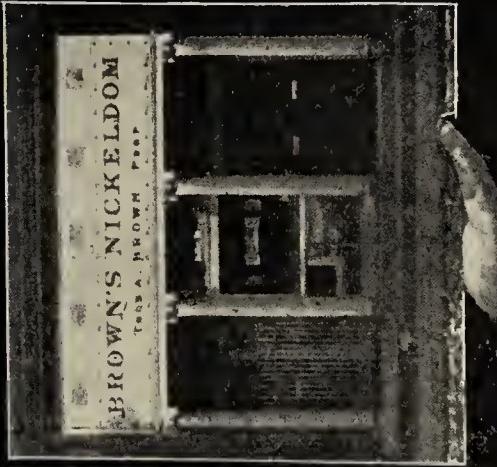
Kliney, laughingly: "The shape of a walnut, hey?"

Mc G: "No not always. Well it's square in some people."

* * * *

Dr. Chase's remedy for producing diaphoresis: "Take one dozen beer bottles out of which extract the beer and pour said fluid in a receptacle, then fill the aforesaid bottles with hot water and apply externally till the desired result is obtained."

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GOT THE FIXTURES, THE
GOODS, AND THE GOOD WILL
OF ALL WHO KNOW US.

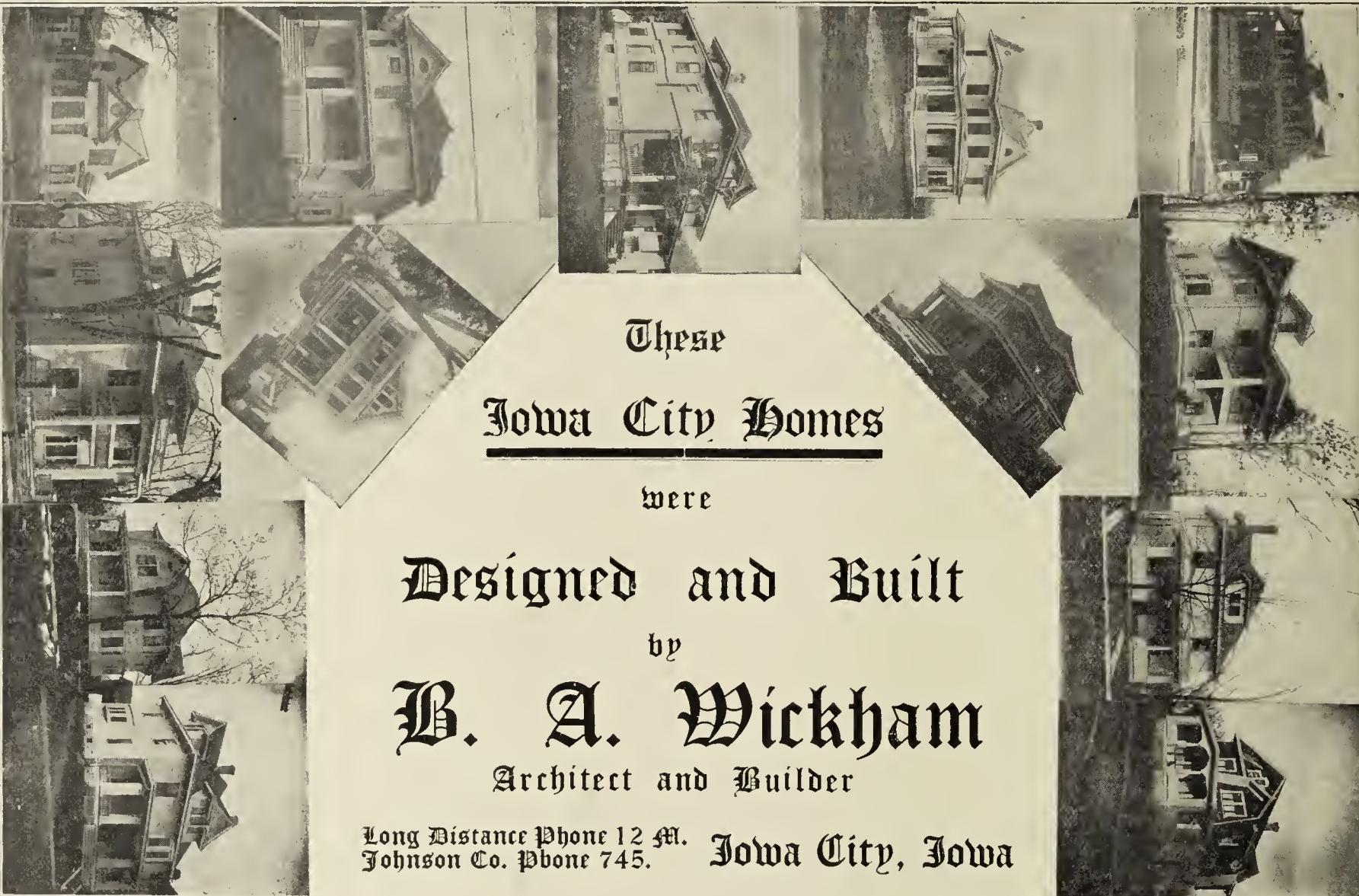
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Dope of the Dentists

Louis Cyril Barry. The man from Nichols, Louis makes up in good nature for his minimum physique. A slightly audible whistle tells you that he is present and hard at work.



Chester Carl Zellhoefer. Zell hails from Waterloo—was educated there and there too formed his affinity. With the natural susceptibility to absorb useful knowledge coupled with the fact and that Zell has a sense of peace and sweet content known only to a married man—there is little to disturb his mind and he lives in an atmosphere of radiant hope for the future of himself and his own.



Asa R. Bowie. Is a resident of the University city. Bowie has a cheery smile for every one—he is a thorough optimist and it is predicted by some that he will be master of suggestive therapeutics to such an extent as to practice painless dentistry.



Lavender Parks Clow. Clow has the distinction of being the only Beredit in this illustrious Dental Class. He is a busy man and has the happy faculty of seeing the silvery lining of all dark clouds and enjoying as well as making the best out of life.

W. M. Story: When Story responds to roll call our tympanic membranes are agitated by low, rumbling perturbations, like unto thunder. No one has advanced a reasonable theory, demonstrating how such a volume of vibrations can issue forth from a cervix so small in diameter.



Add to this, a reference to his physiognomy, bright, shiny, illumined by noiseless laughter and disfigured by contortions of countenance, his hirsute adornment of dusky shade and median separation, sometimes existing as long filaments, or developing by Karyokinesis into a generous fringe, tassel or drapery; his inimitable mode of ambulation, also remembering his claim to ambeopea and fear of women, you have a graphic representation of our class Prexy.



Kerr: We are told that Kerr is a ladies' man, possessing charms for the gentler sex invisible to the masculine eye. His past is shrouded in mystery and low necked dresses. We have all heard him attempt the venture and prognosis stunt in Dr. Chase's quizz. If Kerr insists that prunes have a stimulating effect on the heart, there is reason to suppose that he has evidence for basing his theory; they probably act indirectly thru the stomach—ask Kerr.

Snakenberg: Who jostled the Freshie Dents on that bloody Monday morning, valiently the "Yellow Freshies," mid cheers and applause? "Snake."

We all remember how he held the largest and most ferocious at arm's length, using him at times as a weapon, again as a shield till the dead, dying and wounded lay about him in a circular windrow, and the few survivors had taken to their heels and sought refuge under their beds. Truly "Snake" is our "Fighting Hope."



Leslie Reid: The "Jungle child" came to us from the frozen north, which he claims as his birth place.

We first saw him in the Union Station at Cedar Rapids, just awakened from slumber, cold, grouchy, and rusty. But two years of University life have had a decided thawing and polishing effect on little Leslie.

His greatest weakness is large, strong girls, from 160 pounds up, the larger the better for Leslie.

Reid attends divine services regularly, also assembly; despises cuspids and hates to be awakened in the morning.

Mining iron ore and associating with Finns did not prove fascinating enough for the Mesoba lad, consequently we have become acquainted with him and his mode of living.

Charles Nevins, Spanish War veteran, adventurer, gentleman and business manager of the Hawkeye for the Dental college, hails mostly from Toledo, Iowa. Charles is a popular fellow, good natured, jolly, and always cool.(?) Being a war veteran his fighting blood is still aroused "at times" and on such occasions the enemy usually seeks shelter behind a door, box, tree, or else is seen going down the street in a cloud of dust. His one pleasure and pastime is to smoke his pipe in Anatomy hall and blow circles of smoke to amuse the onlookers.

His success in Physiology may be attributed to a little adventure of last summer when he came down the river in his canoe.



Dennman: "Denny" grew to his present size in Kansas, where he led for years the simple life mid gophers, grasshoppers and prairie dog towns. Jay hawkers recognize him as a ferocious cow puncher and engineer for threshing outfits. No doubt from his former free and simple life sprung his fighting spirit and love for Swedish blood.

His present idea is to run his dental engine and uninvented inlay machine with a four horse power gas engine.

He will no doubt locate in his native state and live on potatoes planted in the fall, if he can be stopped for meals.

NINETEEN TEN HAWKEYE



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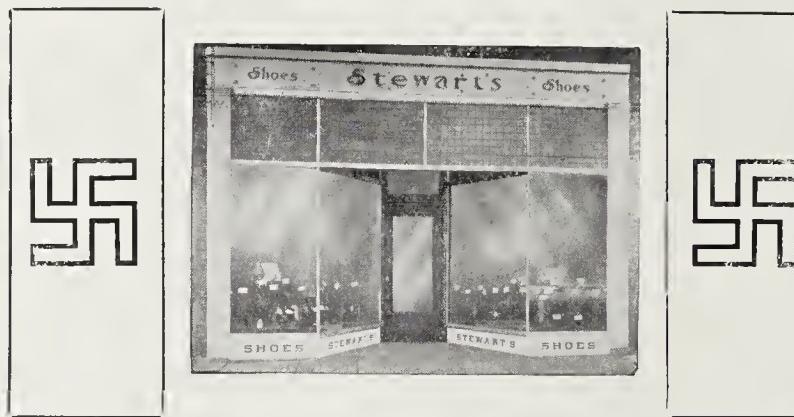
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We fitted out the best dressers of the Class of 1886—and every class since—so you will find.

STEWART'S GOOD SHOES

are favorably known wherever you go

FOR 1909 we have been fortunate in securing H. B. Reed's great line of up-to-the-minute footwear. No new idea escapes them—you'll always find it in the Reed line—and their novelties appeal to the college man particularly.



Dope of the Dentists

Guy H. Jones, alias "Spit Ball," "Spike," or "Snail," left the wilds of Minnesota in the fall of '07 and came to Iowa City to become civilized.

During his short stay here he has become famous as a basket ball and base ball player.

One fond memory will follow him to his grave, and that is the first quizz in Osteology when he was scared to death by "Prent," who accused "Snail" of being asleep during roll call.

Not caring much for the feminine gender his success as a dentist is a sure thing for his one resolution is not to try and attain the impossible.

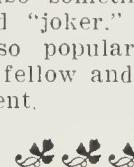


Guy Horton: In the wee hours of the morning, some twenty odd years ago, Mr. and Mrs. Horton became the victims of the prowess of that proud and most generous bird, Mr. Stork.

Guy was first seen to toddle around on the streets of Ames, which he informs us is a small village near Roland, Iowa.

We can hardly consider Guy as one of the bunch for he has committed one unpardonable sin, and that is disgracing himself by attending Drake, one year.

His devotion to his chosen profession is beautifully shown by the difficulty which "Ed" has in ejecting him from the laboratory.



Fred Ferson Taylor: "Mossback" points to Mc Gregor with great gusto as the scenes of his childhood and early piety.

Like the rest of the Tailors he will take your measure on first sight, give you a fit, sew you up and follow suit until paid.

As a conversationalist he can always be heard to add his little mite to the treasury of the table eloquence and is as much at home at a wedding breakfast as at a clam bake.

L. V. Peterson: "Hey come from Minnesota. Hey been in the United States two year but hey no like it. Guess hey go back to Minnesota."

Light haired, blue eyed and light complexioned he makes quite a hit with the ladies.

His fame as a tenor singer has already been established and is now considered as a member of the "Famous Junior Dent Quartette." It keeps "Pete" going tho to hold his position as leading tenor for among his strongest rivals for the same position are other singers of "note," such as "Boskey," "Tretzel, and "P. I."

He is also something of a cartoonist and "joker." But in spite of being so popular "Pete" is a very quiet fellow and never creates any comment.

Earnest William Elmen: Hailed from Sioux Falls, S. D. As a great physiologist he will make you believe the brain occupies the top floor of the human block known as the cranium and kept by the Sarah sisters—Sarah Brum and Sarah Bellum, assisted by Medella Oblongata. All three are nervous but are always confined to their cells.

He would make you believe the brain is done in white and grey, and furnished with light and heat, hot or cold water (as desired) with regular connections with the outside world by way of the spinal Circuit, usually occupied by Intellect Bros., Thots and Ideas as an Intelligence Office, but sometimes sublet to Jag Hang-over & Co.



Laurence Victor Peterson: "Pete" comes from Laurens. Like a ship at open sea without sail or rudder he was seen to drift about and finally strand at Iowa City, a stranger in a strange land, but the frankness of his face has won him friends without number. Such a face; a fertile open expanse, lying midway between collar-button and scalp, and full of cheek, chin and chatter. The crop on his face is harvested daily by a lather, or allowed to run to mutton-chops, spinach or full lace curtains. It is well supplied with lamps, snuffers and a bread box.

E. B. Smith: None but a timid little girl knew Smith when he entered the Dental class of '10. But not many days elapsed ere he was hailed as a hero; for who is not a hero that ventures out on the stormy and unknown seas of matrimony. This bit of news was conveyed to our sensitive drum membranes by Smith's own voice as he arose from his seat in Physiology lecture and made the startling announcement of, "Well fellers I ain't got anything to say only I got married last night." What an effect a few words gently spoken have on some people for surely we were overjoyed at the prospect of having good cigars to smoke. Only a year elapsed and again Smith was hailed as our hero but this time we had to buy our own cigars.



H. A. Peterson: The congenial and unassuming Norwegian was imported from Waukon, Iowa.

No one knows exactly what "Pete" did last summer, but surely the marks of dissipation were on his face. Being an industrious student and much married to his books, he has been the victim of no practical jokes, nor has he been guilty of the riotous living so common among our members.

We can't exactly diagnose the case from the present symptoms but all will agree on one thing and that is, that there is a woman in the case.

NINETEEN TEN HAWAII

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Dope of the Dentists

John Marquardt, after sticking to Keokuk until the ship sank, came to Iowa and entered the Dent class '10.

Enough has been seen of John to know that for some reason he likes to go to Burlington. It is said he anticipates spending a few Sundays there this spring as soon as the mud dries up.

It has also been rumored that a certain "Wolf" has been after John but we hope he'll prove to be the victor if ever there is an attack made on his person.

In quizz and exams John is as good as any stable of black horses and some have profited thereby. But all have profited by knowing him as he is always willing to lend a helping hand.



R. P. Booher: "Bob," "Bobbins," or "R. P." the senior member of the Junior Dent Class hails from Ute, Iowa; which he informs us is really on the map. But no one has seen it, neither can "Bob" point to it with the first digit of the index finger of his right hand. But nevertheless we believe "Bob" for never has he deviated from the straight and narrow path of truth. Like his younger brother "Bob" is also something of a "Sky Pilot" for almost any Friday evening he may be seen piloting some fair dream to the hall of polished floors, shuffling feet, and enchanting music.



A. L. Miller: "Don't know how large I am but know I'm larger than "Barry," "Stub," "Voreck," or "Reid," and what's more I'm growing and won't stop until I'm as large as "High Pockets."

With his cheery words and pleasant smile, Miller is a friend to all who know him. In spite of a little hard luck once in a while, he is always the same. He is energetic, full of "pep" and self sacrificing, this latter being beautifully shown when he left Physiology quizz in order to shield a friend from the disgrace which "Kliney" was sure to heap on some one else.



William Archer Squires, Was born in Atlantic and graduated from the Atlantic High School—Squires is of a strong athletic mind and spurs his big body on to take its place in the front rank of athletic heroes.

Jno. Ferris: Fifty pounds of bluff; twenty-five pounds of superheated air; twenty-five of good horse sense; twenty-five of good laugh; and twenty-five pounds of devilment go to make up what is most commonly known as "Ferrie." His strongest characteristic is his ability to run a bluff, while his weakest point is his great desire for pie. His ability as a ball player was shown last year while he played on the Dent team.

T. E. Baibee. Better known to some as Trace and to a few others as, "By Grab", came to us from Central City, Iowa. Like Abraham Lincoln he spent his boyhood days on a farm. Being like most boys, he probably read some such books as Buffalo Bill, Nick Carter, Jesse James, and others, which in consequence instilled into him the spirit of daring and adventure and we see him breaking home ties and go west finally landing in Montana where instead of breaking family ties he made new ones, but these were only railroad ties. Since coming to S. U. I. he has fallen into good steady habits. Besides being a good student he is also a mechanic and some day will be the inventor of an auspetic hand piece for a dental engine, "by grab."



James Marcus Hagerty, Whose home is in Spencer—graduated from the Spencer High School—after leading the life of a Jolly Jack Tar for 3 years on the Battleship Missouri, Jim then turned his attention to the arts of peace and Begorra he's doin' foine.



Frances Michael McGruder, Was born in Luverne, Iowa and graduated from the Britt High School in '07. "Mock" is a quiet little fellow and attends to his own affairs and has a head for business.

Trowbridge: Altho only a new arrival and practically a stranger when he came, "Tro" was quick to receive the attention, smiles, and good sisterly advice of our one "hen Dent."

Amid the dreams of a bright future, the music of files as the noble Freshies filed steadily at pieces of bone, and the low reassuring tones and faithful promises of sisterly devotion of "Helen," "Tro" was admitted into our noble class with any questions or formality. His only regret is that for the sake of one, just to humor her a little, he didn't enter S. U. I. sooner.



William Arthur Ruge, commonly known as "High" or "Bill" represents Dysart's longest deal.

While supposed to be at work on the first floor, Dr. Volland was often puzzled to know whether to demonstrate to him on the first or second floor. After exposing himself as a target for the snowballs of the "North Enders" he was convinced that an accident is a condition of affairs in which presence of mind is good, but absence of bddy is better.

"Bill" believes that every man is his own ancestor and every man his own heir. He devises his own future and inherits his own past.

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Dope of the Dentists

W. J. Booher: Coming to us from the green and rolling plains of Western Iowa, "William Jennings" was first seen and heard of when he stopped at Des Moines while making his initial trip to Iowa City. While in Des Moines on that memorable day he played the role of "The Good Samaritan" or "Sky Pilot" by caring for and protecting from the evils of a large city the innocent, honorable, and most distinguished Horace B. Hawthorn, he of great fame of the class of 1911 L. A.

But since coming to Iowa City, "W. J." says he has all he can do to care for himself.



R. D. Tiffany:
"There was a young fellow named

Tiff
Who hit the ball with a biff,
He made a home run
And thought it was fun.
But the pitcher he knocked out
stiff."

Such is the past record of one Roscoe D. Tiffany alias Tiff, who before he entered S. U. I. had been heard of thru the columns of sporting news in our daily papers. Besides being a ball player, "Tiff" is also a mixer of drinks, that is to say he mixes drinks for the other fellow, back of the soda fountain.

His one characteristic phrase is, "Come on fellows let's go out the house."

P. A. Edmund:
Said a boy named Paul
While attending a ball
But remember he's strong on the
frog-o:
To pacify woes
As he stepped on girls toes
"You don't dance like we do in
Chicago."

Paul A. Edmund, aspirant, ejector of highly heated atmosphere and creator of fiction, first crowed at Pella, Iowa.

It is said that he is an authority on the heart and this authority is questioned by no one, for his explanation of that vital "organ" is that it consists of two stories, an upper and a lower, these being connected by means of the "Eustachian tube" thru which the blood rushes from garret to basement.

His different mode of tripping the light fantastic toe is imported from Chicago.

He is renowned for his frequent change of room mates, specs, and being the first Junior to purchase an operating coat.



Fletcher Harold Herrald, Prexy was reared on a farm near Fonda, Iowa. After graduating from the Fonda High School, he attended Grinnell College where it is said that his studies interfered with the growth of his hair—as this no longer bothers him—he is keen in his pursuit of Dental knowledge.

James William Wray, Respects Corydon as his home—after graduating from the Corydon High School, he attended the State Normal preparing himself for the position of Supt. of his Alma Mater High School. In '06 Will thot to survey for himself a fortune in the Engineering world. In '07 however he found his true calling in the Dental profession.



Bernard Thiegs: A blue eyed, dark haired little boy first gladdened the hearts of Mr. and Mrs. B. Thiegs at Long Prairie, Minn. in 1884. The promising young idea was soon christened Bernard, but now the idea is better known as "Barney;" "Barnyard;" or "Long Prairie." After graduating from high school he entered the Pharmaceutical Dept. of the U. of Minn. He informs us that soon, however, he was taken sick and was forced to give up this course, but from what we can judge we think there was too much chem. for him; for would he not rather sit in chem. lecture with his feet propped up high on the instructor's desk and read the news in the "Long Prairie Schooner?"

His dreamy eyes and constant smile make him friends wherever he goes, and this friendship is maintained by his postals and letters, evidence of this fact is obtained thru a certain "friend" in Minneapolis.

Jno. H. Kelley: If speech is silver and silence golden, surely John Henry must be possessor of a vast fortune. John says "actions speak louder than words," and he demonstrated this time worn adage on that memorable Monday morning of the "Freshie Defeat." John has one friend which sticketh closer than a postage stamp to an envelope and this friend is no other than his good old pipe. Besides loving his pipe he likes the gentler sex, also his class mates, but has an abhorrence for front seats in Materia Medica quizz, this probably being due to the fact that he was taught never to occupy too conspicuous a place in public. But Dr. Chase didn't know this when he told John to take a front seat; beside all the back seats were taken.



Lake:
"We have a fellow named Lake
Who knows how a joke to take;
He's a quiet old soul,
Most comical, droll,
And his classmates he'll never for-
sake."

His most characteristic feature is his jolly good humored face. Too bad his name isn't "Ikey" for he is quite proficient in the Hebrew accent.

Like most quiet bodies of water he may have a deep undercurrent which remains yet to be discovered; maybe.

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IOWA CITY, IOWA

Dope of the Dentists

E. W. McClun: McClun, better known as "Mickey" first saw daylight at Burlington, Iowa; but from then on the child grew and waxed both in body and mind until now he is looked upon by many as a "Walking unabridged Encyclopedia for Freshie Dents."

"Mickey" has had some hard luck this year. First it was hard to leave home and come back to school after Xmas vacation. Secondly, he was kept from his work for several weeks by an infection on his right hand which he received while performing an operation for cleft palate on the person of Miss Technic. But "Mickey" says he doesn't mind it for the operation was a successful one.



J. W. Ball: Jamie spent his boyhood days at home, but in the days of '49, like many others he migrated west and stopped at Billings, Mont.; so did his cash. But Jamie was never down on his luck and soon found employment as machinist in the Great Northern shops there. His cheery disposition and good looks soon won for him a better place as he became the private secretary to the Supt.'s daughter. He held this responsible position for two years, and at the end of that time he came back to "good old Iowa," only to enter the Dental class of '10.

W. B. Stager: he of noisy sounds like unto the death of many cats or the roaring of unseen winds, like the Gauls descending upon Rome, descended upon us in the fall of '07.

Our first intuition of his sportsmanship became generally known when he easily and cleverly lightened "Nubbins" roll of a five on the vital question of credits required to take the Dental course.

As oil poured on troubled waters stills them, so did Stager's soft melodious voice often sooth and ease some troubled heart.



Ralph Luverne Baskerville, commonly known as "Baskie" led a simple life on his father's farm near Iowa Falls, till he aspired to the profession of dentistry. It is to the fresh air and the zephyr of new mown hay that he attributes the angelic tone of his voice.

Can he sing tenor? Well I should say; tenor eleven and sometimes more. As an ardent admirer "Baskie" has drawn the affections of eight of Iowa City's best girls. When Miss B—expressed her request because of the snow on the ice he was heard to remark, "Well dearest, I will shovel the snow off of the river and we can go skating." But when married will remark. "What? Shovel the snow off the walk for you? Well I should say not! I'm no chore boy. I am a dentist."

Fred Tiesse: When the name Tiesse is mentioned, surely every Dent. will know that our friend Pretzel, Germany or Bohunk is indicated. Tiesse was "brewed" at Ryons, Iowa, some time during the nineteenth century. Early in life he availed himself of his opportunities of a High School education and also won high honors on the gridiron for his school.

As a student at S. U. I. he was first brought into the lime light thru his demonstrations in Chemistry, this showed us plainly that he had not yet laid away his high school ways. But we are delighted to see the great progress he is making in educational lines as he is rapidly discarding his high school ways and now very seldom raises his hands and calls "Teacher, teacher, I know."

After Feb. 1, Tiesse will hold special clinics at 10 o'clock every week showing new methods of pounding gold into M. O. Bienspid cavities.



Archie Lott Dean: Whose home is in Tipton learned the fine art of engraving and after spending four years as head engraver for a Cedar Rapids firm he imagined to see a brighter future and not being satisfied with a boss (with a possible exception) he decided to be a D. D. S. His skill and ability in metal work is a synonym for perfection.

Guy Bork Kinney: Favors Newell as his home. Guy graduated from the Newell High taking post graduate work in the Nevada High School, later attending Iowa State Normal, "Pood" has appeared with fast company in base-ball and is recognized as an all around good fellow and his future is assured.



Paul R. Thompson: Commonly known as Tommy, synonym Stub, was presented by the family physician to Mr. and Mrs. Henry Thompson of Roland, Iowa, on Dec. 24, 1887. In early life his insatiable desire for knowledge and attachment to his books caused neglect of exercise and physical development suffered in consequence, this of course explains his abbreviated size,—a tender reference,— for which his only consolation is that he is not so small as Reid.

After completing the high school course, Stub, in his eager pursuit for wisdom and understanding registered at Red Wing Seminary where he succeeded in passing exams and leading the innocents astray. His choice of a profession came about in a peculiar way for one day he ascended high onto a cracker box from whence he could look far into the professional world, there he saw improvements to be made and immediately fixed his choice on Dentistry claiming in time to revolutionize the whole dental world.

Dope of the Dentists

G. C. Freese: Grover C. Freese, poet, singer, ex L. A., miner, story teller, and friend to every body, hails from Adair, Iowa. If you don't know where Adair is get out your Cram's Atlas and look it up; if you haven't a Cram's get one, for no other Atlas is as good; if you don't know where to get one ask Freese, he may be able to tell you.

His open, frank countenance is only an outward sign of his big tender heart and open hand. Never need a friend suffer in his presence. But the best of friends must part, so that Freese when he and Prexy were doomed to sever their relations, all because of an egg—and this egg wasn't even a fresh one. But the cat came back and so did Freese and many are the hearts that were made glad by his returning.



E. L. Clark: To the girls he's known as "Archie," to the boys as "Clarkie" and to the profs as a pretty good student, but Clarkie says it isn't his fault that he's such a good student, it's more luck than sense.

If there's anything "Clarkie" would rather do, it is to go canoeing, play base ball or possibly play a game of pool or billiards. His affinity for Majestic is somewhat like that of alcohol for water.

Helen Stahley: Whether or not there would be a "hen Dent" in our class was a matter of great speculation among the early assembled freshies of the class of '10. As a reward, on the eventful "first morning," our greedy eyes feasted upon a timid, blue eyed, light complexioned, blushing blond who was frantically clinging to the coat tails of our hero, Pretzel. It was necessary for Helen to retain this protective position for some time as a means of defense against the enamored Juniors who persisted in hovering near. Many are the promises of sisterly devotion she has given but her affections are seemingly centered on one.

Her winning smile, cheery words, and manner of executing the Barn dance are matters of much comment. Ask Helen about "The Little Dutch Hall."



Lyle G. Baker: Hunter, horseman, sport. Being too young to sing much, little was heard of "Bake" until he graduated from Spencer High School and now he is heard from quite often.

"Of all the arts, great music hath
the charm
To lift the soul above all earthly
harm.
All is music and right good cheer
When Bake is near."

Joseph Franklin Schoen: Was born in Indiana—In '05 he graduated from the Tilford Academy at Vinton, Iowa. Not being satisfied with this intellectual goal he decided to study Dentistry where he is said to be in line for a position as instructor in theory or technic, perhaps both.



Voreck: From one so small not much can be expected, but almost any day Voreck can be seen and usually heard with the largest of them. From his personal appearance one is left under the impression that he is not very powerful, but anyone can tell you that he sure is strong with "Kliney." Also those who witnessed his first case of extraction are ready to swear that Voreck can extract any tooth no matter how firmly it may be located in its sockets.

His one reason for being heard so often is that he is too small to be seen.



Wm. Robert Ogles: "Baun," an aborigine of Iowa City, is a pleasant companion, with a liberal hand and a purse full of the small change of conversation, with his little collection of large thoughts in small packages as convenient for the brain as a gold inlay is to a tooth, extends the token of fellowship to all who appreciate the society of the witty and wise.

Charles A. Pike: Known to us as "Dad" claims Spearfish, S. D. as his place of origin.

Altho a dignified bunch of muscle is unable to split wood or sift the ashes, but can be seen measuring strength in the arena with the light weight wrestlers.



Thomas Green: comes to us from the sandhills of the wild and wooly West.

He is pursuing the course of the civilized and shows signs of an upward growth or tendency which has enabled him to develop a college yell from what was once only a teeble warwhoop.



Ray Ramsey Hulse: Was born in Keota and is a graduate of the High School there. Hulse has much the air and appearance of an English Nobleman and already his hair has begun to show the strain inflicted by the strenuous life of a dentist which he is crowding to the limit.



Roland Baxter Allender: of Maryville, Mo. nativity, the great philosopher who now admits that wit and wisdom are two sides of the same shield and that the most serious business in life is to keep cheerful, may be seen as the sphinx of old beaming down upon us the wisdom of centuries past.

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to
College Men

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sentially the University Man's store, because we cater to that class of young men who want the distinctive styles, at the right prices—The University spirit pervades this Metropolitan store,—it breathes of all that's new, up-to-date, snappy, distinctive,—It's a store where University men can find the fullest expressions of their every taste in Classy wearing apparel, besides our buyers for seven stores being always in the market, we are constantly striving to give young men, new stunts, all the time, before others show them. We extend to all S. U. I. men our most cordial invitation to make this up-to-the minute store their headquarters.

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A Resumé

There were giants in those days, and there came into existence a race destined to become followers of Rokitansky, Hippocrates and Galen. They were a sturdy race of the species *Homo-Medicus*, though a few were *Hen-medica*. We

need not trace the early history but let it suffice to say that the race grew up, continued to increase in wisdom and learning until a certain day, from whence our interest dates, in the Autumn of '06 when through some misfortune (for the world at large) or some fortune (let us hope) they resolved to enter

the field of medicine and solve some of the problems with which the ologies are concerned.

They resolved to begin with a vengeance, and such they did, working and striving to master such dope as why the *Torcular Herophile* or the *glabelllo* existed and why the crescents of Gian-

nuzzi were so called. They even ventured to delve into the mysterious karyokinesis and what was irritability, conductivity and metabolism.

Even Chemistry could not daunt their courage, for though it is said that some looked in vain for the concentrated H_2O and had beakers

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BOTH PHONES

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to collect H₂S, and it is said that some could even gather the atoms and molecules and produce any known substance.

But it was not only the serious proposition of the scientific and medical problems that must be solved. Another race had preceded this aggregation and it was with fearlessness that the new race encroached upon them. The conditions existent became more and more inimical so it was evident that the issue must come soon so preparations for a scrimmage were made on both sides. All the forces having been collected, the plans for the battle drawn out, with everything in readiness, the battle, designated as a class scrap was on. Such fighting! Worthy of the participants. It was a good fight, but the class of 1909 could not withstand the greater attack, so the '10 emerged as victors and their yell,

A rack a chick a boom
A rack a chick a boom
A rack a chick a rack a chick
A boom boom boom
Rip rah ren Rip rah ren

Freshman medics Nineteen-ten resounded around the world. For had not this class passed through a crisis? The mass was now one uncontrollable mass of energy for this, its first victory had given it an awful impetus. It was after this that such names as Hercules, Lizz, Mike, Pat, Irish, Swede, Dad, Foe-tus, Red, Maude, Fat, etc. came into vogue, for we were now a banded band held together not for safety's sake but bound by friendly ties. Thus we continued through the year, absorbing and trying to affix within our calvaria such as might

be necessary for the future. Time passed rapidly and after a vicious slap at our intelligence by the faculty which the greater number evaded and after aborting the death-blow we stepped into new shoes—for we were now Sophomores.

At a later period, the fall of '07 saw the same mass, somewhat depleted in number, after being disseminated about the various parts of the globe, congregate to begin with renewed vigor the work where it was left off. It was during this year that we were to have new "idears" expounded, to have the proverbial "Hello frog" come into use, and to have our palate tickled by such a vivid description of the thick, juicy steak smothered in mushrooms and the nice, ripe, juicy, luscious strawberries, so beneficial to the convalescent. It was during this year that we were to pass through an exacting and strenuous year, so banded together with boosting clubs prevalent, we fared well. There seemed nothing that could stunt the progress for we were riding the quizzes satisfactorily and in other ways causing the Prof's to realize that we actually knew a thing or two. But now a new class had come into existence, the class of 1911. Would they dare to encroach upon us? Would they dare affront us? That question remained unanswered for some time, but finally the Freshies gathered enough courage to give battle. Another class scrap was at hand which promised to be interesting from all points of view. Much credit should be given to the Freshies for the resistance they offered and due apology should be

acknowledged for the icy dips that so many of their members were treated to. It was a very decisive victory for the class of 1910, and especially did it bring out the spirit of unanimity for all were there with the exception of the Vice-dean of ophthalmology, our worthy Trinket, who through excessive interest in his work and love for his teacher did not participate. Thus we continued throughout the year, occasionally being compelled to teach the Dents a lesson or two in how to respect the Medics, occasionally having a rip-rearing time in the class room much to the delight of Jim, and occasionally having an outburst of devilment since our work could not hold the surplus of energy in check. Thus we continued throughout the year preparing for the finals and for the State Board, another bugbear that crept into the curriculum, but with these passed we were a happy lot for we were now Juniors.

Again we see them assembled after a period of quiescence during which they were spread to the various parts of the various States. Again we note that a number had fallen by the wayside or had gone to Chicago. (for which reason consult John T's quiz book.) We were now a happy family grown older and wiser, perhaps from our former years of experience. We had now passed by all the frivolities of the lower classmen and taken on the dignity becoming a Junior. Were now initiated into the clinics and hospital wards and were following the tracks of the Seniors very closely—sometimes too closely for their convenience. They looked upon the Juniors with that cur-

ious air of superiority, and would not consider them their equals to say nothing of their superiors. It being necessary for the Juniors to be held on an equal basis—they deemed it wise to teach the Seniors how tricks should be done. A football contest followed. Nuff said. The Seniors were beaten as would be expected when they met such an onslaught. Full details of the game appeared in the Junior Buzzer Wahoo Gashooter. They had learned their lesson. In a like manner all other problems had been dispelled so with such a catalogue of victories already achieved we may prophesy a great future is in store for the Junior Melies of 1910.



Landlady at 432 S. Dubuque calling up Miss H. at 9 a. m.—Hello is Mr. Anderson there?

Miss H.—Why no he isn't here.

Landlady—Do you know where he is or whether gone home or not?

Miss H.—Why is there anything wrong?

Landlady—I just went up to his room and found the heat turned on and the lights burning and I can't understand it.

(Where was the Swede?)

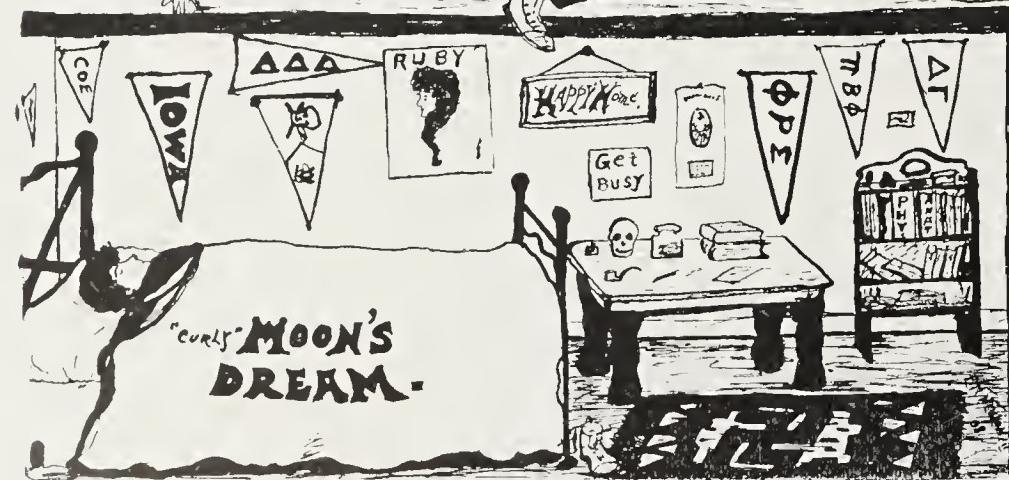
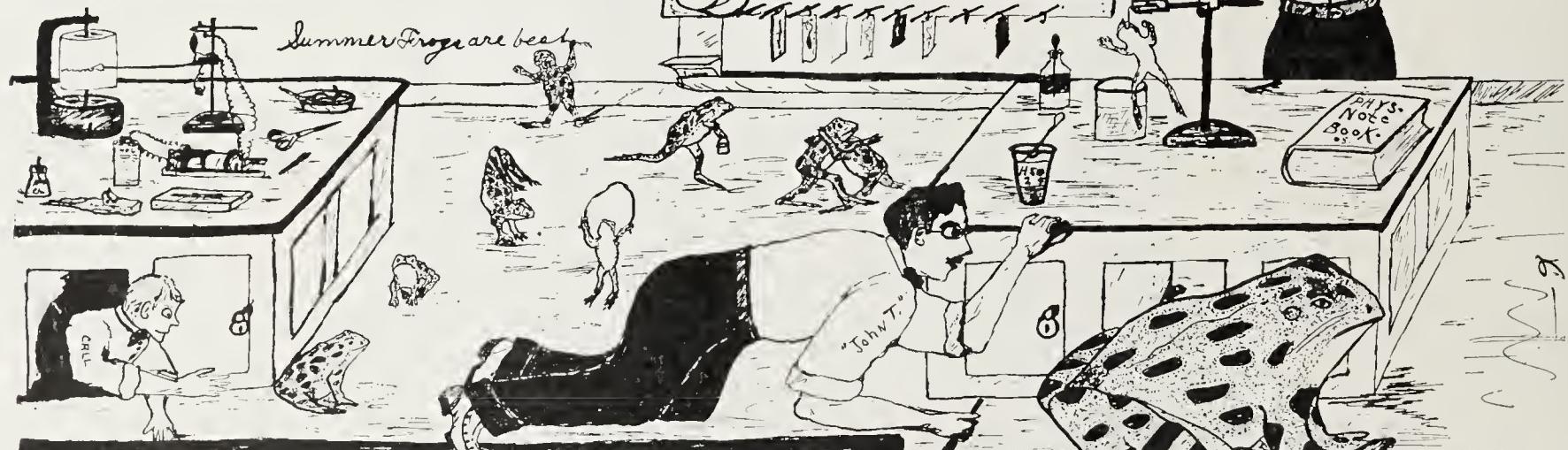
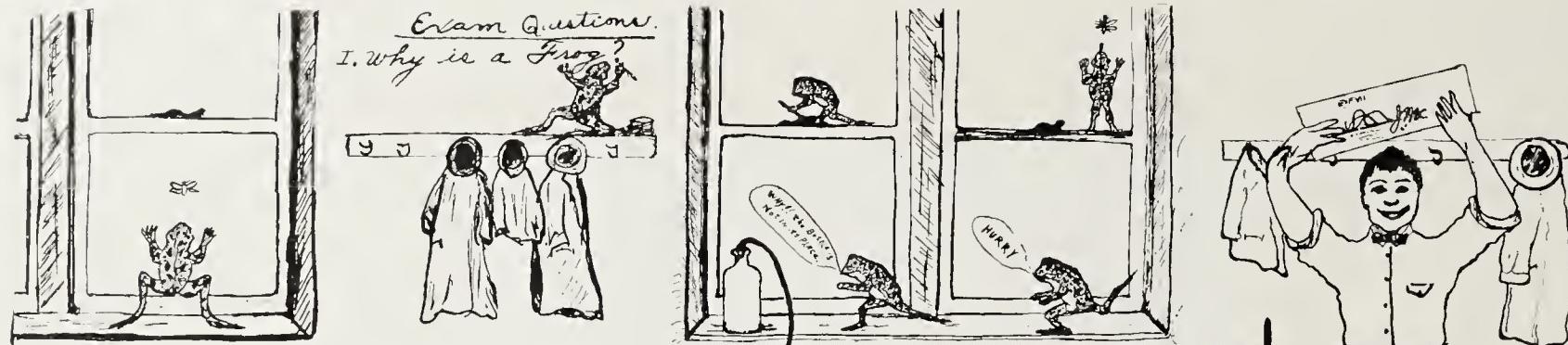


Lampe, after repeated trials at the Binret test offers the information that the clouds are too red to get the test.



Dr. Chase: Where is the habitat of paregoric?

Sherlock: In the turgescent nursery.



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CLASS ROLL

Anderson (Swede) — the ladies, favorite.

Albertson—better to have guessed than missed altogether.

Brooks (Trinket)—Head of the eye and ear department.

Blankely (Squint)—advocator of sour milk.

Brugman (G. P. I.)—thinks too little and talks too much.

Benedict—room with him if you wish to be married.

Bammert—a coming chemist.

Barta—lost his stake at a ball game.

Baird—ever a farmer.

Carlson (Caddie)—a Mellin's food baby.

Correll (Adair)—always ready to fuss.

Carpenter (Port)—would like to but my wife won't let me.

Dunkleberg (Pedicoli)—the ladies call him cute.

Daniels (Dick)—our Prexy.

Everson—the boy with the curly locks.

Freeman (Towhead)—a good customer of the Interurban.

Griffin (Bill)—appears to be in love.

Hammer (Bobbie)—Chase's hired man.

Joyst (Mike)—a map of Ireland.

Jay (Jack)—Authority on where to swipe dogs.

Johnson (Bill)—Trinket's assistant.

Johnston—a sober young man of steadfast qualities.

Keenan (Red)—It's h— to be red headed and Irish both.

Keller (I know)—a general super.

Kresensky (Mike)—company, villainous company hath spoilt me.

Kaasa (Casey)—a Y. M. C. A. bcy.

Lampe (Sampson)—the missing link.

Lamb—Might have come from Milwaukee.

Moon (Curly)—a good judge of curly hair.

Muench (Lizzie)—Baldy's wife.

McGregor (Mac)—President of the United States.

Morrison (Dad)—a good man for the soil.

Minthorn (Bennie)—Strongly opposed to frappe.

McKenna (Kenner)—one of Jessie's victims.

Mater (Mr.)—for I'm married now.

Maplethorpe—He smiles out loud. Miller—should have horns.

Ochs (Ikey)—God made him so let him pass for a man.

Osborn—can ride any pony.

Owen (Spivy)—did he call on me this morning?

Patton (Koch)—the married man. ? ? ?

Powers (Dad)—oh I don't know.

Sherbon (Sherbie)—a benedict.

Smith—the man of few words.

Simons (Doidles)—Gee fellows I met a swell girl last night.

Sherlock (Baldy)—a close observer of the sidewalk.

Seeley (Dad)—Senile cortical atrophy.

Schadt (Bull)—one of the boys.

Schug (Dutch)—A good man for the band.

Thomas (Tommie)—missed his calling.

Van Meter (Van)—Too good—can't say anything.

Wilkinson (Wilkie)—Has a reserved seat by Clara.

Woods—technique specialist.

Wolcott (Fusser)—Authority on hen-medics.

Yenerich (Foetus)—McKenna's mascot.

* * *

The Hens

We have three she doctors
By some are called a hen
But how the classes all agree
They wish they all were men.

Their feelings of course we cannot
jar
But how we wish we could

How fine they would appear afar
If they were jarred for good.

So with their presence we must
bear
We've stood it the best we could
But still if we have to talk to air
WE'LL be glad when they're gone
for good.

* * * *

Funnel Gang.
Meeting place—Under the old oak.
Chief Booze Hoister—Van Metre
Snake Observer ----- Thomas
Head Cork Puller ----- Lamps
Stepper of the Jug ----- Jay

* * * *

WANTED.
A normal element of the human species capable of taking Frog Lab. without violating the laws of polite speech.

LOST.

A little yellow dog with a red rag around its head, having its cortical area removed on both sides, showing complete motor paralysis and lesions of the spinal cord thereby having a degeneration of the crossed pyramidal tracts and complete paralysis. It was last seen running north on Clinton street I believe. Finder please return to

John T. McClintock.

* * * *

In the issue of the Marshalltown Journal for Jan. 1, we notice that Red Keenan has TBC and is taking a tour of the state for his health.

* * * *

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Cartoonists---Owen & Carpenter
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Religious editor-----Red Keenan
Sports Editor-----Van Meter
Newsboys -----
---McKenna, Patton and Blakely

* * * *

Dear Madame Beauty:—

I am troubled with a growth of hair on my upper lip. Please advise me at once if you can help me any.

Auxiously Yours,
Harry B. Wilkinson.

* * * *

Dr. Jepson (To Clara) Oh Dear,
Dear.

Dr. Ringena (To Jesse) You
can't work me.

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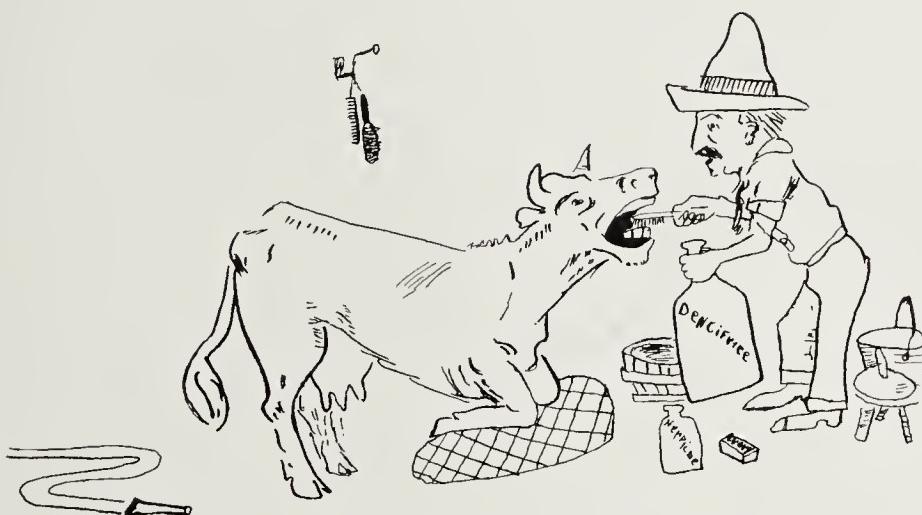


Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

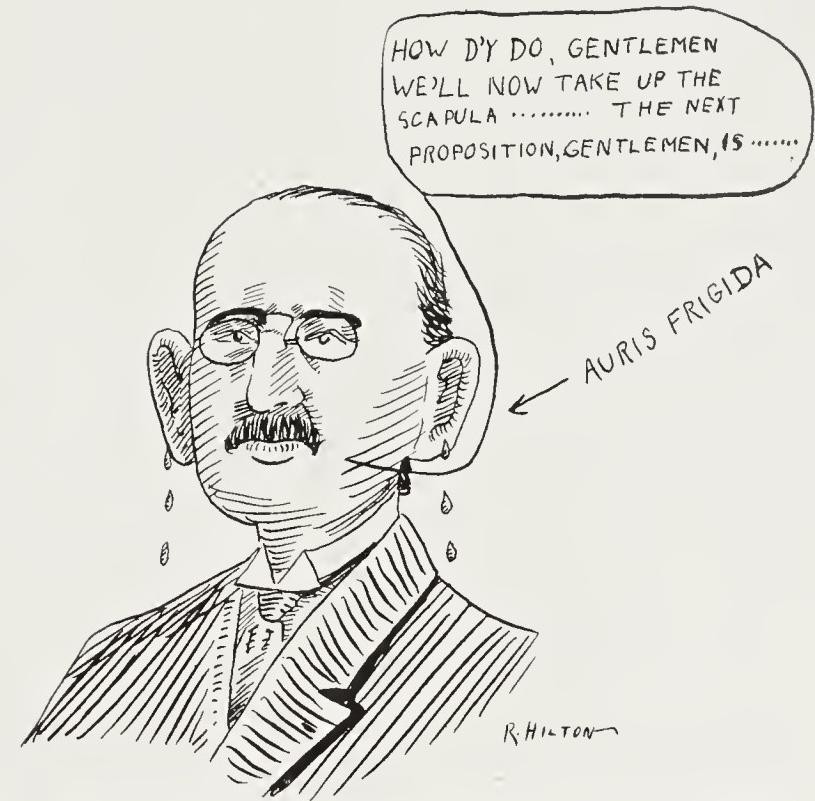
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GOOD HARDWARE
— From —
THOMAS
On The Square On the Corner

BACILLUS MENMEDICUS (BULLISKIVITCH'S BACILLUS)

Definition of Disease Produced;

An acute infectious disease, affecting young women between 16 and 60 years of age, becoming chronic, and characterized by little, if any change in general health, but a marked reduction of intellectual faculties, hallucinations, morbid curiosity, hypertrophy of the "ego", and the persistence of a dominant idea to the exclusion of all others, consequent diminution in both quantity and quality of the higher psychical functions, particularly those dealing with the appreciation of relative values, and a fitness of things.

Historical;

Altho' the acute members of the profession had long foreseen that the specific nature of this terrible malady would inevitably be proved, and many were within an ace of discovering it, yet it remained for the members of the Class of '10, spurred on by the pathetic sight of four rare specimens of the disease in their midst, to finally isolate the ferocious and blood thirsty "bug", B. Henmedicus, which produces such ghastly results in ladies of rare gifts, (so rare in fact that they were unable to attract attention in any other manner than by doing the unusual and the ridiculous).

Distribution;

As far as is known B. Henmedicus exists only in bodies of its victims, but it has afflicted the human race from time immemorial and perhaps even farther back than that, when M. D.'s were forced to climb trees in making their calls

and surgery was limited to the amputation of some lacerated caudal appendage which had inadvertently been allowed to dangle in the waters of the limpid stream in which lurched fancy fishes with funny fits, and who would bite off a piece of tail whenever opportunity presented itself, even as the small boy of today grasps the "handle" of the cat. Be that as it may, B. Henmedicus is to be found in all countries and in every degree of civilization. But, we are glad to say, the number of its victims, vary inversely as the degree of civilization attained. Our earliest record is of the ancient sorceress, who by her incantations and offerings to spirits, good, wise and otherwise, attempted to heal the sick. Later with the "yarb" tea the dames of old soon relieved the sufferings of their patient, by introducing them to our old friend Charon and his little motor boat on the River Styx (forgetting, however, to provide them with return tickets). Of late years, thanks to the improved facilities and superior training, the Doctoress has been able to produce the same results as achieved by great grandmamma but in a much quicker and easier manner. The world doth move.

Staining;

The organism is very resistant to ordinary dyes, and in tissues seems to be unaffected by tinted tale, rouge or hair dye.

Culture Characteristics;

The bacillus is not at all particular as to where it grows or what

it grows in, but cannot be cultivated on artificial media.

Pathogenesis;

None pathogenis for men or sound, sane women. Principally attacks mediocre individuals from the rural districts.

Vilulence;

Once infected, recovery is extremely rare. The cases are practically hopeless. One case is on record, however, where a secondary infection with Mal de L'amour apparently caused a recovery from a primary infection. Unfortunately, most of the victims never experience a secondary infection.

Sources of Infection;

By contact with other infected individuals. Fomites, such as books, pamphlets, and data from medical colleges.

Avenues of Infection;

Principally through the eyes and ears, but also through the digestive tract by swallowing all the tales they are told.

Production of Disease:

Chiefly by the formation of toxins which, like tetanus, have a marked affinity for the cells of the Central Nervous System.

Nature of Disease;

1. Parts involved;—
Brain and Cord.
2. Microscopical appearance;—
Brain swollen, soft and watery.
3. Microscopically;—
Cells swollen and degenerated.
4. Clinically;—
a.—Inspection;—Hard on the eyes.

b.—Palpation;—Negative.

c.—Percussion; — Cranium tynpanitie.

Symptoms;

The mental attitude is most striking; strange ideas, dissatisfaction with environment, morbid curiosity, reformatory mood, (like converting the world of women to men's attire), rabid suffragettes, and instead of representing the highest development of women, they are more near the exact antithesis of all things feminine. Whale-bone garments, marcel waves, ruching, pompadours, directoire hats and gowns are all relegated to the rag heap. Occasionally among the most fastidious may be found the possessor of a wire "rat", over which the thin and faded hair is drawn (except in spots), but this is the height of their furbeloes and finery. As a rule they resemble more than any thing else, in regards to beauty, brilliance of plumage and attractiveness, the little "Lady Sparrow", only they lack the nesting proclivities, or maybe it is only the opportunity of which they lack. It's very sad but very true.

Immunity;

A.—Natural;—Embracing all individuals with ordinary intelligence.

B.—Acquired;—

1.—By close contact with infected individuals for a short time, creates an immunity forever.

2.—An attack of "L'amours" disease is said to confer a lasting immunity and even cure those already afflicted.

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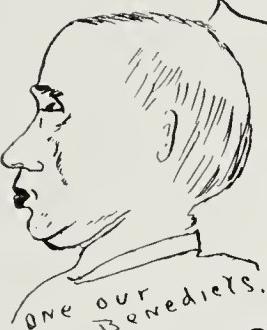
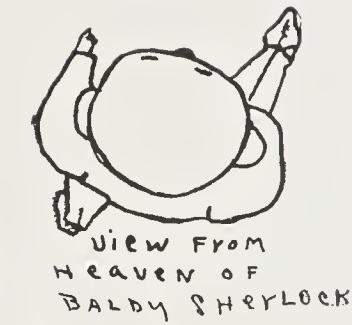
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BROKEN BONES

Freshie; I thought Frogs didn't have an appendix.

Junior; Why they don't.

Freshie; Well Klinie had his removed.

Class Motto; "Team Work."

Class Song; Dad Frisbie will be there.

Class Yell; "Hello Frog."

Class Colors; Anything but yellow.

* * * *

Prof. Lambert: (In bact. Lab.) I tell you what fellows we never had any course near as good as this when I took this work.

Mike Joynt: Perhaps they didn't have the material to teach it to in them days.

* * * *

We wish to say for the benefit of Hammer's girl that he didn't get seven shaves that night, he only had six.

* * * *

Dr. Chase: Now supposing Mr. Joynt that a patient was brought in with hernia?

playing out in the back yard among to you, a little boy, who had been the billie goats, tin cans, and brickbats and had swallowed a gympson-weed pod, what would you do for him?

Mike: I would put him on better pasture.

* * * *

Dr. Whities: Ye-es—what else—next,

Dr. Jepson: What is the treatment for a keloid?

McKenna: Why I would remove them.

Dr. Jepson: Does removal prove satisfactory?

McKenna: No sir, they would grow again and have a tendency to be larger than before.

Dr. Jepson: Oh you are looking for business are you.

* * * *

Blake: Oh excuse me Nellie.

Nellie: I beg your pardon but my name is Miss LeCompte.

(P. S. Yenerich was also a victim.)

* * * *

Maplethorpe recently made a great discovery in the history of medicine. He demonstrated that strychnine does not have any effect on the cerebrum, by injecting the drug into a pithed frog.

* * * *

Dr. Crowe: Mr. Morrison what is hernia?

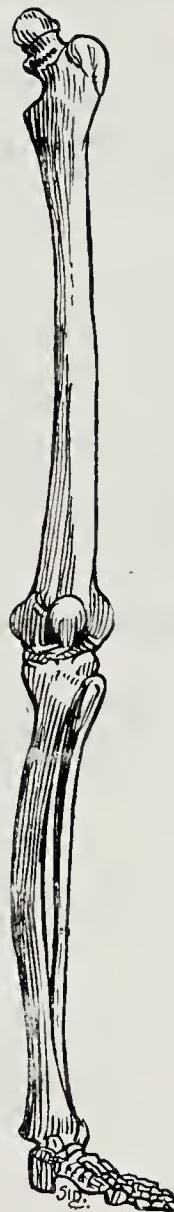
Dad: A hernia is an abnormal dislocation of any of the internal organs.

* * * *

Meine Godfy haven't you gentlemen any idear how important this fasciar is?

Peddler: Couldn't I sell you some shaving soap or talcum powder?

Moon: No but I will take some face cream just to help you along a little.



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170 EAST MADISON STREET, CHICAGO

SEND FOR CATALOGUE NO. 4



**How Doth the Busy Medic Improve
Each Shining Hour.**

Dr. Whiteis: Mr. Keenan suppose that the muscles were thoroughly relaxed and dilatation complete but still you saw that you were still going to get a laceration what would you do?

Red: I'd let her come.

Who said "Squint" wasn't authority on sour milk.

* * * *

Freshie—Say Baldy how do you get trousers to fit you?

Sherlock—Oh that is easy except sometimes they fit too tight under the arms.

At the class dance Benedict is forced to call a cab to take Gertrude home who had partaken too freely of the frappe.

Dont's

Don't use a pony—bring the book.

* * * *

Don't whisper in examinations—talk out loud.

* * * *

Don't bluff—the Profs have that privilege.

* * * *

Don't study—trust to team work.

* * * *

Don't buy supplies—use your neighbor's.

* * * *

Don't supe—let Keller do that.

* * * *

Don't use slang—cuss a little.

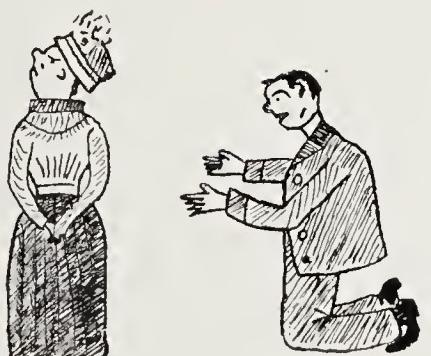
* * * *

Patton Powers and Freeman go to the Junior Prom.

You may use Bon Ami, Sapolio or Squill

But the smell of the dissecting room

Will hang around you still.



Wanted: Language suitable to use in frog Lab. VanMeter.

* * * *

Freshie: Does Dr. Chase indulge auy?

* * * *

Junior: No he just blows the foam off for the rest of the faculty.

* * * *

A Student: One who is interested in his work, loves his teacher and willing to supe a little.

* * * *

Frog Lab.: A place where the righteous fall by the roadside.

* * * *

Wilkinson: Professor I can't take this examination I brought the wrong book.

* * * *

Dr. Van Epps: About two years ago they discovered the fault in Mellins food and have you had any since Mr. Keller?

* * * *

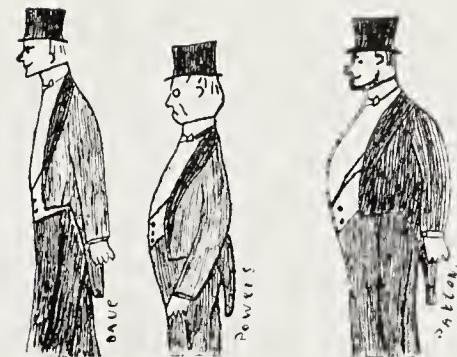
The landlord at 125 N. Dubuque insists that there be no children in the house and Yenerich has to hunt another room.

Iowa City, Jan. 23, '09.

Miss Jesse Correll:— Please call at my office at your earliest convenience.

Mrs. Mabel Volland
(Dean of women).

(Query: Who sent this notice to Jessie?)



First Individual: Mine is only two weeks old today, but just see how strong and healthy it is. I can easily notice how it grows over night. I've seen lots of them that did not show up half as well that were four weeks old.

Second Individual: Mine will be three weeks old next Saturday evening. The first week it grew nicely and I had great hopes that some day I should carry my head high with pride over this my virgin attempt but the last days seem to have brought a change, it appears anemic and sickly in spite of all the coaxing I do. I fear it is only a question of a few days when the downy, fluffy thing will be no more.

This is not a dialogue between two rabbit lovers but a serious conversation concerning the result of two unshaven lips. The first actor being Walter William August Kresensky, the second our G. P. I. Brugman.

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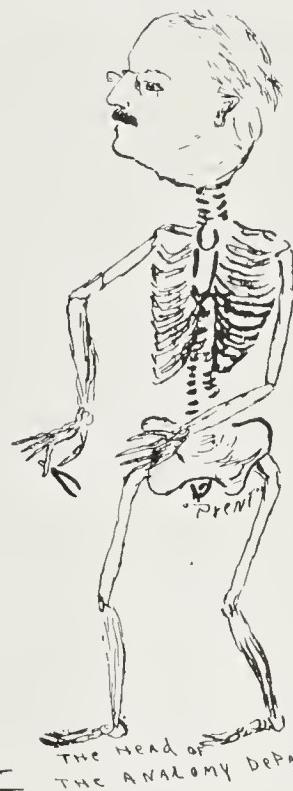
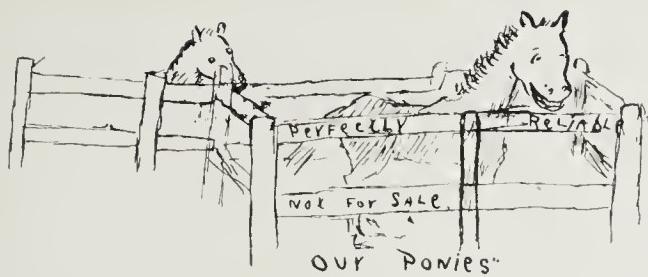
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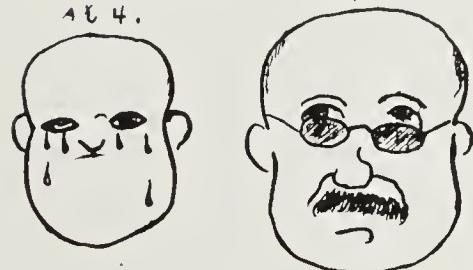
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Engineering Effusions

We Have Often Wondered

Who is SENIOR Myers?
Why Canfield never smiles.

Why Engineers drill.

Why "Jenny" asks questions.

Why election day is not a legal holiday.

Why so many Juniors take Physics.

When Wagner (E. J. H.) got his hair cut.

When Griffith finds time to study.

If Watson lives in Keota.

Who is "Dearie"?

The cause of the emigration to dentistry.

If the reclamation service has disbanded.

What became of the "Incubator" section.

Who started cutting on election day and if "Prexie" expected an apology.

Have we a professional fuzzer.
Who swiped Dizzy's grip.

Why "Dutch" Priester goes driving so often.

Why the senior class election was not legal.

Did Dizzy design an \$84,000 turbine.

Did Dizzy write a theme on "The Bridge."

* * * *

Wasam: "Mr. Condit, what was the first bank of the United States?"

Condit: "The First United States Bank."

"Nutt" Fischer enters the Physics Hall with his pipe in hand.

Prof. Guthe: "No, sir. Meester Fischer, you cannot smoke in heah: I am ze only ones what can smoke in dhis buildings!"

* * * *

Physics

Tis that six hour's course in Physics
That tries a sophomores pluck.
In mechanics and electricity
Even the ponies buck.

And if you ride a pony,
Be sure that he is true.
For the Prof. was once a sophomore
And he probably ponied too.

* * * *

In Memoriam

J. D. HALLECK

He was a faithful student of the College of Applied Science for many years, and had a kind providence permitted him to remain with us. He might finally have received the degree of B. E. But he fell a victim to the germ of dentistry and was obliged to answer his summons during the closing days of the last school year.

* * * *

Wisdom in a Freshman. The brain is an organ sometimes formed in the top of the human head.
—Repass.

New Course for Engineers

A new change in the Junior Engineering course was announced last fall. The five hour course formerly known as Economics 3a and 3b has been replaced by a series of lectures given by Dr. Clarence W. Wassam, B. Ph. M. A. ABC-XYZ, etc., on the subject of, "Life among the Loan Sharks, or The Confessions of a Con Man."

So far as is known, the change has proved very satisfactory. The

Doctor's lecture on "The Wooing of Amelia" is especially interesting, as are also the ones on, "Why I refused the Ten Thousand Dollar Job" and "C. W. Foster, Alibi and Alias." Altogether, the only expressions of regret heard have been that the lecturer is somewhat slow and hesitating in speech and is thus kept from doing full justice to his themes, but it is hoped that he will soon be able to overcome that one fault.

What Engineers Eat

Engineers Banquet, April 9, 1908.

Fuel.

Consomme aux Paccins Na Ci
Parallelograms.

Imperial Bass Fish a la Furnace
Plum Bobs. Patent Potatoes.
Insulated Bread.

Electrocuted Turkey with Storage
Battery Attachments

New Potatoes aux 220-Volt Juice
Ball Bearings in Cups

Tomato Sections
Chilled Castings

Welded Fruit Compound Hammer
Stale.

Refrigerated Cream Rivet Heads
Babbit Metal Arc Light Coke
Boiler Compound

Search for Them. \$5 Reward

It was suggested that we indicate, in our junior "pedigrees," those who passed up Physics with a clean sheet. With great difficulty and later we have done this, and we now offer the above reward to the lucky persons who locate them.

* * * *

Boosting for Papa

Watson: "Gee I'm afraid I'm getting dandruff in my hair."

Dutch (Prospective son-in-law): "Why don't you use Boerner's Dandruff Cure?"

Note: "Papa" works for Boerner's

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Engineering Effusions

Quotations from Prof. Herr Von Guthe

"No sir, never say latent heat to me. Energy can never become lazy, and therefore never say latent heat."

"If we could take our pinchers and grab all the molecules by the legs after they get away, and whip them into line, we wouldn't have any second law of Thermodynamics."

"We shouldn't talk about the lower forms of energy. It only goes to show how big-headed some of us are."

"Now Newton's laws of Universal gravitation are very easy to understand. For instance, every time I move this gram weight up and down, I move the earth."

* * * *

Faculty Fussers

"B. T. U." Boynton, known as "Jack."

"Birdie" Biegler, known as "Phil."

* * * *

Jack Ravlin was found wandering aimlessly about the campus. A casual inquiry on the part of a sympathetic friend brought forth the cause of his sorrow. "Say, Frenchy, where's the University Library?"

He was not very graceful at the light fantastic art, but, of course, blamed it all to his partner. After vainly trying for a time to evade his number tens, she finally said: "Oh, Mr. Morrison, I'm so tired. Don't you think we had better sit out the rest of this dance?" to which he graciously replied: "No indeed keep after it, your doing fine!"

* * * *

Championship Debate

Resolved: That, in the interest of humanity, the University should furnish mules so that students shall not be forced to overwork their ponies.

Affirmed by
"Mutt" Fisher,
"Pewee" Newman,
"Jenny" Geneva.

Denied by
K. E. Guthe,
A. G. Worthing,
A. H. Ford.

JUDGES.

W. G. Raymond,
H. C. Dorcas,
A. G. Smith.

Decision: Not yet determined.

* * * *

Mr. Hixon (In Metallurgy):
"Mr. Young, what do you understand by chemical affinities? You know there are different kinds of affinities."

College Glee Club

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E. H.

Be sure to hear the latest popular pieces as sung by Engineering Quartette, composed of "Jock" Wilson first tenor, "Mutt" Fischer, second tenor, "Glum" Longerbeam, baritone and "Senior" Myers, second bass,

Admission requirements—A doctor's certificate.

* * * *

Prof. Guthe. "Mr. Garms, what is a vacuum?"

Garms: "Well, I don't know exactly, but I've got it in my head."

* * * *

Red Anderson enters the physics room, takes a seat and places his feet on the vacant chair in front of him.

Mr. Worthing: "Ah, I see there is a new student in the class."

* * * *

Mr. Hixon (In Metallurgy):
"Mr. Watson, what is iron?"

Watson: "Iron is—er; well, iron is iron and that's all there is to it."

* * * *

"Bunny" Wassam: Mr. Johnson, am I talking fact or am I talking theory?"

Johnson: "Well, I don't think so.
"Bunny": "Which?"

Prof. Guthe, comparing the mechanical advantages of the long and short oar, says, with a sly waggish look: "Thear ar-r-r-re othah adwantages in canoeing besides the short oah."

* * * *

Mr. Baker (In Calc. class):
"Mr. Norris, what is the standard measure of length?"

Norris: "The mile."

Mr. Baker: "Yes, and where is it preserved?"

* * * *

Mr. Worthing: "What do you understand by the term 'hysteresis'?"

Aguilar: "Well, I don't know exactly, but it is some sort of a nervous disease."

* * * *

Important Notice

"Bowery Joe" Adams' Assemblies every Saturday evening. All invited to attend.

(Please bring the price.)

* * * *

"I never used to be ornery at all when I was in the High School, but now I am getting to be a regular dickens." Hans Wagner.

* * * *

Dean: "What size beam would you put in this bridge truss?"

Francisco: "I would make it a two by square."

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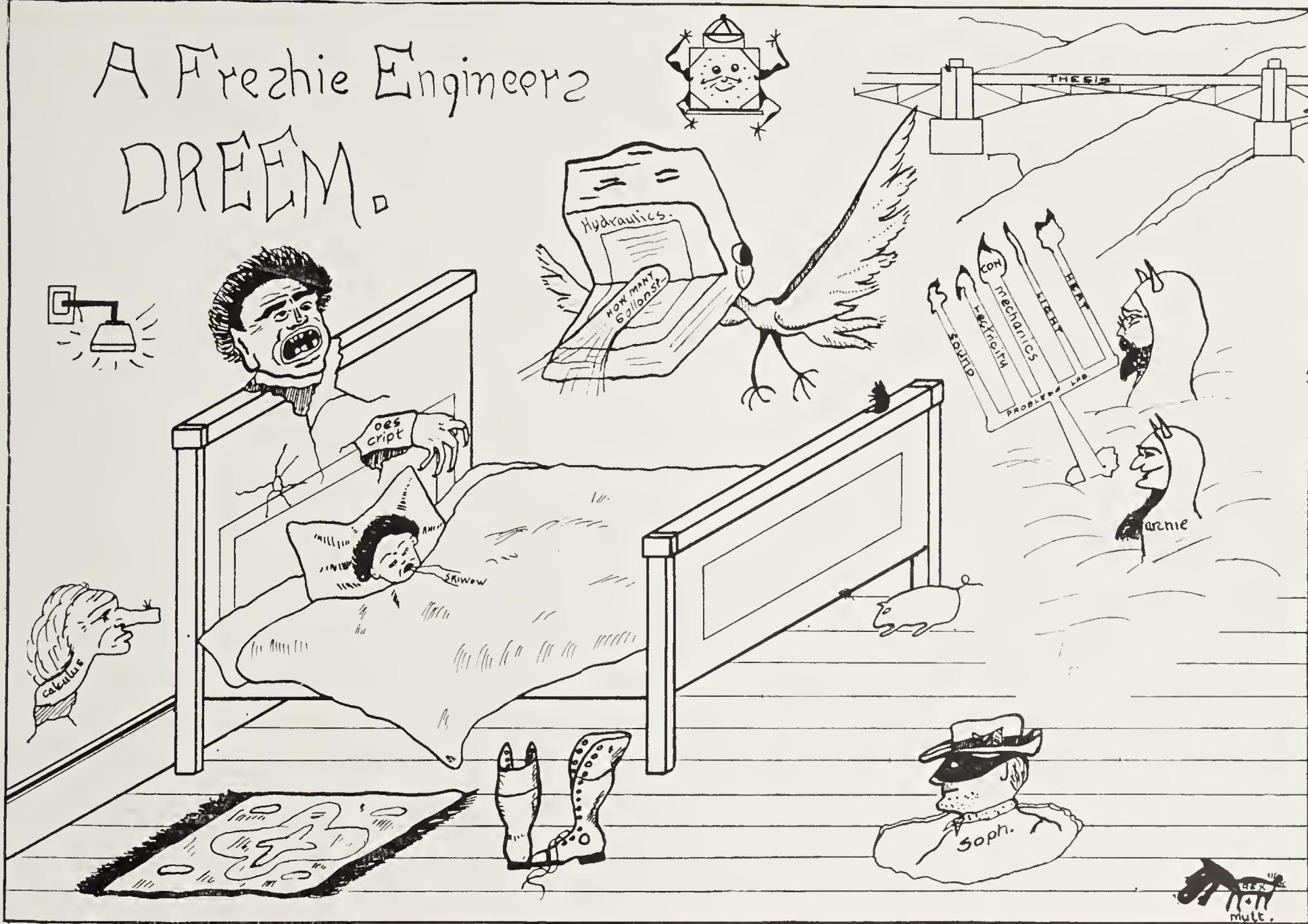
these few lines. We want to give you a hint or two about our spring Shoes and Oxfords. We can't tell you much about them here. Too many shoes and too little space. We want you to know about our Patent Calf, Gun Metal Calf, Tan and Ox Blood Oxfords. The snappiest in the city. We are selling at \$3.50, \$4.00 and \$4.50.
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VICTOR AND EDISON PHONOGRAPHS

THE SENIOR'S VERSION

Last night as I lay on my pillow
Reviewing the days at the "shed,"
I thought of the grief caused by High-
bee:
The man whom the Freshies all
dread.

Chorus
Bring back, bring back,
O, bring back my credits to me, to
me.

Bring back, bring back,
O, bring back my credits to me.

* * * *

I thought of the stress—on my system
With Lambert to work me to
death,
I thought of the pressure of Ohle,
With hardly a time for a breath.

Chorus
Bring back, bring back,
O, bring back a stretcher for me,
for me.
Bring back, bring back
O, bring back a stretcher for me.

I heard the old iron lathe turning,
And faintly the buzz of the saw,
But the noises I heard most dis-
tinctly
Were the voices of Baender and
Shaw.

Chorus
Bring back, bring back,
O, bring back my ear-drum to me,
to me.
Bring back, bring back
O, bring back my ear-drum to me.

* * * *

I next saw the faculty fussers:
Prof. Ford will be married in
June,
And Biegler, from all indications,
Is preparing to follow him soon.

Chorus
Bring back, bring back,
O, bring back those bachelors to
me, to me.
Bring back, bring back
O, bring back those bachelors to
me.

Curves are not always on rail-
roads;
My back is a thirty degree;
Caused by the fill-in the courses,
Which Raymond is making. Par-
dee.

Chorus
Bring back, bring back,
O, bring back that snap-course to
me, to me,
Bring back, bring back
O, bring back that snap-course to
me.

* * * *

When Lundgren leaves for the
Islands,
Our parties will be such a bore,
But the contract we signed with
Prof. Gordon
Won't let us roast him anymore.

Chorus
Bring back, bring back,
O, bring back that contract to me,
to me.
Bring back, bring back,
O, bring back that contract to me.

Cur Prexy once called us "The
Baby."
In numbers we now hold third
place.
To see how his "Baby" is growing,
Just look at the smile on his face.

Chorus
Bring back, bring back,
O, bring back that rattle to me, to
me.
Bring back, bring back,
O, bring back that rattle to me.

* * * *

Prof. Smith has been spared for
the final;
We know he's expecting a roast.
But for him we have such affec-
tion,
That to him we offer a toast.

Chorus
Bring back, bring back,
O, bring back his class-hours to
me, to me,
Bring back, bring back,
O, bring back his class-hours to
me.

As Sung at the Engineers' Banquet



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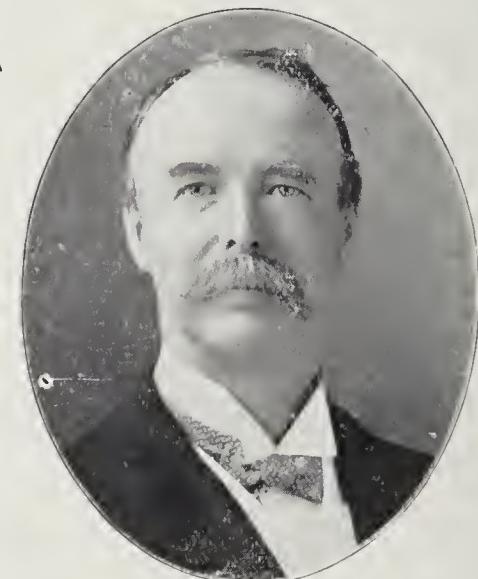
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Engineering Effusions

Why We Came

Newman, Dread of work.
 Griffith, Fussing.
 Fischer, To the Physics.
 Johnson, To run Military Ball.
 Consoliver, To sing in Glee Club.
 Fry, To instruct the Props.
 Watson, To give dances.
 Bailey, To raise our morals.
 Bowersox, To show his military courage.
 Canfield, To learn to smile.

Sending Himself

Mr. O. L. Johnson entertains a visitor and does his best to show Her a good time.

We always thought that we were a fairly intelligent class, but Keuffel and Esser Co., has discovered a phenomenon in our midst.—Prof. G. H. Condit.

* * * * *

Meeting of Engineering Society. White, president, moves that we proceed to the election of new officers. "If this thing is going to die I don't want it to die on my hands."

* * * * *

Mr. Hixon. (In Metallurgy): "Can you name a compound of oxygen?"

Porter: "Yes, sir, if the oxygen in the air would form a chemical compound, we would have rain."

Prof. Guthe: "What night can we have that special examination?"

Fischer: "I can't come Monday night."

Garms. "I can't come Tuesday night."

Norbery: "I can't come Wednesday night."

Guthe: "I thought that this university had Friday and Saturday night social regulations."

* * * *

Swettart (In geology): "If there is any prehistoric man on this continent, won't he show up some time?"

* * * *

In Two Years from Now

Condit: General manager Alis Chalmers Works, Milwaukee, Wis.

Diserens: Designing engineer Iowa City and Cedar Rapids Railway Co.

Fischer: Instructor in department of Physics. S. U. I.

Bailey: General secretary, Coralville Y. M. C. A.

Newman: Ready to enter the University as a freshman.

Richmond: Sign of the "Three Balls," New York City.

Anderson: Bound for Sweden.

Ware: A job on the section.

Bowersox: Still Married.

Johnson: Rich and married because of Lulu Scouring Powder.

Schwob: Too far distant to be thought of.

Expressions Often Heard

"My Book on Loan Sharks." Wassam.

"Look here now, a comma belongs here." Sloan.

"Eric gimme a chew." Selected.

"W E seniors."

"OUR military ball" "Senior" Myers.

"We Economists" Wassam.

"Those are insignificant figures in your result." Worthing.

"Sum of the moments equal zero." Lambert.

"What is the Engineering Society?" Freshie.

"E to the II I, factor, go to the limit, see, huh?" Baker.

"Fisher, where's my triangles?" all Juniors.

"You will haf to pass up mechanics or I wond led you drr-r-r-ru." Guthe.

"Now here's the situation." Gordon.

* * * *

Prof. Guthe (To late comers): "Some instructors about this university make it a practice which I do not follow of marking absent all those who are not here."

* * * *

Prof. Gordon (In Highways): If a farmer is hauling his hay to town, it is not good economy to go in with just a small jag on—"

Longerbeam: "Does it pay to go home with one on?"

Prof. Baker: "Mr. Condit, if a man of height x walks away from a lamp post of height $(x + y)$ with a velocity v , at what rate will his shadow move?"

Condit: "That depends which end of the man you consider."

* * * *

Our Faculty

Guthe: "We must raise our standard of Scholarship."

Kay: "Work is good for the soul."

Lambert: Our worst stress.

Smith: "Please don't flunk, men."

Ford: Beware of his smile.

Woodward: Water on the brain.

Higbee: A terror to Freshies.

Piper: A smiling presence.

Sloan: A man should be a man as well as an Engineer.

Gordon: Wise old owl.

Paender: A model instructor.

Baker: He knoweth too much.

Beigler: Inclined to be "fussy."

Beynton: Same boat as "Phil."

Reilley: "Tis aboot time we were learning something."

Worthing: Insignificant (figures).

Wassam: A shark among the sharks.

* * * *

Conclusive Evidence

"Swede" Ericksson (In Mech. class); "The Naperian logarithms are never used, are they? Anyhow I have never seen them in any books."

"Those who are the Lovers of the Vision of Truth are the true Philosophers"



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Engineering Effusions

Somebody Lied

During Thanksgiving vacation, Ed Griffith's mother informed a cautious inquirer that "Edwin" was too busy with his studies (?) to come home for the short recess.

Note: "Mr. Edwin Griffith, of the State University, is spending the week's end at the DeLano home." Lone Tree Reporter, Nov. 29, '08.

* * * *

"Red" Anderson (In Economics quiz); "Complementary goods are those that don't cost anything."

Who's Who and Why Not

F. G. Baender.

His handbook for electrical engineers.

Chap. I. How to commence a lecture. Water in the cylinder acts as a momentum for the piston to hit (machine design).

Chap. II. Instruction in Astronomy. When drop forging, the forging looks at first like Jupiter and his rings.

Chap. III. Crowbar method of starting a Corliss Engine, connect wrist-plate to eccentric-rod; see that both steam valves do not take steam; open the throttle valve wide open; now take a crowbar and hook up the proper

Dean Raymond: "Mr. Schwob, if you wanted to find an abstract, where would you look?"

Schwob: "I don't know exactly."

Raymond: "Well, do you know approximately?"

* * * *

Prof. Lambert. (In Statics class): "What is the term for uniting forces?"

Ans. "Composition."

Prof. L. "What is the opposite term?"

Wagner (Ernest John Henry); "Decomposition."

steam valve;—the engine will now start.

Caution: Be sure that the throttle valve is wide open; also see that the crowbar does not hit you.

Chap. IV. Belt Dressing.

Grandpa's Wonder Tar Soap and sand.

Chap. V. Conflict of authorities

Baender Webster

laboratory laboratory

principal principle

superfluous superfluous

reconcile reconcile

Chap. VI. Appendix.

For correct methods of mechanical drawing see my thesis.

FINIS.

Honored

The Reporter is in receipt of a copy of the Daily Iowan, the college paper published at Iowa City by students of the state university, and which makes mention of the fact that a number of young men had been voted membership in the Sigma Xi, the honorary scientific fraternity of the university, and whose membership is select and limited. Among the names mentioned is noted that of Roswell C. Puckett, a former Rock Rapids boy, who is well known and has a host of friends here. Mr. Puckett's name also appears as one of the associate editors of the Iowan.

* * * *

Dr. Wassam: "Suppose I were to divide the advantages and disadvantages equally, which would I make the larger?"

* * * *

Prof. Smith (In Mechanics); "Does a fly stick to the wall by friction?"

Eric. "Naw, they've got hooks on their feet!"

* * * *

Lamberts Rules, The Old Reliable.

I. Sum of the horizontal forces equal zero.

II. Sum of the vertical forces equal zero.

III. Sum of the moments equal zero

Wassam (In Economics); "Now if you and I were setting them up to each other and I asked 'what will you have—?'"

Jock Wilson, (Just coming to) "Beer!"

* * * *

Freshie Stark: "Where do they keep the horses for the cavalry here?"

Freshie McEniry: "They say it is in the basement of the armory."

* * * *

Griffith and Miss DeLano go to buy a slide rule.

Ed: "How do you like this one?"

Miss D: "I think this one is the prettier and so you must not buy that one."

* * * *

Prof. Guthe, In electrical measurements exam., writes the term "damped vibrations" on the board. "I'll do this that you will know how it is spelled. I sometimes find it otherwise."

* * * *

Hands: "Mr. Pierce, what is the difference between the law of multiple proportions and the law of definite proportions?"

Dr. Pierce: "Why, Mr. Hands, what is the difference between daylight and dark?"

Clark (Butting in): "You can see through the one and you can't the other."

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Willis O'Brien—Why, when I was in North High.—
Darby Hix—I don't like formal stunts.

Flora Cooper—I've heard something that's worrying me.
Dora Hallman—My dear, you're looking terrible.

Harriet Potter—Nothing stirring.
Inslee Bogart—Ain't it the truth?

Katherine McCorkindale—I'll never tell.
Theresa Heinsheimer—Touch me!

Si Strong—When may I call again?
Ellen Bolser—My soul and body.

Harwood—Temporary infatuation.
Watters—Oh, let me sleep.

Martin Smith—That's poor.
McKenna—Who called me?

J. Oakes—Gentlemen, listen.
Stephenson—Haw! Haw! Haw!

Horace Young—It isn't like that in North Dakota.
Clifford Powell—I wish I had a girl.

Miss Haney—Isn't he a dear?
Grace Wood—He can put his feet under my table.

Doc Cobb—We don't care, do we, Marjorie?
Frosty Theobald—It's all a joke.

Irving Brant—Gadzooks!
Leon Smith—Aha! that was a merry note.

Oley Perrine—Everything is relative.
Bunny Wassam—Tremendously interesting.

Jacobsen—I deny the allegation and I defy the alligator.
Helen Stewart—Don't you care.

Reggy Junkin—I know, but then—
Ethel Barber—I love that to death.

Ernest J. Wright—How's the boy?
Red Mitchell—I want to get in on the ground floor.

Tilton—The girls in senior caps are the homeliest girls that pass this railing.

Lenihan—I have so many beautiful thoughts.
Prexy Lideen—She dotes on me.

Burly Thompson—She's a lady.
Bud Mayer—I used to want to be a Demosthenes, but now a merchant Prince.

Knerr—Life is a losing of illusions.
Coulter—I'm getting tired of this social life.

Jim Keefe—At's 'ow it 'appened.
Pugsley—to profs—Say, there.

Gross—Hey fellows, a peach!
Helen Walburn—Lo, and behold you.

C. H. Lynch—How you was, kiddo.
Frank Will—Oh, how did it happen?

Keefe—How do you do, Dr. Cox?
Bemis—Do you know what that will do to you?

Packard—That's too much.
John Higgins—Ain't it a fact?

Gross—I'm a gentleman at all times and occasions.
Bill Cody—Hit 'em a lick.

Louis Bagley—Four dollars Huh?
Max Hemingway—My girl Grace.

Reed Lane—"Me and the G. U. Committee."
Arthur Schramm—11:30 P. M. "Oh, that hollow feeling.
Let's go down to the Greeks."

Thomas McClelland—"Always leave them laughing when
you say good bye."

Clifford Crowe—"What's her rating?"
Harvey Bryant—"Certainly you noticed who had the queen
of the ball."

Francis Varga—"I take the Ladies Home Journal. I'm a real
ladies man."

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As They See Themselves.

Howard Knesel—"Just for that you can all get off."

Donald Davison—"I'm not afraid of the girls."

Arthur Vollmer—"Say Varga, can you get me a girl for the dance?"

Fred Callander—"I prefer to listen."

John Schott—"They put me in the river all right, but I pulled one in with me."

Ekert Okell—"She's a cute kid, and I like her."

Edward McManus—"Ain't it the truth?"

Will R. Hayes—"Can you beat it?"

Judson Piper—"I'm not certain."

Schaub—Perhaps.

Enid Hoyt—Oh, henpeck.

Thomas McClelland—Get the hammer. There's a fly on baby's forehead.

Corey—They tell us, sir, that we are weak.

Brandmill—Gad.

W. L. Ayers—Back to the cacti.

H. H. Springer—Really.

Morrison—An encapsulated cyst of hot air.

Powers—Oh I don't know.

Ochs—Why—a why—a.

Keller—For he loveth his teacher.

Osborn—No thanks—no hen-medics for me.

Wolcott—Just so there's a girl in it.

Joynt—Pickins for shorty.

Muench—Wipe off that grin.

McKema—What do you know about that.

Lampe—Oh, that I were born in Ancient days.

Daniels—Innocence personified.

Jay—My name is Duffy Raymond.

McGregor—You fellows don't appreciate who I am.

Sherlock—I'm a cockney Englishman.

Yenerich—Precious packages come in small bundles.

Kresensky—I'm in love.

Brooks—Plug me—I'm next.

Barta—There is no toxemia.

Blakely—A modern Ichabod Crane.

Johnson—No cigar shall touch my lips.

Mater—Yes sir, I'm married.

Palton—Prom, is some fine doin's.

Carl Byoir—"There's some sense to me."

Joe McConnell—"Everybody knows me."

Alice Mueller—"Listen here."

Betty Sartori—"Honest. No, really."

Ellen Bolser—"Kiddo, I've had more fun than a goat."

Laura Young—"Now, I'll tell you."

Tony Lovell—"Mercy, Mercy."

Bud Sartori—"That's a good one."

Helen Pelletier—"He's an awful sad cheese."

Grace Whitley—"I don't think you're very nice."

George Bowen—"At the White City."

Flora Cooper—"I know but I can't tell."

Jessica Don Carlos—"But for goodness sakes."

Kathleen O'Connor—I'm just crazy over this."

Sheark—"Nevertheless."

K. C. Knerr—"I suppose."

Helen Stewart—"Who's the guy?"

Irmgard Schultz—"O, Hal."

Lorraine Hilliard—"He's crazy."

Laurance Mayer—"Anything on the hip?"

Archibald Sokal—"Please go 'way and let me sleep."

Waldo Miner—" ? —xx ?? — xx ?"

Clifford Hakes—"They think I'm dreaming, but I'm not.

Henry McCullough—"Get away from that Hoss's head."

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As They See Themselves.

O. L. Johnson—"Why, I can't see that."

McEniry—"Now down at St. Joseph's we did—."

Puckett—"By hen."

Stark—"I beg your pardon."

Aguilar—"You can't talk American, I can't understand Dutch,
and what are we going to do about it?"

Bowersox—"Don't you think red becomes me?"

Rischer—I've got a hunch fellows."

Kutcher—"Isn't he pretty?"

"Senior" Myers—"I believe I'll go make a date."

Condit—"Waiting at the church."

Gilbert—"Gee, I wish I had a girl."

Lee—"Speak to me, loved one."

Condit—"I was sick, so I couldn't get to class."

McEniry—"Ain't I the candy kid?"

Richmond (ski)—"Have they got a joke on me in the
Hawkeye?"

Wilson—"Which shall it be?"

Morrison—"I dreamed of her last night."

Geneva—"I left those problems at home. Can I bring them
tomorrow?"

Myers—"I'll only have structural design next year."

Disserens—"Now last summer I—."

Johnson—"Mary is a grand old name."

Lee—"Say fellows, I've got another whisker started."

Morrison—"When I call again."

Griffin—"Isn't he the cute little thing?"

McEniry—"Yes, I go to all the big dances."

Dean Raymond—"Unfortunately boys don't like to dance together."

Prof. Smith—"Now really, this is the simplest thing in the world.

Geneva—"Let's have a game of grand."

Parsons—"Who's got the makin's?"

Myers—"I don't want my picture in the annual, I'm a Senior."

Bill Morrison—"Why is an-node?"

Schrock—"Erik, gimme a chew."

Duerr—"Gosh fellows, you don't know nothing."

Jack Wilson—"I know a darn sight better."

Longerbeam—"Let's sing Summer Time."

Norris—"If he's Irish, he's all right."

Utterback—"Please introduce me to her."

Myers—"I ought to have got 100 in that exam."

Anderson—"Let's go down to the skating rink."

Hahn—"Will you let me wear my dress suit to the banquet?"

Bill Morrison—"I believe I could learn to love her."

Bailey—"Say fellows, let's stick together."

Gilbert—"I don't go with her any more."

Erikson—"What's the use of having those veels in there?"

Parsons—"I really like cold weather."

Tommy Martin—"I've sworn off smoking, papa bought me a
pony and cart."

Geneva—"By gosh, I knocked his eye out this morning."

Schrock—"Good morning men."

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As They See Themselves.

Louise Adams—"I am going to the vaudeville this evening,
Aguilar—"The professors don't give me a fair show."

E. H. Bailey—"By jumping crickets."

F. W. Field—"I don't believe it's worth that."

A. L. Fisher—"Now boys, I really have been studying."

J. E. Griffith—"Darling."

De Voe—"I haven't studied my lesson."

Connor—"He isn't any good as an instructor."

R. C. Myers—"Oh, I'm a Senior."

E. J. Fry—"I'll show him today."

Helen Struble—"Call out for aid girls."

"Ted" Smith—"Well gee, Fuss."

Walter E. Stover—"Speaking of alligators."

Kate Summerwell—"Speaking of insects, how's your aunt?"

Jim Keefe—"Say have you heard? The baby said the doctor
couldn't live."

Helen Walburn—"Well n-o-w."

Betty George—"Yes, beautiful today, thank you."

Rex and Dippy—"Is it not—yes—it is not—meaning that it
is."

Mary Remley—"I'll have you know he's the best Zet in
school."

Kate Summerwell—"Oh, hain't he a cute little kiddo?"

Louise Adams—"The little Stover boy is coming over this
evening, and we are going to get our Psychology."

Mae Wangler—"Honest girls, I'm just broke."

Margaret Oursler—"Come on Kate, let's go to the fire."

Harold Grupe—"One, two, three, turn—one, two, three, turn—
one, two, threec."

"Cush" Haven—"Good for you."

Sadie Holiday—"Girls, I have lost my purse again."

Heine Schmitz—"Well I tell you fellows, it was just this way."

Jim Lenihan—"Well, Judas preacher."

Flickinger—"I didn't hear what you said."

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"Gov. Hissey's" Kellogg—"o—wa—ta—na—Siam."

S. T. Spangler—"Now let me tell you."

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